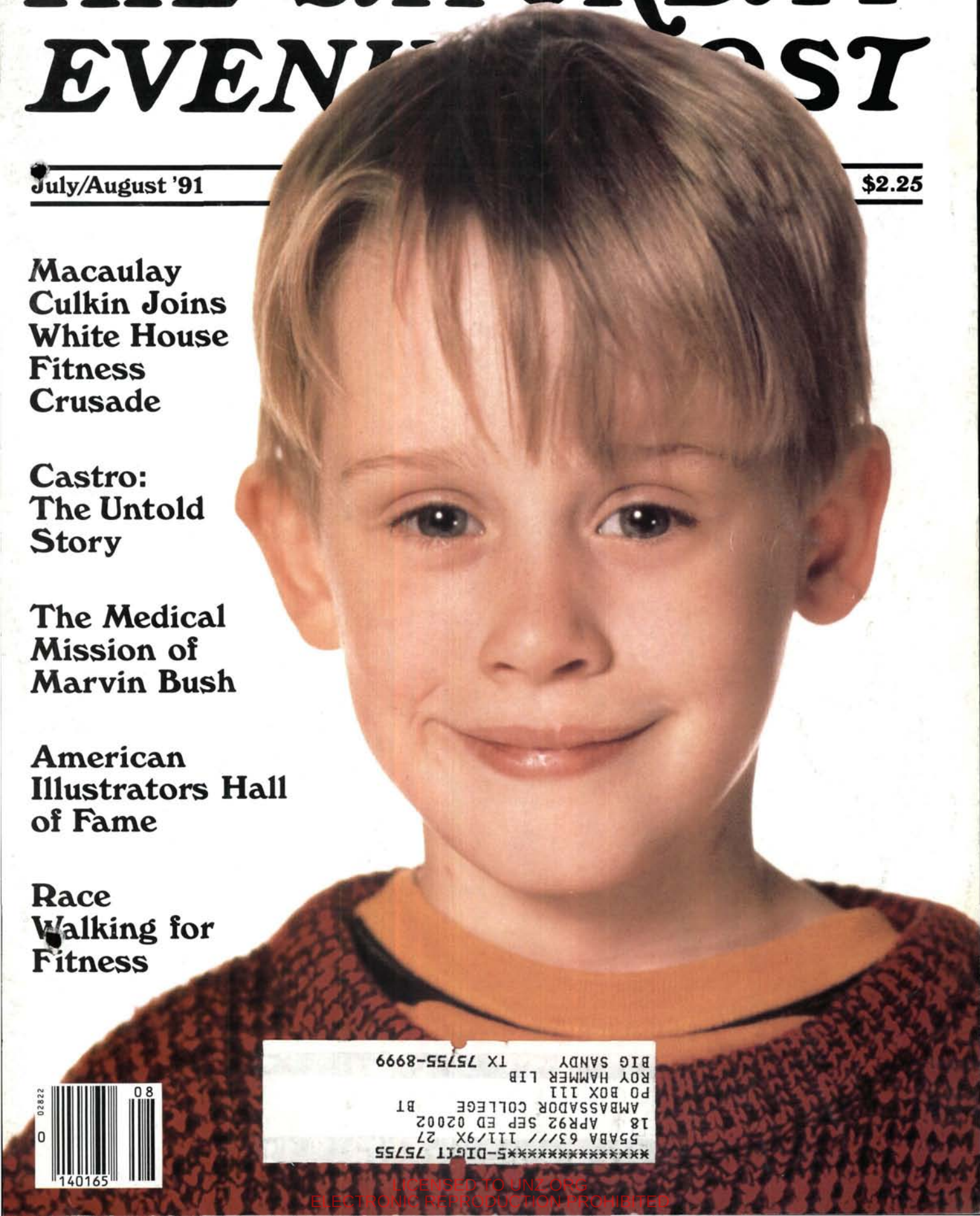
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

July/August '91 $2.25



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Castro: The Untold Story

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American Illustrators Hall of Fame

Race Walking for Fitness

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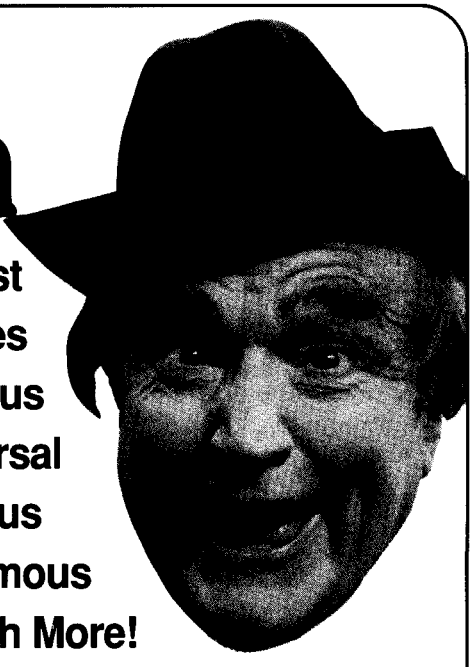
Red Skelton



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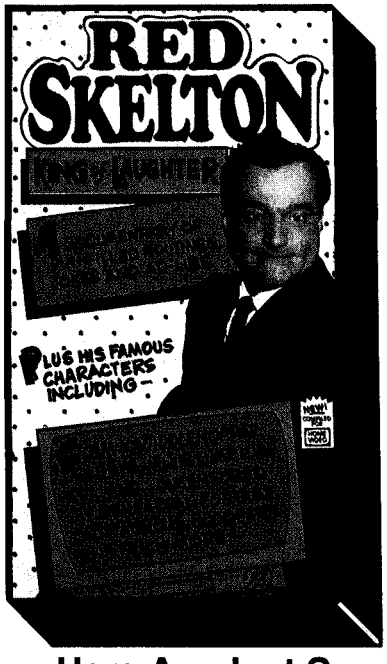

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CLEM KADIDDLEHOPPER TEACHES PEDESTRIAN POLO

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Macaulay Culkin—star of *Home Alone,* joins Arnold Schwarzenegger in the Great American Workout. **38**

Marvin Bush—A brush with severe ulcerative colitis changed the life of the President's youngest son. **48**

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SOCIETY
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The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN: 0048-9239) is published monthly in 1991, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June, July/Aug., and Nov./Dec., by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc., at 1100 Waterway Blvd., P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, IN 46206, and at additional mailing offices.

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Unsolicited manuscripts, artwork, and photographs submitted to *The Saturday Evening Post* must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork, or photographs.

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Teen Runaways—had two things in common: self-pity and something they thought was love. **28**

Letters

"Best Buddies"

I just completed reading your article in the April edition entitled "The Handicapped's Best Buddy." I was impressed and moved by it. I would like to get further information about Best Buddies so that I may have the opportunity to get involved.

Ethan Blomquist
St. Paul, Minnesota

Anthony Shriver and "Best Buddy"

Editor's note: Contact Anthony Shriver at Best Buddies, 1350 New York Ave., #500, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Stoddard Style

I don't recall ever writing a letter to the editors of any magazine—either complimentary or derogatory—but I felt I must comment on one of your writers, Maynard Good Stoddard. If everything else in your publication was trash, which it certainly is not, it would be worth the price for just his hilarious accounts.

I anticipate every edition, to see what everyday event has been made funny by his talent for words. One of my favorites was when he described heart attacks and strokes as "inconveniences of longevity." (Oct. '90, "Anniversary Cruise.")

Has this delightful gentleman written anything in a book form? I would greatly appreciate learning of any source of more lengthy works by him.

Dr. William Chamoni
Deerfield Beach, Florida

Editor's note: Maynard is currently working on a book.

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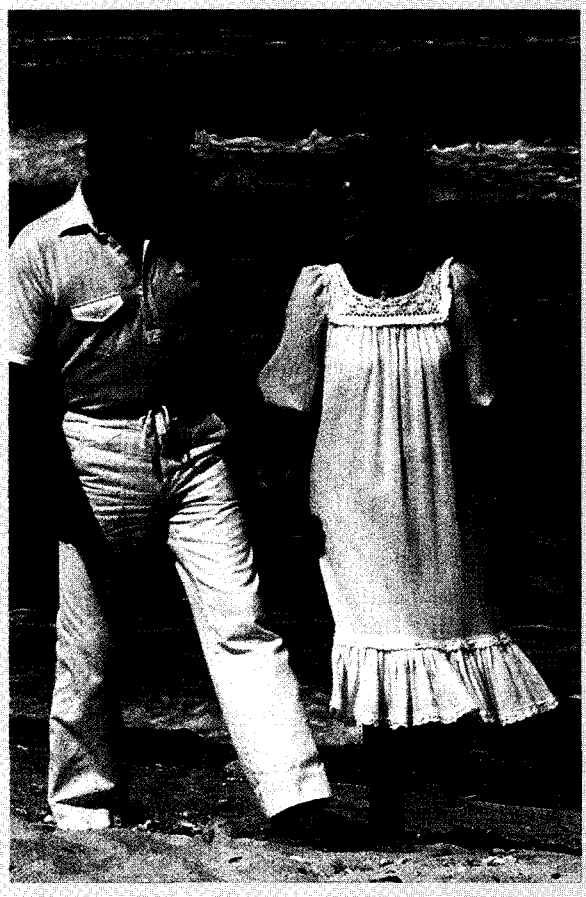

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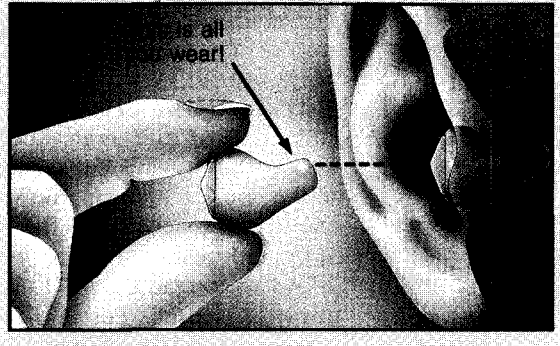

If you find yourself asking others to repeat themselves, or constantly turning up the TV — it's time to find out more. The Clarifier is available only from Miracle-Ear so send in the card for more information on this amazing hearing aid. For your FREE booklet mail the attached card or call

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Come Dance with Us

Daphne Barrow and Japanese teacher.

It gave me great pleasure to read about dancing for health in your April issue.

Dancing is a source of joy to people of all ages.

I'm a Canadian living in Tokyo, Japan, where dancing is very popular.

I started learning with my Japanese teacher in 1982.

In 1988 we entered a mixed competition (professional/amateur). I am very happy to tell you we were the winners. Incidentally, I will be 57 years old this year.

Daphne Barrow
Setagaya-ku, Tokyo

Since my husband and I are on the executive council of the recently formed ballroom dance club in north-central Pennsylvania, we were extremely interested in reading of the forthcoming Presidential Saturday Evening Ball in the letters column of the April copy of your magazine. Our club has an open membership of about 50, both couples and singles, ranging in age from the early 20s to 70s, who thoroughly enjoy dancing.

We would be grateful if you would include us on your mailing list so we could learn more about these balls. In fact, our club might be interested in helping sponsor such an event.

Charles and Janet Nesbitt
Catawissa, Pennsylvania

Editor's note: The Presidential Saturday Evening Ball will be held in Southern California in 1992 as a fitness activity sponsored by the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports.

It is anticipated that there will also be Governor's Saturday Evening Balls in the state capitals, sponsored by the Governors' Councils.

We invite you to participate in the planning of the balls by telling us what particular type of dancing you prefer, what kind of dance music you enjoy the most, and whether you would like to help organize a Saturday Evening Ball in your locality. Think "Dance, Fitness, and Fun!" Send inquiries to: Chuck Mason, SatEvePost, *Indianapolis, IN 46202.*

"I fixed the drawer."

Beginning or End?

Everyone in our house enjoyed taking a look into the future through your April '91 issue! The article by Judith Waldrop entitled "The 21st Century" was imaginative and thought provoking.

One small quibble, though. I gathered from the text that author Waldrop believes the 21st century begins on January 1, 2000. Permit me to correct this common misconception. All of the major reference books clearly record that the next century commences on January 1, 2001. Quoting directly from the *World Almanac*, "A century consists of 100 consecutive calendar years. The 21st century consisted of the year 1 through 100. The 20th century consists of the years 1901 through 2000 and will end December 31, 2000. The 21st century will begin January 1, 2001."

I suspect that the great majority of people will celebrate the arrival of the next millennium the night of December 31, 1999. That celebration will be one year premature.

Hugh Wiberg
Wilmington, Massachusetts

"Post Script" Fan

Never have I come across anything that made me laugh as much as your cartoon on page 34 ("Post Scripts," May/June '91).

The vet's waiting room, with the sad face of the man holding the cuckoo clock with cat's head caught in the door and hanging down with its tail almost touching the floor—

In grade school, my dad would only allow me to read the *SEP* and I would always paste the "Post Scripts" in my scrapbook. This book was taken away from me as a "joke book" was considered unbecoming for young ladies in boarding school—but it was handed back to me when I left after my graduation.

I turn to "Post Scripts" first—a good laugh is good for one's health.

Yvonne Reny
Biddeford, Maine

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Ho, Ho, Ho!

Share in the wonder and magic of "Santa's Workshop."

The premier sculpture
inspired by Norman Rockwell's
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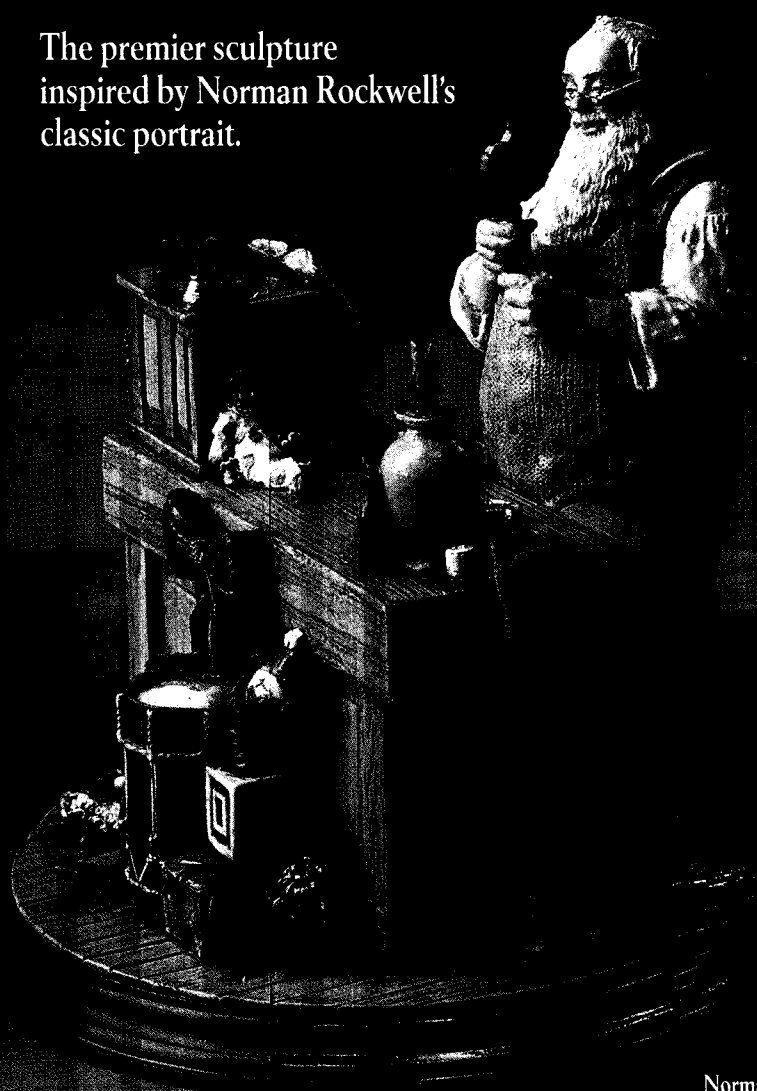

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"Santa's Workshop" comes to life
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Lactose Intolerance—What New Mothers Should Know

I am writing you regarding lactose intolerance and the letter from Mrs. Sterle (Jan./Feb. '91).

Fifteen years ago, I, too, had a son who had colic and nothing seemed to help. He screamed and cried as I tried everything. I was so tired—awake most of the day and night with him. Now I know it was lactose intolerance. I was breast-feeding him and drinking rich milk and cream thinking it would benefit him. He did gain weight very fast but at a terrible price. He was under the constant care of an excellent pediatrician who just didn't know. I developed severe back muscle spasms, as a result of picking him up so much.

At an early age, he developed diarrhea which we quickly traced to milk. I surely wish someone had told me the real cause of his colic. I hope new mothers are informed of this.

Mrs. Nancy Whitlock
Meridian, Mississippi

Prevent an Aching Heart

I read the article [Jan./Feb. '91] on Cassandra. It broke my heart; my heart went out to her and her mother!

Isn't there any way you can define the problem before it gets serious? I know from the article it can be treated, but how?

Lauriellen Andrews
Pelham, N.H.

Editor's note: Galactosemia is diagnosed at birth by a simple, inexpensive lab test, and with early treatment mental retardation and possible death can be avoided.

We are urging all states to adopt legislation requiring the test. Most now have. Prevention is the key.

I wish to set the record straight. North Dakota now has a law requiring the testing of newborns for galactosemia. When I read your article on it in the Jan./Feb. '91 issue, I was very impressed. I handed the copy to our state senator, William Goetz, and asked him to look into the matter. He did. Since our legislature was in session at the time, he immediately got the bill (#2522) passed.

I'm reporting this to you since it was mentioned for the second time in the *Post* that North Dakota did not have this law. But, thanks to you, we do now.

Dorothea M. Johnson
Dickinson, North Dakota

Rockwell's Hobo

I have been enjoying your recent reprints of some of your past covers and would like to tell you about one that goes back almost 50 years.

During the roaring '20s, many men took to the rails to bum around the country. Could they have been some of our first homeless? They invariably had a mongrel dog to keep them company.

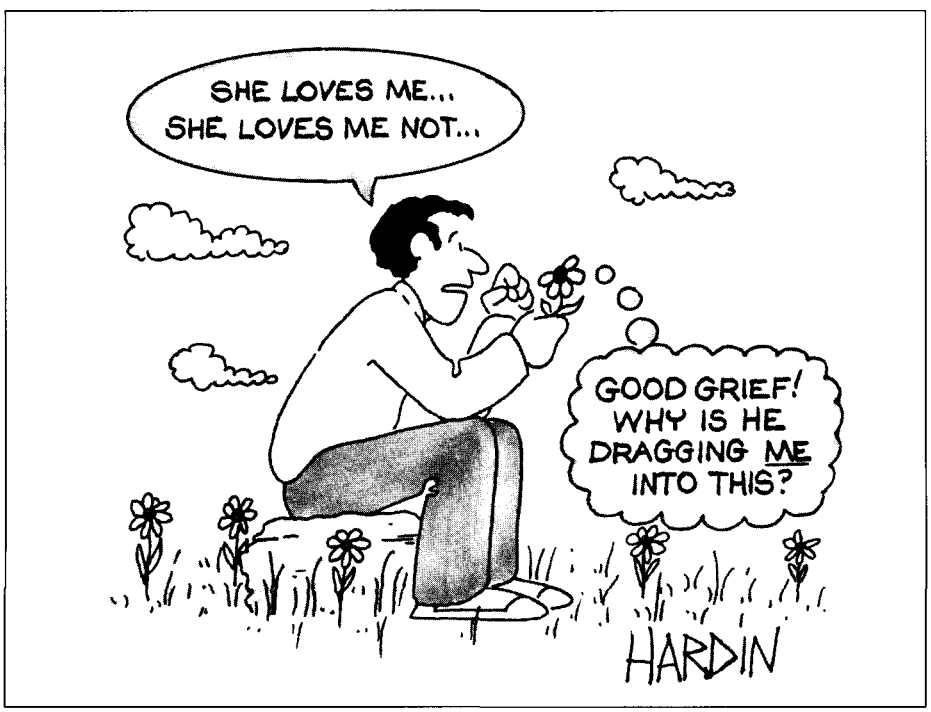
A few years ago, my wife gave me an unpainted ceramic statue of the one seen on the enclosed photo.

Not knowing at the time what year was represented, or the placement of any of the objects around the figure, I spent several hours going through three different books of pictorial covers of *The Saturday Evening Post.* The bookstore was most patient with me.

I was elated when I finally found "The Hobo," dated October 18, 1924. I read that Norman Rockwell used this little guy so much during that period that he was told not to have him be a model for so many covers.

I made a small wooden knife to be placed by his foot and I used a small piece of pink wall insulation for the rising smoke from the tin can at his feet. It is proudly displayed on our mantel. How did I do? I'd love to see a copy of this cover sometime in your current magazine. Thanks.

Van Wunderlich
Sautee, Georgia



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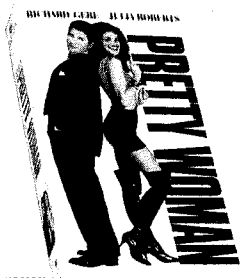

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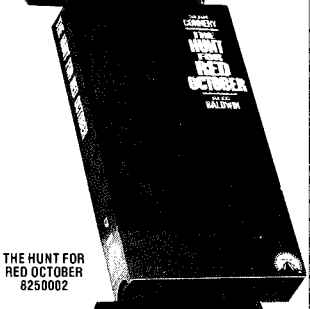

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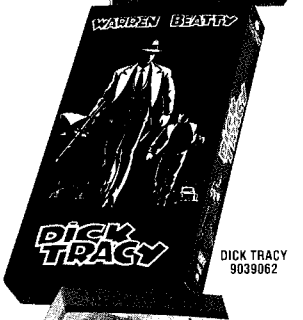

DICK TRACY
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TURNER & HOOCH	8503052	DARKMAN	4981052	CHINATOWN	2025232	THREE MEN AND A BABY	5491052
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (RESTORED)	5919092	THE EXORCIST 3	0424082	AMADEUS	6529172	SESAME STREET PRESENTS: FOLLOW THAT BIRD	6117232
MY FAIR LADY	3507512	DELTA FORCE 2	6778072	JOE VS. THE VOLCANO	9538022	TIE ME UP! TIE ME DOWN!	8571022
COMING TO AMERICA	4416002	MILLER'S CROSSING	0457082	WHITE HUNTER, BLACK HEART	9607082	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: THE CASE OF THE KILLER PIZZAS	8025042
ROAD HOUSE	2875082	BETSY'S WEDDING	9045082	WHITE PALACE	4992022	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: THE EPIC BEGINS	7986032
DEAD POETS SOCIETY	8506022	THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY	7340042	WILD AT HEART	6784092	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: COWABUNGA SHREDHEAD	8138082
FATAL ATTRACTION	4393072	THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY II	8568072	YOUNG GUNS	7266042	WILLOW	1982002
MEN AT WORK	8569062	I LOVE YOU TO DEATH	8567082	YOUNG GUNS II	0412022	NEXT OF KIN	6472062
PRANCER	8037002	THE LEMON SISTERS	3811032	THE GODFATHER	0008022	JANE FONDA'S COMPLETE WORKOUT	6359042
THE ABYSS	8811022	LOOSE CANNONS	8566092	THE GODFATHER PART II	0018002	MEN DON'T LEAVE	6479092
BACK TO THE FUTURE	2114092	STELLA	9042012			THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD	0855062
BACK TO THE FUTURE II	9213042	ANNIE	1516132			BYE BYE BIRDIE	1628002
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Free Video Magazine sent every four weeks (up to 13 times a year), reviewing our *Director's Selection*—plus scores of alternate movies, including many lower-priced cassettes, down to $14.95. And you may receive Special Selection mailings up to four times a year (total of up to 17 buying opportunities).

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Send me these 6 movies for 69¢ each
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You may order one or two more movies now for $9.99 each—so you can save up to $140! And each discount purchase reduces your membership obligation by one!

☐ Also send my first selection for $9.99 plus $1.75 shipping/handling which I'm adding to my $11.34 payment (total: $23.08). I then need buy only 5 more (instead of 6) in 3 years. ☐

☐ And also send still one more selection for an additional $9.99 plus $1.75 shipping/handling (total: $34.82). I then need to buy only 4 more (instead of 6) in three years. ☐

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Grammar Lesson

Re: May/June grammar errors:

Diety is not a word! Deity (coming from latin Deus, meaning God) is a word. It is misspelled twice in letter from Marie Chioni! Perhaps if she misspelled it (sic) should be used by editor.

"Although out of the public eye for awhile." "Awhile" is an adverb as in "linger awhile." "While" as object of a preposition is a noun as in "for a while."

Prof. Bob Marsh
Poultney, Vermont

We've Come a Long Way

Enclosed is a picture of two *Saturday Evening Post* magazines—76 years apart!

My husband's father, Thomas Wesley Delicate, built a home in Custer, South Dakota, in 1891. Of course, it was necessary to have a shed for storing wood and coal.

In March 1990, while removing the shed, workers discovered the March 21, 1914, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* between the walls! It had been folded and there were tiny bits of coal dust on the cover! The workers gave us the magazine.

I had just received the April 1990 issue of the *Post*, so I took this picture to show you. After enjoying looking through the old magazine, we

have wrapped it so that it will not be exposed to air, to better preserve it.

Just wanted to share this little story with you. We have enjoyed your magazine for many years, and, of course, continue to do so.

Dorothy Delicate
Custer, South Dakota

General-ly Informed

Had it not been for the May/June issue I likely would never have known the "wonderfulness" of our now-reigning surgeon general, Antonia Novello.

Certainly, this precious lady possesses unparalleled qualifications for this all-important job.

William F. Singleton
Enterprise, Mississippi

I read and enjoyed the article on the surgeon general, Dr. Antonia Novello in your May/June 1991 issue.

Apparently as shown in the cover picture, Dr. Novello has 14 ribbons. These ribbons are usually for service in a combat area—a battle or an act of heroism. The article does not mention that Dr. Novello has military experience. What are her service ribbons for?

Byron C.King
Sonoma, California

Editor's note: The ribbons are special honorary awards within the Public Health Service Medical Corps—a group of over 5,000 doctors, researchers, nurses, dentists, lab techs, and others throughout the nation who work within the Public Health Department. Some of the ribbons are for foreign service within the Public Health Service; others are for membership in the Reserve Officers' Association and Association of Military Surgeons of the Uniformed Service.

Questioning the Surgeon General

I enjoy your magazine so much and was most interested in the article about Antonia Novello.

But I wonder what those children and college students to whom she has spoken about the dangers of alcohol drinking will think if they and their parents should happen to read her words on page 41: "And every day I drink one glass of champagne at Martin's Tavern in Georgetown. So when I talk to kids about drinking I talk from experience. It's a question of how you use it . . . Each person is different and you must know when to stop."

Isn't it true that many young people have became alcoholics because they could not stop?

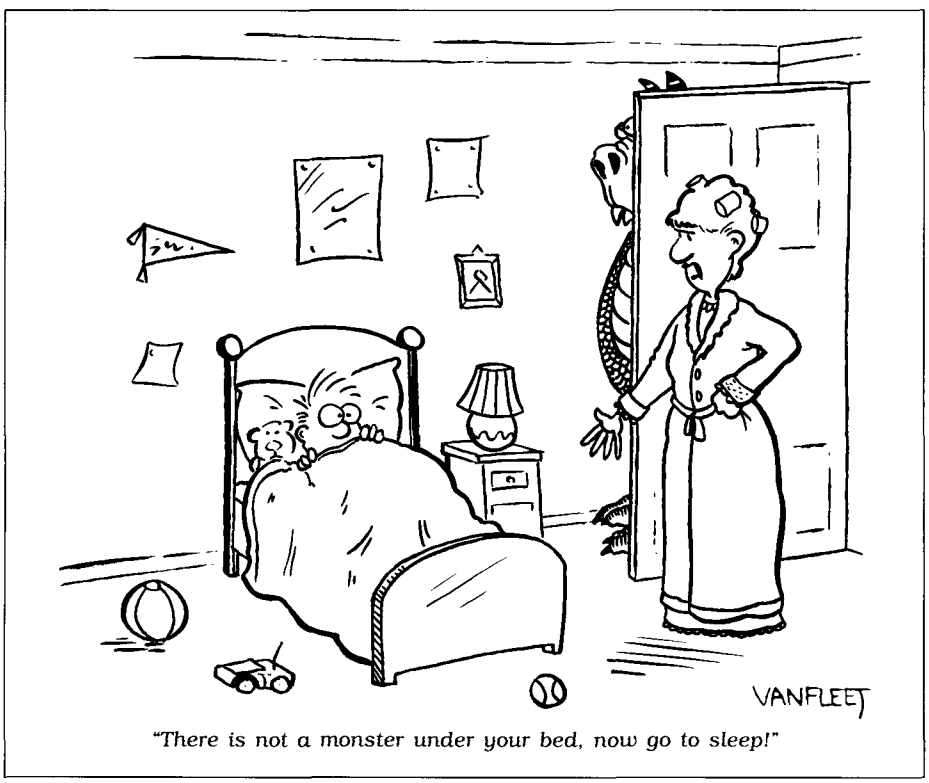
Shouldn't they be urged not to take the first drink?

Elizabeth Van Valin
Churchville, New York

The article about Surgeon General Antonia Novello made her an "angel of mercy," which I am sure she [redacted]— but why did she have to ruin it all by her statement in the last paragraph. Experience comes by doing—that is what our young people are doing.

Nancy Reagan came on strong with her "Just Say No" to drugs, and they served hard liquor in the White House. As long as mothers, fathers, and grandparents drink liquor, the youth of our land will follow suit.

Mrs. Tom Stewart, Jr.
Blowing Rock, North Carolina



"There is not a monster under your bed, now go to sleep!"

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Join The Franklin Mint in this tribute to the men and women of the U.S. Armed Forces.

Each plate numbered by hand in 24 karat gold on the reverse.

Home Coming. An exclusive Limited Edition Collector Plate. Profits will go to the U.S.O. Persian Gulf Crisis Fund.

A quiet house on Main Street—proudly bearing the Stars and Stripes. And in the yard, a simple yellow ribbon tied to an oak tree. A vivid symbol of love...and hope that our brave freedom fighters will come home safely.

Now, The Franklin Mint in cooperation with the U.S.O. presents **Home Coming**, a Limited Edition Collector Plate by award-winning artist Maureen Drdak-Jensen. Crafted of fine porcelain and hand-bordered and numbered in 24 karat gold. This strictly limited edition will be closed forever after 45 firing days. Available only from The Franklin Mint, at $29.50. ***All net profits from the sale of Home Coming will go to the U.S.O. Persian Gulf Crisis Fund to aid members of the U.S. Armed Forces and their families.***

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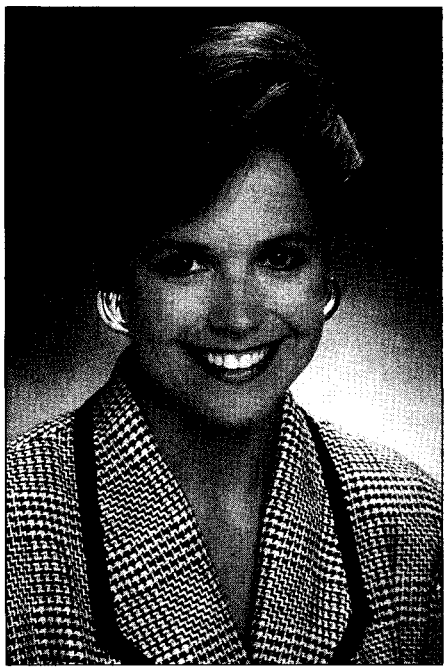
Post People



Referring to the capricious business of dishing out the TV morning news, ***Katie Couric*** once said, "Today you may be drinking wine; tomorrow you may be picking the grapes." Well, it's tomorrow, and Couric, who has replaced Deborah Norville on the *Today* show, is definitely not picking grapes. The prominence of this risen star from the ranks of cop-and-robber reporting on local TV has been so sudden she still thinks it amusing to be picked up by a limo at 3:00 a.m.

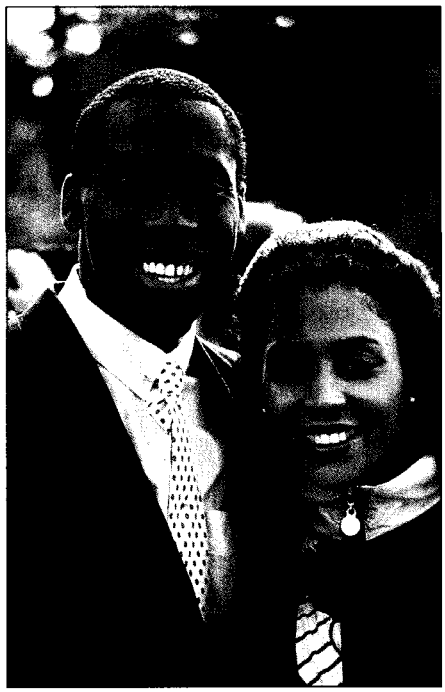
Has this hard-driving, well-liked newswoman found her TV home at last? Weatherman Willard Scott sums it up rather well: "If Katie Couric were stock, I'd sell the farm tomorrow to buy her." And Scott is not known for making wrong predictions.

Florence Griffith Joyner, the world record-holding sprinter, has retired. Besides pleasing Al Joyner, her husband and coach, and caring for baby Mary Ruth, what does an Olympic champion do in retirement? Why, train for a marathon, of course.

Although Joyner has managed up to eight miles on a treadmill and a mile or two occasionally on the road, these are but warmups for the 26 miles, 385 yards of a marathon.

But this 1988 Olympic champion at 100 and 200 meters is convinced she can increase her miles and speed to the point that she will be considered a contender in a major race.

"Why not try to be the best?" asks her husband, 1984 Olympic triple-jump champion. "Florence has never done anything she was not prepared to do well."



With the 1996 Games in Atlanta in mind, she predicts that "it will take that long to convince a 31-year-old sprinter's body that its future is distance running."

Dave Thomas, founder of Wendy's, would have us believe he is "just a grill man who got a couple of breaks along the way."

One of those breaks could be his learning the franchise game while working with Colonel Sanders of fried chicken fame. Another break came with his belief that he could make a better hamburger than anyone else in the business.

And the famous grill man, who reluctantly came out of the kitchen into the alien atmosphere of TV commercials, is carrying postcards of himself and his daughter Wendy which he autographs for fans who recognize him on the street.

Julie Harris made her first big hit on Broadway at age 24, playing a 12-year-old tomboy in "Member of the Wedding." Though nominated nine times for the Emmy Award (winning twice) and her Tony Awards number five (no actor has won more), she is perhaps remembered best for her seven-year TV soap opera stint as Lilimae on "Knots Landing."

Today, in "Lucifer's Child," Miss Harris becomes Karen Blixen, the Danish baroness who, under the pen name Isak Dinesen, wrote *Out of Africa*, an autobiography. A review of this one-person play provides the reason for its success. "Julie Harris," he writes, "gives an extra dimension to everything she does."

But is this 65-year-old actress satisfied with her many triumphs? No. She still has one regret: that she was "not a great beauty."

Her many fans, we are sure, would support our corrupted adage, "Beauty is only skin deep, but talent goes clear to the bone."

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New! Never Before Available!

Barbie™

The 1959 Bride-To-Be

Shown smaller than actual size of 8¼" in diameter.

America's favorite doll—for the first time ever on a collector plate!

For over 30 years, Barbie has reigned supreme as America's fairy tale princess. She is every little girl's dream of the woman she hopes to one day become—beautiful, glamorous, and always dressed reflecting the latest styles.

Of all the elegant Barbie doll fashions, her magnificent wedding gowns have inspired the most romantic daydreams. Now, the nostalgic charm of Barbie in her original wedding dress has been magically captured on *the first ever Barbie collector plate*—"The 1959 Bride-To-Be."

A Limited First Edition

"The 1959 Bride-To-Be" is the first in a new series of porcelain collector plates entitled High Fashion *Barbie*. Each plate will feature Barbie wearing a different authentic outfit selected from her formal wardrobe of the last 30 years.

To elegantly portray the Queen of Fashion, renowned "artist of the stars" Susie Morton was commissioned to create an original painting for each plate. For example, "The 1959 Bride-To-Be" is based on the original Barbie doll wearing a sumptuous wedding gown complete with a satin bodice, full net skirt laced with flowers, and a fingertip veil.

To give America's favorite doll a fitting showcase, your plate will be decorated with a gleaming border of precious 23kt gold reflecting the Barbie trademark initial "*B*."

Each serially numbered plate will be accompanied by a matching personalized Certificate of Authenticity. The size of the edition will be forever limited to the production capacity of 25 firing days. None will be offered through dealers; this important First Edition is available exclusively through the Danbury Mint.

No Obligation—No Risk

When you acquire "The 1959 Bride-To-Be" you will have the option—*but not the obligation* to collect all subsequent plates in this series. Furthermore, under our *100% Unconditional Guarantee,* you may return any plate for replacement or refund within 30 days.

Reply Now for Lowest Serial Number

Today, after 30 years, Barbie is unchallenged in popularity and unequaled in collector interest. Reservations will be processed in the order received, so send in yours today!

the Danbury Mint

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A numbered limited first edition collector plate decorated with 23kt gold.

BHP

Please Reply Promptly

78

The Danbury Mint
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The 1959 Barbie Bride-To-Be

Limit: two plates per collector

Please accept my reservation for **"The 1959 Barbie Bride-To-Be,"** as described in this announcement. I wish to reserve ____ (1 or 2) plate(s) at $27 (plus $2.95 shipping and handling—total $29.95*).

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Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

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Name To Print On Certificate(s) (if different from above) _____

Allow 4 to 8 weeks for shipment.

*Plus any applicable sales tax and $2.95 shipping and handling.

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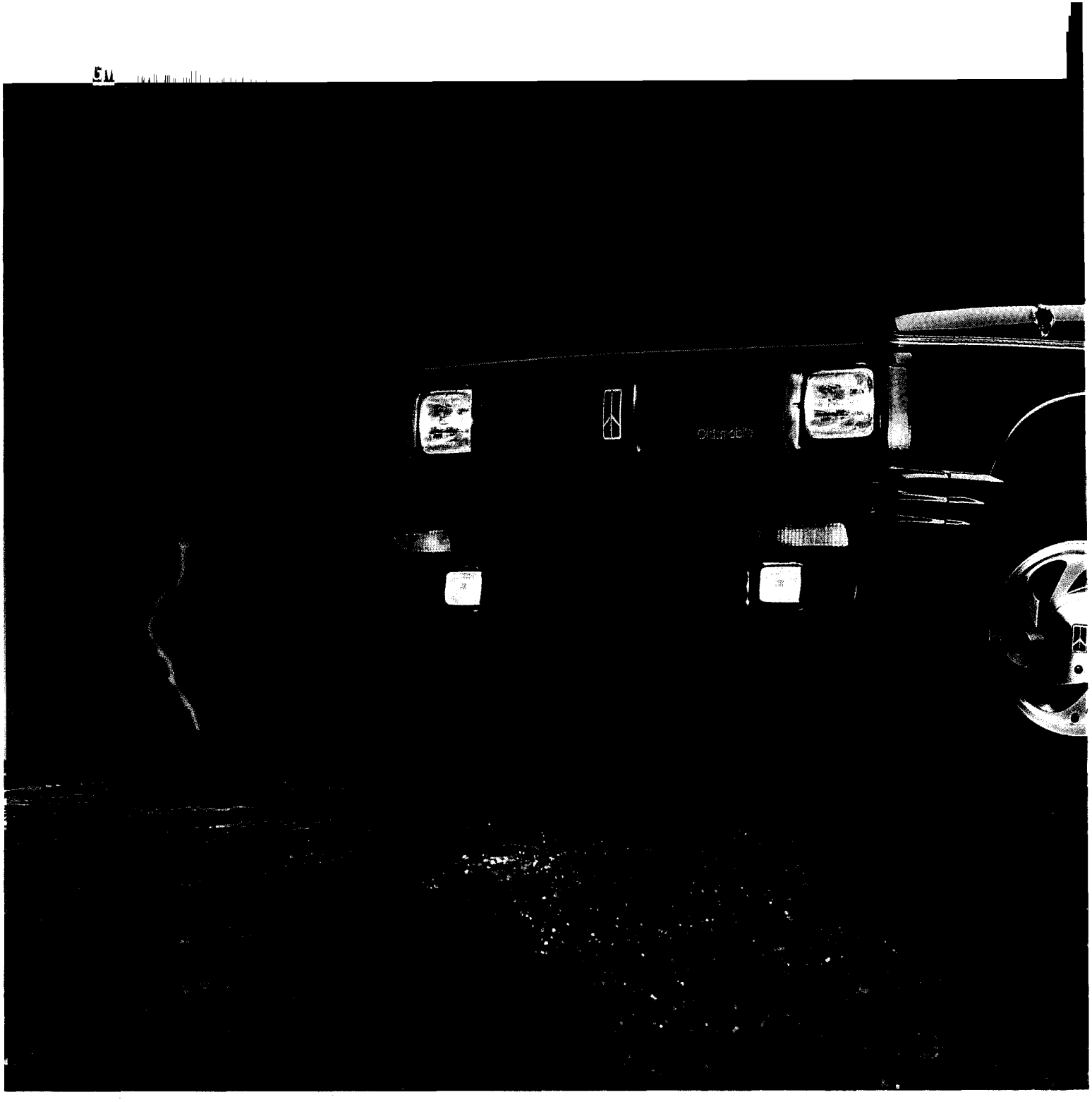

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Highway Range (miles)	440	380	404

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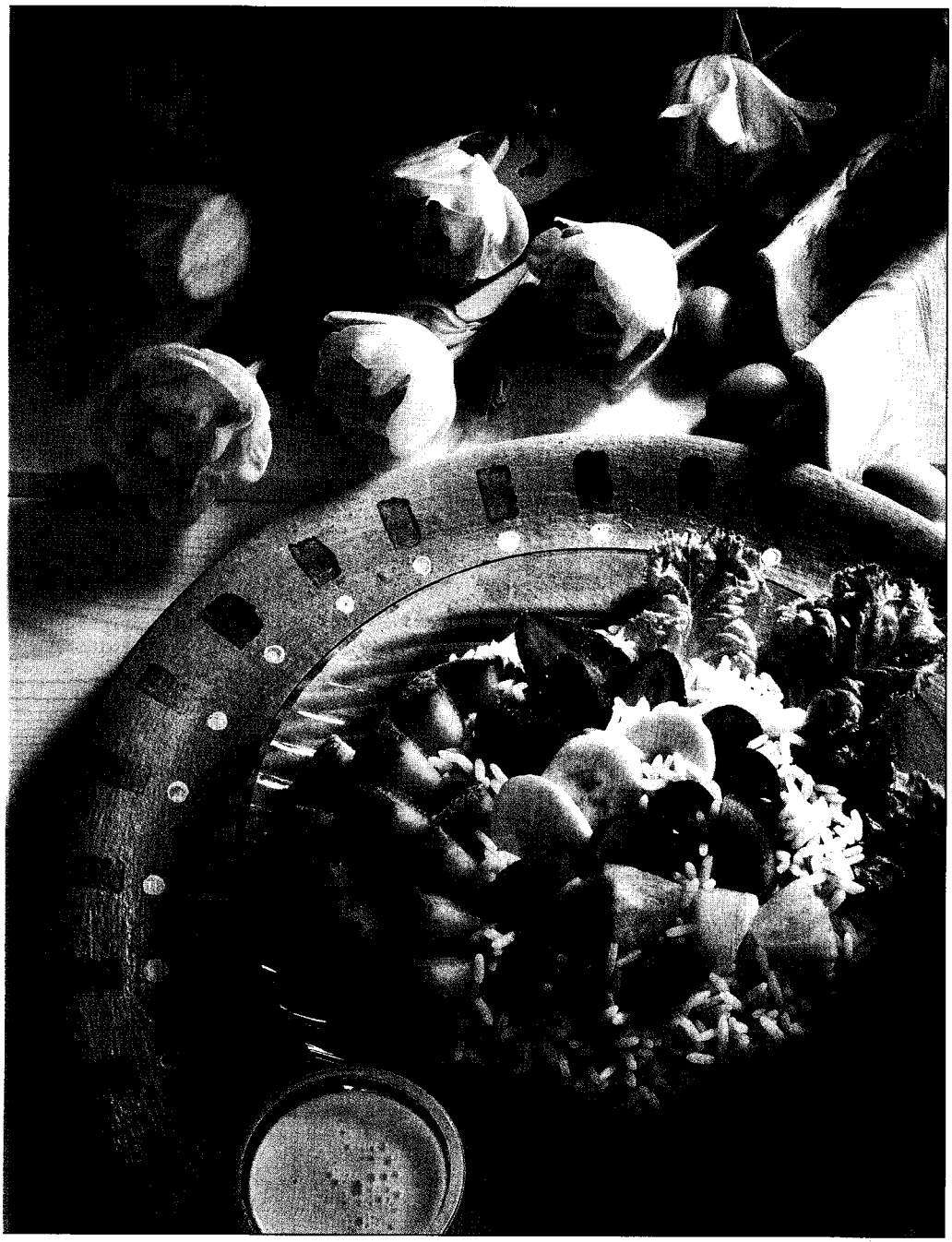
ELEGANT SUMMER SALADS

The authors of The Silver Palate Cookbook *believe that the best salads are like marriages: The ingredients complement one another perfectly.*

by Julee Rosso and Sheila Lukins

The recent availability of wonderful new lettuce, greens, and other vegetables along with America's renewed interest in fresh, healthy ingredients have given salads a new look and importance. In fact, during the summer heat wave when our flagging appetites demand something light and cool, we often make salads the focal point of our meals.

To prepare a beautiful and impressive salad, today's time-starved chef needn't spend countless hours in the kitchen. A salad and dressing take little time to prepare.



We've found these tips to be helpful in preparing salad meals.

- Look at the stem base for any discoloration or browning before buying lettuce. The heavier the head, the fresher the greens.
- Thoroughly rinse and dry greens. Nothing spoils a salad faster than a bit of sand or a puddle of water at the bottom of the bowl.
- Add just enough dressing to coat the greens lightly. A heavy coat dulls the ingredients.
- Use olive oil, canola oil, or almond oil to eliminate saturated fats from your diet.
- Dress a delicate salad with a light vinaigrette and a more robust salad with a stronger dressing.
- Make extra of other meals and use the leftovers, like baked chicken, in your main-course salad the next night.
- Complement your salad meal with home-baked bread like Bread du Jour® which takes only eight to ten minutes to bake.

Today, a chef's most useful utensil is imagination. Don't be afraid to use it. Making a salad a special meal does not mean spending long hours in the kitchen or big money in the gourmet shop. It means having fun with everyday basics. Bon appetite!

❧ ❧ ❧

Mache with Baby Beets and Walnuts
(Makes 2 servings)

The delicate flavor of mache, a type of lettuce, shines through clearly even in the presence of beets and walnuts.

¼ cup coarsely chopped walnuts
6 tiny beets, with 1 inch of stem, rinsed well
¼ cup walnut oil
1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar
1 tablespoon snipped fresh chives
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard

◀ *Summer Fruit Salad*

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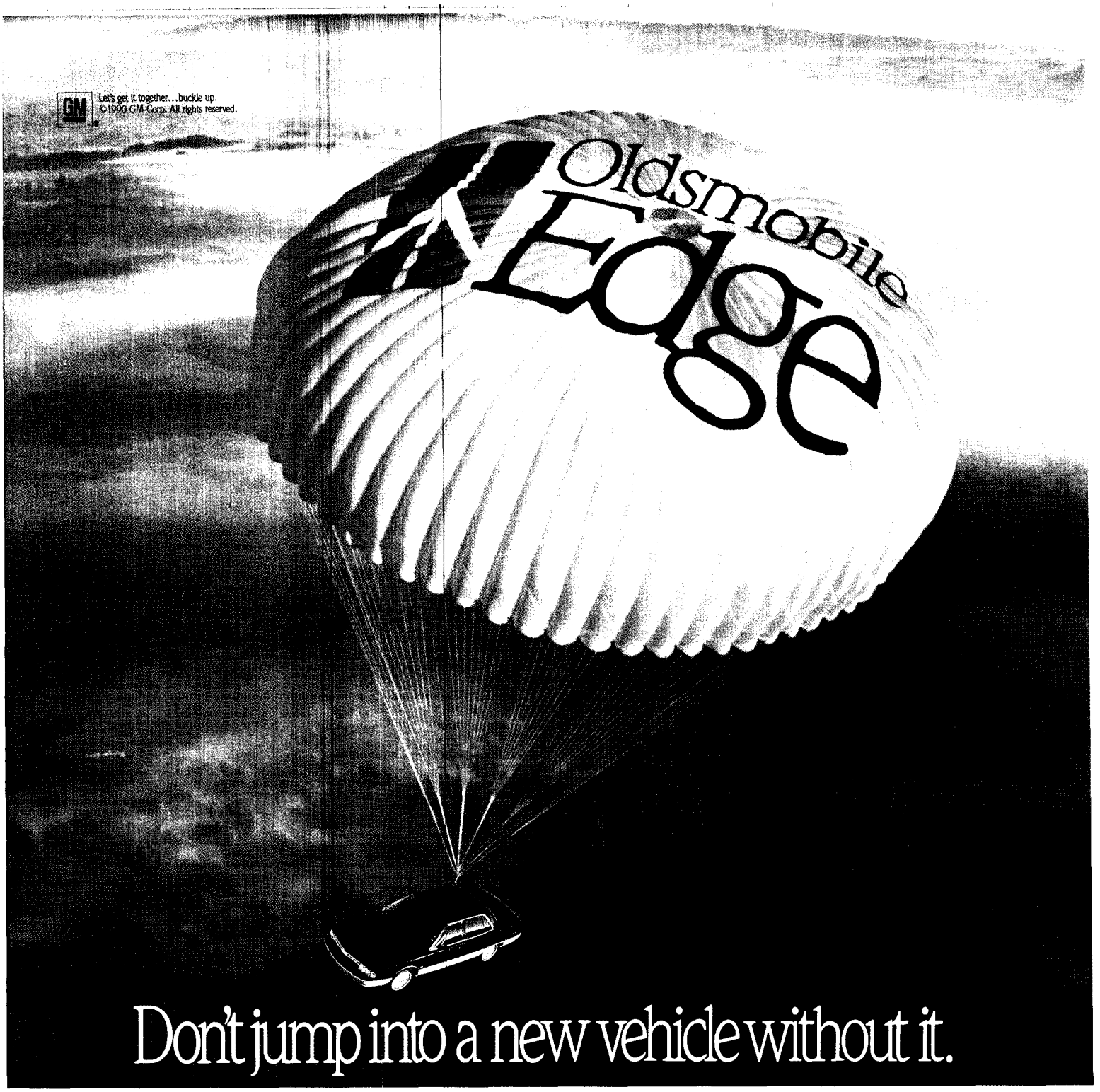

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1/4 teaspoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
Freshly ground black pepper, to taste
4 small bunches of mache, trimmed (1 cup leaves), rinsed, and patted dry
1 small Belgian endive, julienned lengthwise

Preheat the oven to 350° F. Spread out the walnuts in small baking pan. Place the pan in oven, and toast the nuts until they are lightly browned, 3-5 minutes. Check after 3 minutes and if the nuts are not done, shake the pan and continue to toast, watching carefully to prevent burning.

Place the beets in small saucepan and add water to cover. Bring to boil, reduce heat, and simmer until tender, 20-25 minutes. Rinse beets under cold water, drain, and slip off skins. Trim off stems.

In small bowl, whisk together oil, vinegar, chives, mustard, sugar, salt, and pepper. Stir in beets and walnuts.

Arrange mache leaves on two salad plates, and top with endive. Lightly dress each salad with walnut vinaigrette, spooning on walnuts and beets.

❧ ❧ ❧

Summer Fruit Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups cooked rice, cooled to room temperature
1/2 cup quartered strawberries
1/2 cup grape halves
2 kiwi fruit, sliced into quarters
1/2 cup pineapple tidbits
1/2 cup banana slices
1/4 cup pineapple juice
2 tablepoons plain low-fat yogurt
1 tablespoon honey, optional
Lettuce leaves

Combine rice and fruits in large bowl. Blend pineapple juice, yogurt, and honey in small bowl; pour over rice mixture. Toss lightly. Serve on lettuce leaves.

❧ ❧ ❧

Lemony Caesar Salad with Anchovy Spread and Caesar Dressing
(Makes 4 servings)

This is a lovely light version of the classic. We like to tuck the walnut bread under a couple of big crisp leaves of romaine, so it is a surprise.

1 1/2 tablespoons olive oil
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
4 thin slices whole-grain bread
1/4 cup Anchovy Spread (recipe follows)
1/2 large head romaine lettuce, rinsed and patted dry
1 cup Caesar Dressing (recipe follows)
4 ounces Parmesan cheese, in one piece

Heat the olive oil in small skillet. Add walnuts, and sauté over medium heat until lightly toasted, 3-5 minutes. Set aside.

Toast the bread; then spread each slice with Anchovy Spread, and scatter with toasted walnuts.

"Go!"

Tear lettuce into pieces, and toss with dressing.

Place piece of prepared toast on each plate, and top with portion of lettuce and dressing. Using vegetable peeler, shave thin slices of Parmesan over each portion. Serve immediately.

❧ ❧ ❧

Anchovy Spread
(Makes about 1/4 cup)

12 anchovy fillets, drained
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
1 teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper
2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
2 tablespoons unsalted butter, at room temperature
1 clove garlic, finely minced

Using a fork, mash anchovies in small bowl. In another small bowl, whisk the remaining ingredients together. Add to anchovies, and mix until paste has formed.

❧ ❧ ❧

Caesar Dressing
(Makes 1 cup)

1 teaspoon grated lemon zest
3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 teaspoon white wine vinegar
2/3 cup extra virgin olive oil
1 teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper
1/2 teaspoon salt

Combine lemon zest, lemon juice, garlic, and vinegar in small bowl, and whisk well. Slowly add olive oil, whisking constantly until smooth. Add pepper and salt, and set aside.

❧ ❧ ❧

Belgian Endive and Roquefort Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

A lovely luncheon or dinner appetizer. Also perfect served alongside roast lamb or baked chicken.

2 heads Belgian endive
3/4 cup large walnut pieces
2 tablespoons chopped fresh Italian (flat-leaf) parsley
Coarsely ground black pepper, to taste
2 to 3 tablespoons Walnut Vinaigrette (recipe follows)
4 ounces Roquefort cheese, coarsely crumbled

continued on page 27

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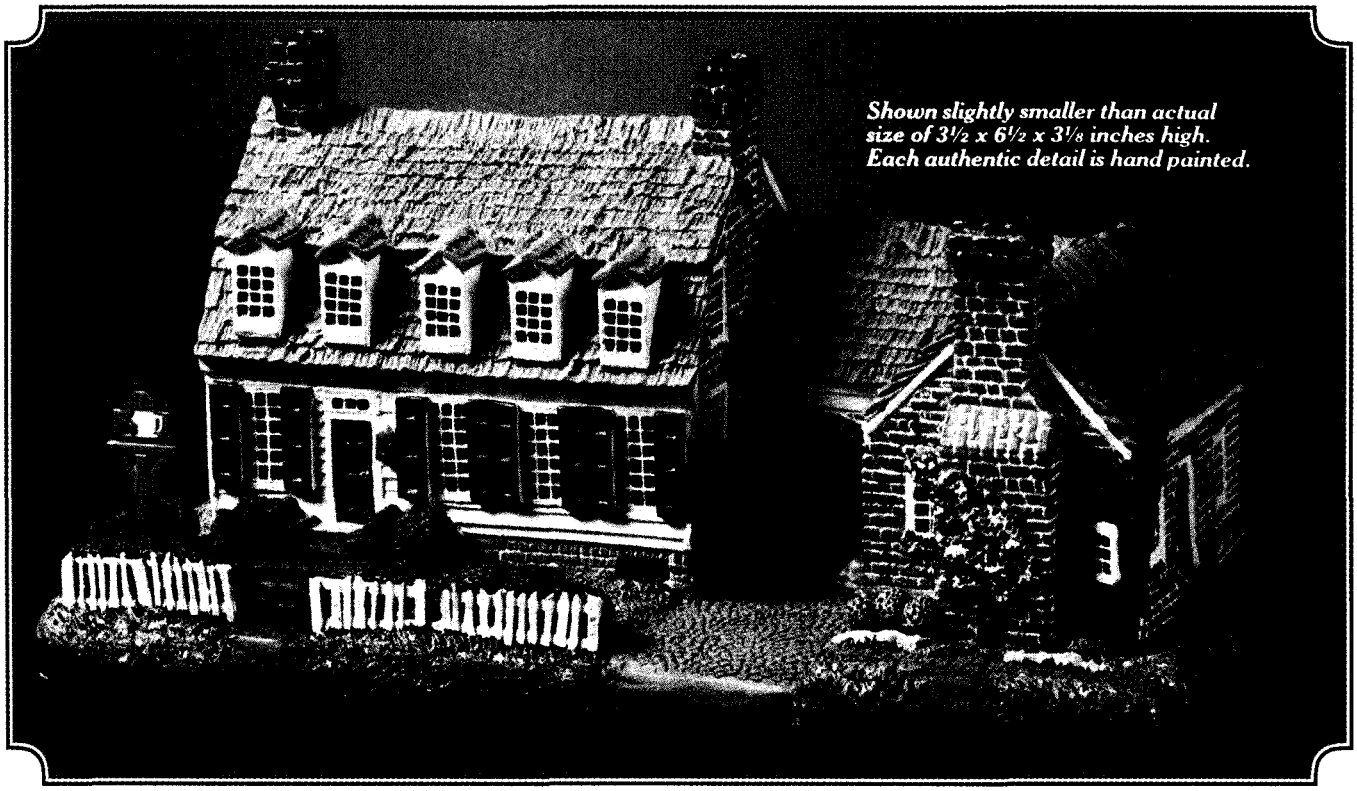
PRESENTING "Jefferson's Ordinarie."

The first landmark sculpture to capture the beauty and charm of Colonial America.



A Colonial Inn Comes to Life in a Richly Detailed Architectural Sculpture.

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Now, inspired by the inns familiar to Jefferson and our forefathers, comes "Jefferson's Ordinarie." Designed by Kenneth and Hope LeVan, this is the premier issue in *Strolling Through Colonial America*, a new collection of architectural art honoring the patriotic men and women who founded our country.

Cozy benches and a doorway lantern welcome you to "Jefferson's Ordinarie."

Two charmingly detailed buildings – the "ordinarie" and its separate summer kitchen – are joined by a graceful double-arched breezeway . . . *one of the first ever created in a landmark sculpture.*

From every angle, you discover the warm comforts of "home." Open dormer windows. A dog resting in the shade. Colorful roses and climbing ivy. Fragrant herb gardens. You feel the individual "cedar" shingles of the roof, the sculpted "cobblestones" of the carriageway.

Each sculpture is painstakingly hand-painted by skilled craftsmen with period-accurate colors. With your sculpture you will receive a hand-numbered Deed and Certificate of Authenticity, detailed floor plans, and an illustrated narrative describing life in an 18th-century Colonial inn. You will also receive priority notification of future issues in the collection—but will never be obligated to buy.

An Acquisition to Build Upon

In recent years, exceptional landmark sculptures have proven to be wise acquisitions. Not all sculptures increase in value; some go down, and we can make no guarantee of profit. But as the premier issue in an important new collection, "Jefferson's Ordinarie" seems to have credentials similar to other market winners.

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with any new subscription or renewal extension to The Saturday Evening Post.

The SatEvePost Society wants to keep our readers healthy for a long time.

We feel that the diet of many Americans is deficient in lysine, especially the diet of Americans who eat vegetarian foods. The amino acid, lysine, in this Purdue University specially bred corn makes it an almost complete protein food. This corn meal contains nearly twice as much lysine as regular corn meal. A purpose of the Society is to encourage large

Purdue University's Dr. Edwin Mertz (left) deserves a Nobel Prize for his work in discovering the high-lysine corn. Its higher lysine content has the potential of saving millions of children from starvation in Third World countries. (Right) Post *research kitchens are busy turning out high-lysine corn recipes for everything from waffles to soufflés.*

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food processors to package high-lysine corn meal so that the public will demand it after discovering how much sweeter and tastier it is.

If the white mice we had on a high-lysine diet (to see if it prevents leukemia) could talk, they would verify ɔw good it is. Iowa farmers find that their pigs turn up their noses at regular corn after trying the high-lysine variety. We want farmers to grow it for humans as well.

We've done our homework, and we'd like our readers to try this method of increasing the lysine in their diets while they increase the fiber. It's the best of both worlds! We should be going to a diet of more grains and complex carbohydrates, and high-lysine corn provides the missing link in the high-fiber diet.

Besides, it makes tastier cornbread, corn pudding, souffles, pancakes, corn pies and waffles.

So, keep the *Post* coming to your door and we will set a FREE bag of high-lysine corn in your kitchen cupboard.

High-Lysine Corn Meal with each paid subscription.

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HEARTBEAT

The Healthy Heart Report

GET-UP-AND-GO BREAKFASTS

Giving kids a choice of healthful foods for the all-important morning meal is the key to good nutrition.

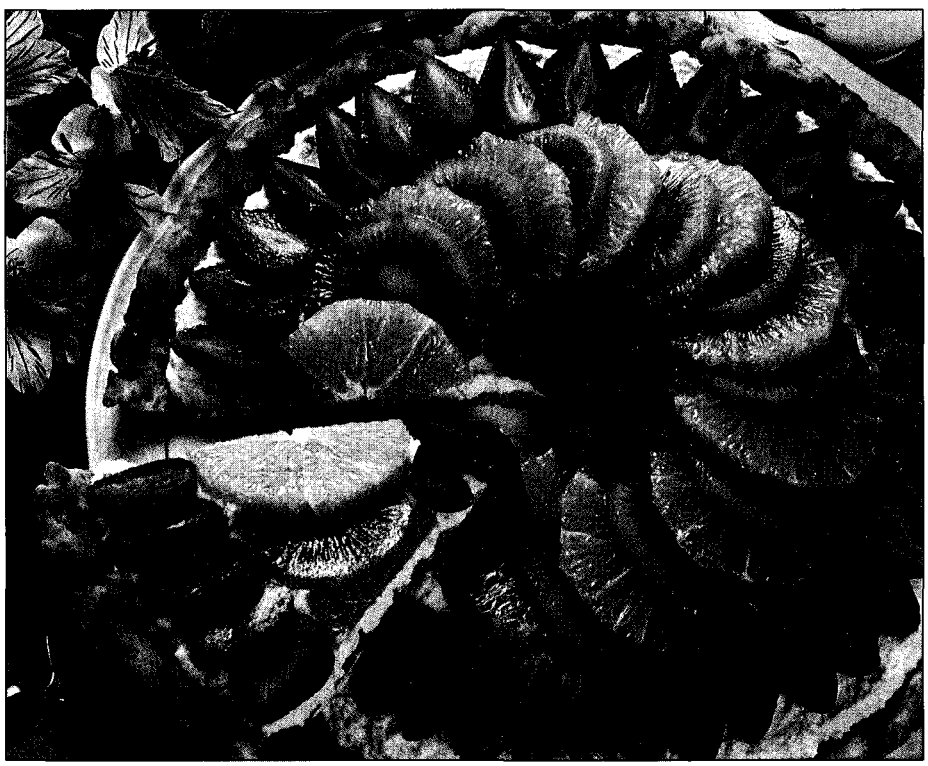
by Ted Kreiter and Kim Gioe, R.D.

The morning meal, it has long been said, is the most important of the day, and now there's scientific evidence to back that up. Studies in elementary schools show that eating an adequate breakfast results in better test scores in math, reading, and language skills. That weak, empty feeling that strikes between nine and noon when breakfast has been skipped can hamper a young learner's concentration, reduce his problem-solving ability, and shorten his attention span.

A good breakfast, nutritionists say, should provide a third of a youngster's nutrition for the day. A swig of orange juice and a multiple vitamin aren't enough. Pills won't give you energy. Energy comes from calories in food, and vitamin pills have no calories. For breakfast, as for any meal, foods should come from a variety of food groups: dairy products such as skim milk, cheese, and yogurt provide protein and calcium for strong bones (adolescents, especially girls, need 1,200 milligrams of calcium per day); grains in bread, bagels, muffins, ready-to-eat cereals, and pancakes supply B vitamins, iron, trace elements, and carbohydrates for energy, as well as fiber; and fruit and fruit juice, either canned, frozen, or fresh, provides vitamins A and C, along with minerals and trace elements for healthy skin, eyes, and gums. The only problem is getting all these elements into a quick and easy meal that kids will actually want to eat and that you will have time to prepare.

The options are greater than you might think, from a simple bowl of ready-to-eat cereal and fresh fruit to creative one-minute meals made with toasted raisin bread spread with low-fat cottage cheese, raisins, and a dash of cinnamon, or from tasty apple pancakes to a fruit pizza.

When shopping for breakfast foods, make sure to read labels carefully.



Nothing beats pizza for waking up a kid's appetite. Here, fresh fruit toppings are arranged on a nutritious filling of calcium-rich, low-fat ricotta cheese.

Avoid fat by selecting cereals with less than two grams fat per serving.

Canned, fresh, or frozen fruit juices are similar in vitamin content, but make sure the juice you are buying is real juice and not a fruit drink that may be just 10 percent juice and 90 percent sugar water.

Purchase softened or tub margarine for use on breakfast pancakes and toast, and urge kids to use it sparingly. Better that they flavor their pancakes and waffles with honey or syrup than increase their intake of fat by adding too much margarine.

♥ ♥ ♥

Breakfast Fruit Pizza
(Makes 8 servings)

1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
3/4 cup crushed natural bran flakes
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons honey, divided
2/3 cup skim milk
1/4 cup vegetable oil
1 container (15 oz.) part skim milk ricotta cheese
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups sliced strawberries
2 medium oranges, peeled and sliced
2 kiwi fruits, peeled and sliced
1/2 cup apricot jam, if desired

Mix together flour, cereal, 1 tablespoon honey, and baking powder. Add milk and oil. Stir with fork until mixture forms a ball. With greased fingers, press dough into a 14-inch round pizza pan or a 15 x 10-inch jelly roll pan which has been sprayed with nonstick spray or oiled lightly. Shape edge to form rim. Bake at 425°F.

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about 20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool. Mix together ricotta, remaining 1 tablespoon honey, and vanilla. Spread over crust. Arrange fruit over cheese mixture in any desired pattern. Heat apricot jam over low heat, stirring constantly until softened. Spoon over fruit to glaze.

♥ ♥ ♥

Tangy Fruit and Nut Muesli
(Makes 6 servings)

1 3/4 cups water
1 1/3 cup oats (uncooked)
3 cups oranges or tangerines, peeled, seeded and chopped
1/2 cup chopped dates or raisins
1/2 cup coarsely chopped nuts
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine all ingredients; mix well. Cover; refrigerate overnight. Serve cold or hot* with milk or yogurt, if desired. For thicker muesli, drain excess liquid before serving or heating in microwave. Store in refrigerator up to 1 week.

*To heat one serving, place 1/2 cup muesli in microwaveable bowl. Microwave at High about 1 minute 30 seconds and stir.

♥ ♥ ♥

Oat n' Blueberry Muffins
(Makes 1 dozen)

2 1/2 cups oats (uncooked)
1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt, if desired
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup fresh or frozen blueberries
2/3 cup skim milk
3 tablespoons vegetable oil
2 egg whites, slightly beaten

Heat oven to 400° F. Place oats in blender container or food processor bowl; cover. Blend or process about 1 minute, stopping occasionally to stir. Line 12 medium muffin cups with paper baking cups. Combine ground oats, brown sugar, baking powder, salt, and cinnamon. Add blueberries, milk, oil, and egg whites, mixing just until moistened. Fill muffin cups almost full. Bake 20-22 minutes or until deep golden brown.

Note: To freeze, wrap muffins securely. To reheat, unwrap frozen muffins. Microwave at High about 30 seconds per muffin.

♥ ♥ ♥

Peanut Butter Melt
(Makes 1 serving)

1 slice whole-wheat bread
1/2 banana
1 tablespoon peanut butter

Toast bread. While bread is toasting, slice banana. Spread peanut butter on toast and cover with banana.

♥ ♥ ♥

Cottage Cheese Toast
(Makes 1 serving)

1 slice raisin bread
1/4 cup low-fat cottage cheese
1 teaspoon raisins (or 1 miniature box)
Dash of cinnamon

Toast bread. Spread cottage cheese on bread. Add raisins and cinnamon.

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WALKING IN HIGH GEAR

The benefits of race walking can't be counted on your fingers . . . but on about every other part of your body.

by Michael Allen

Walking is boring? Running is not your speed? But still you are concerned about getting the tremendous cardiovascular benefits that these uncomplicated forms of exercise can provide?

Have we got the answer for you!

You might have seen it performed in past Olympic Games. If you did, you no doubt laughed at the freakish style as competitors heeled-and-toed their way around the track. Race walking, however, is by no means a laughing matter. With arms pumping and hips swaying, those who become involved, whether for fun, for health, or for gold, find that it trims fat, tones muscles, burns calories, and conditions the cardiovascular system. With this in mind, it's much easier to ignore the hoots and hollers of couch-potato spectators as you wiggle your way to better health. (Was not President Bush race walking when he said, "Read my hips"?)

No doubt about it, the race walking gait is unique. Competition racing requires that you keep one foot on the ground at all times, which means that your lead foot must touch the ground before your rear foot leaves it. Your knee also must be straight as your body passes over it. You land on your heel and spring off your toes. If you are race walking for fun, failing to follow through precisely on these requirements, of course, will not disqualify you. But cashing in on the health benefits does require proper use of your arms and hips.

Instead of letting your arms hang freely at your sides as in regular walking, in race walking you bend your elbows at a 90-degree angle. Then, keeping them bent, you pump

Race walkers seldom have injuries, even the fastest ones who can cover a mile in around six minutes.

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Ben Kinchlow and Madeline Balletta Have A Secret They Want To Share

They both travel extensively.
They both have major responsibilities and hectic schedules.
They both are vibrant, healthy and energetic.
They have a secret. . . a God-given food that is helping restore people to health. . .

Madeline's Story

For Madeline Balletta the discovery was made nearly nine years ago. She knew and believed that her body was fearfully and wonderfully made (Psalm 139:14), but something was wrong. There was fatigue — she was virtually bedridden and often too tired to speak. There were periods of loneliness, confusion, depression and debilitating pain. The initial diagnosis was Multiple Sclerosis; four years later other doctors diagnosed Chronic Fatigue Syndrome.

Then there was hope. A friend brought a natural food substance to Madeline's attention and things began to work together for good. Gradually, her health improved, the pain lessened and her strength was renewed.

When this same wonderful product was given to her son (who had suffered for years with chronic bronchial asthma), Madeline saw his condition improve dramatically. She then knew this was something that had to be shared — and with prayer and thanksgiving, Madeline started her own company to make **Bee-Alive** available to others.

Ben's Story

Ben Kinchlow, best known for his years as co-host of The 700 Club, met Madeline and was impressed by the vitality she radiates. He was introduced to **Bee-Alive** and hasn't stopped using it since.

Ben never had any major health problems, just his non-stop schedule and occasional nasal congestion. Since starting on **Bee-Alive**, the congestion has stopped but Ben certainly hasn't. These days he's busier than ever, and he says that **Bee-Alive** "...provides a definite lift". He has found that Bee-Alive "...enhances one's overall energy level and mental alertness and gives a general feeling of well-being". **Bee-Alive** even helps him overcome jet lag!

Your Story

Whether you're sick and tired of being sick and tired, or healthy and eager to stay that way, **Bee-Alive** is one secret you'll want to get in on. Maybe you are one of the millions who suffer from stress and its effects. Studies show that 80% of all illnesses are stress-related and that stress can weaken your body's own defenses, leaving you susceptible to colds, flus and infections. When you call 1-800-543-BEES, you'll speak with someone who is well-trained, well-informed, and willing to listen. Ben Kinchlow says our consultants are "...caring, concerned, helpful and efficient. They're prepared to go the extra mile."

Call 1-800-543-BEES toll-free. We'll listen; we'll care. We'll pray with you and give you encouraging words. And we'll tell you more about this wonderful secret.

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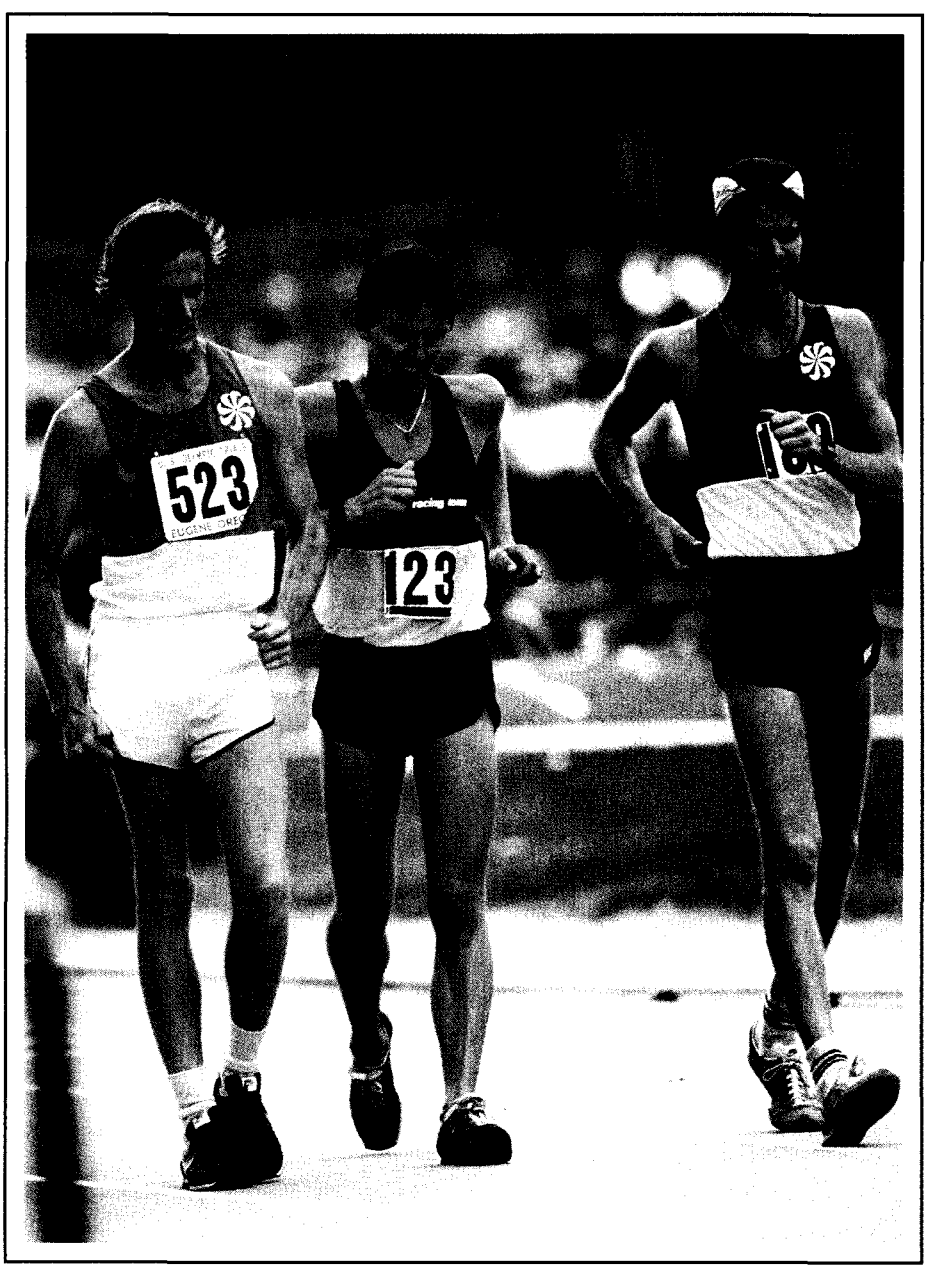
your arms diagonally across to the center of your body.

As for the hips, by putting each foot down directly in front of the other, heel-toe fashion, you will take longer strides, forcing the hips to rotate, thus firming the lower torso. Powerful pumping of the arms, which not only strengthens arm muscles but also shoulders and back for better posture, will also cause a longer, faster stride. This results in an aerobic workout that raises the heart rate, burns calories, and whittles away fat.

On the average, race walking burns calories comparable with running, about 500 calories an hour. Depending upon your weight and the efficiency of your gait as well as your distance and speed, you could burn anywhere from 200 to 750 calories an hour. For shaping up, the distance you walk is more important than your speed. No matter what pace you set, the farther you walk, the more energy you will use and the more calories you will burn.

This is not, however, a license to dawdle. Maintaining a brisk pace for 20 to 30 minutes three to five times a week should provide the cardiovascular benefits of increased high-density lipoprotein cholesterol (HDL—the good guys) and decreased triglycerides in your blood to protect against heart disease.



Some athletes, whose sports have already put them in top physical condition, race-walk to stay in peak form, both for strength and stamina.

Whether the originator of the sport had health in mind when he came up with the heel-and-toe field event is not known. What is known is that race walking has been an Olympic sport since 1906, with other competitions dating back to the later half of the 19th century. Individual walking feats were recorded much earlier.

Most admired of all walkers was Edward Payson Weston, a professional "pedestrian" who started in 1861 and who was still famed for his walking in 1929, when he died at the age of 90. Should you think perhaps you are too old for this sort of thing, consider: past the age of 70 and burdened by rheumatism, Weston walked from San Francisco to New York City in 77 days!

Race walking is actually one of the safer forms of exercise, putting only a fraction of the stress on the foot that running does. And because of the hip action, the walker's torso moves forward on one level, never bouncing up and down.

"You really get all the benefits of a running program without the pounding," says Martin Rudow, former coach of the United States Men's Race Walking Team.

"You get your heart rate up as high as you want. And you can really do a lot of body shaping, burning inches off specific places, like your rear end, your midsection, your upper arms, your thighs."

Unfortunately, Rudow admits, the United States is very uncompetitive in race walking. Incentives are lacking, he says. "It's not an easy sport to coach, support is missing, and we need a national program."

Though Rudow holds little hopes of our country winning a race walking medal in the '92 Olympics, the good news is that everyone can be a winner who takes up this proven form of exercise. It may not be the magic cure for all your physical woes, and it can be hard work, but the rewards are most certain and definitely gained with less boredom than most other forms of workouts.

A final advantage: Race walking requires no expensive equipment or special attire. A pair of light shoes and just enough clothes to get by the indecent exposure laws, and you are off and running—race walking, we mean. Let the spectators hoot and holler all they like . . . we'll see who hoots and hollers last.

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Elegant Summer Salads

continued from page 18

Rinse endive; separate leaves, and pat dry. Cut leaves lengthwise into julienne strips.

Place endive in bowl; add walnuts, parsley, and pepper; toss together. Drizzle vinaigrette over salad, and toss gently.

Divide salad among four plates, and top with cheese. Serve immediately.

❧ ❧ ❧

Walnut Vinaigrette

(Makes 1/2 cup)

An ideal vinaigrette for all the delectable new greens in the market. We love to serve this with Mache with Baby Beets and Walnuts or slivered Belgian Endive with Roquefort.

2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
1/4 cup walnut oil
1 tablespoon safflower oil
Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste

Combine vinegar and mustard in small bowl and whisk well. Slowly drizzle in oils, whisking constantly until smooth. Season with salt and pepper.

❧ ❧ ❧

Summer Lemon Potato Salad

(Makes 8 servings)

Yukon Gold potatoes have a rich, buttery flavor and are available in many markets across the country. Combined with yellow wax beans, they turn this salad into a ray of sunshine.

2 pounds small yellow potatoes (Yukon Gold, if possible), cut into 1-inch cubes
8 ounces wax beans, trimmed and cut into 1-inch pieces

Dressing

1/4 cup fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons whole-grain mustard
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon grated lemon zest
1 teaspoon salt
Freshly ground black pepper, to taste
1/2 cup extra virgin olive oil
1/3 cup snipped fresh chives

Place potatoes in medium-size saucepan, and cover with cold water. Bring to boil, reduce heat, and simmer until tender, 10 minutes. Drain, rinse under cold water, and drain again.

Bring saucepan of lightly salted water to boil, and add beans. Reduce heat, and simmer until tender, 5 minutes. Drain, rinse under cold water, and drain again.

Prepare dressing: In large bowl, whisk together lemon juice, mustard, egg yolk, lemon zest, salt, and pepper. Slowly whisk in oil. Then stir in chives.

Toss potatoes and beans in dressing, and serve warm.

❧ ❧ ❧

Cajun Shrimp Salad

(Makes 4 servings)

Capers and cayenne spice up this shrimp salad. It's great stuffed in tomatoes or avocados for a light and luscious luncheon.

1 1/2 pounds cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined

continued on page 102

Maybe you don't need another diet. Maybe what you need is a faster metabolism.

Aerobic exercise. The best way to lose weight and stay that way.

If your last diet didn't work, there's probably a good reason.

When you eat less, your body automatically adjusts its metabolism to a lower level, making you tired, grumpy and hungry.

The best way to raise your metabolism while you diet is through regular aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack is the most effective way to get the aerobic exercise you need.

NordicTrack burns more calories in less time than any other type of indoor exercise machine. Up to 1,100 calories per hour according to fitness experts.

You'll look forward to stepping on the scales.

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RUNAWAYS

They had two things in common:
Self-pity and something they thought was love.

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

"I guess her parents think I'm after all their money," Rice said. "All I want is their daughter."

They left a note saying teenagers were just as capable of true love as anybody else—or maybe more capable. And then they took off for parts unknown.

They took off in the boy's old blue Ford, with baby shoes dangling from the rearview mirror, with a pile of comic books on the burst back seat.

A police alarm went out for them right away, and their pictures were in the papers and on television. But they weren't caught for 24 hours. They got all the way to Chicago. A patrolman spotted them shopping together in a supermarket there, caught them buying what looked like a lifetime supply of candy, cosmetics, soft drinks and frozen pizzas.

The girl's father gave the patrolman a $200 reward. The girl's father was Jesse K. Southard, governor of the state of Indiana.

That was why they got so much publicity. It was very exciting when an ex-reform-school kid, a kid who ran a lawn mower at the governor's country club, ran off with the governor's daughter.

When the Indiana State Police brought the girl back to the Governor's Mansion in Indianapolis, Governor Southard announced that he would take immediate steps to get an annulment. An irreverent reporter pointed out to him that there could hardly be an annulment, since there hadn't been a marriage.

The governor blew up. "That boy never laid a finger on her," he roared, "because she wouldn't let him! And I'll knock the block off any man who says otherwise."

The reporters wanted to talk to the girl, naturally, and the governor said she would have a statement for them in about an hour. It wouldn't be her first statement about the esca-

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ABOUT THE ARTIST
Born into a musical family in Copenhagen, Victor Borge was hailed as a piano prodigy at age 8. He eventually gained fame for combining comedy with piano music. He holds the record for the most one-man shows on Broadway (849, in 1953), and has been knighted by the five Scandinavian countries.

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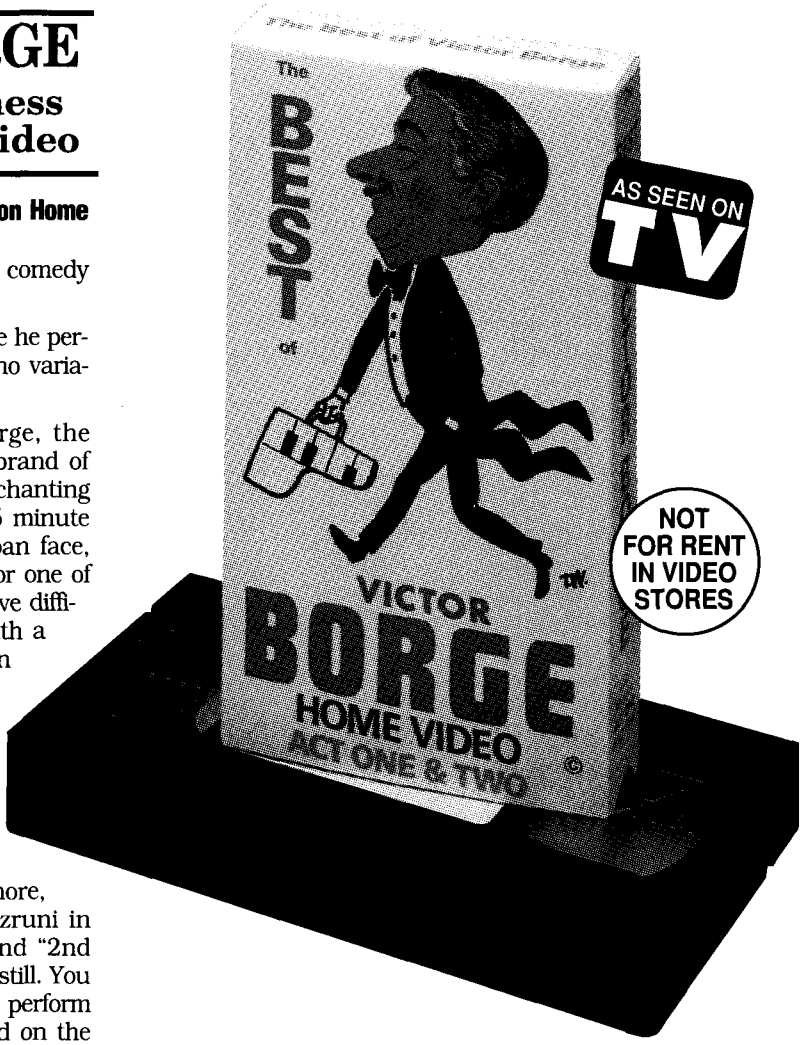
- L.A. TIMES



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pade. In Chicago she and the boy had lectured reporters and police on love, hypocrisy, persecution of teenagers, the insensitivity of parents, and even rockets, Russia and the hydrogen bomb.

When the girl came downstairs with her new statement, however, she contradicted everything she'd said in Chicago. Reading from a three-page typewritten script, she said the adventure had been a nightmare, said she didn't love the boy and never had, said she must have been crazy and said she never wanted to see the boy again.

She said the only people she loved were her parents, said she didn't see how she could make it up to them for all the heartaches she had caused, said she was going to concentrate on schoolwork and getting into college and said she didn't want to pose for pictures because she looked so awful after the ordeal.

She didn't look especially awful, except that she'd dyed her hair a cheap red, and the boy had given her a terrible haircut in an effort to disguise her. And she'd been crying some. She didn't look tired. She looked young and wild and captured—that was all.

Her name was Annie—Annie Southard.

When the reporters left, when they went to show the boy the girl's latest statement, the governor turned to his daughter and said to her with clanking irony, "Well, I certainly want to thank you. I don't see how I can ever thank you enough."

"You thank me for telling all those lies?" she said.

"I thank you for making a very small beginning in repairing the damage you've done," he said.

"My own father, the governor of the state of Indiana," said Annie, "ordered me to lie. I'll never forget that."

"That isn't the last of the orders you'll get from me," he said.

Annie said nothing out loud, but in her mind she placed a curse on her parents. She no longer owed them anything. She was going to be cold and indifferent to them for the rest of her days. The curse went into effect almost immediately.

Annie's mother, Mary Southard, came down the spiral staircase. She had been listening to the lies on the landing above. "I think you handled that very well," she said to her husband.

"As well as I could, under the circumstances," he said.

"I only wish we could come out and say what there really is to say," said Annie's mother. "If we could only just come out and say we're not against love, and we're not against people who don't have money." She started to touch her daughter comfortingly, but was warned against it by Annie's eyes. "We're not snobs, darling—and we're not insensitive to love. Love is the most wonderful thing there is."

"Forgive you? For free?"

The governor turned away at this point and glared out a window.

"We believe in love," said Annie's mother. "You've seen how much I love your father and how much your father loves me—and how much your father and I love you."

"If you're going to come out and say something, say it," said the governor.

"I thought I was," said his wife.

"Talk money, talk breeding, talk education, talk friends, talk interests," said the governor, "and then you can get back to love if you want." He faced his women. "Talk happiness, for heaven's sake," he said. "See that boy again, keep this thing going, marry him when you can do it legally, when we can't stop you," he said to Annie, "and not only will you be the unhappiest woman alive, but he'll be the unhappiest man alive. It will be a mess you can truly be proud of, because you will have married without having met a single condition for a happy marriage—and by single condition I mean one single, solitary thing in common.

"What did you plan to do for friends?" he said. "His gang at the poolroom or your gang at the country club? Would you start out by buying him a nice house and nice furniture and a nice automobile—or would you wait for him to buy those things, which he'll be just about ready to pay for when hell freezes over. Do you like comic books as well as he does? Do you like the same kind of comic books?" cried the governor.

"Who do you think you are?" he asked Annie. "You think you're Eve, and God only made one Adam for you?"

"Yes," said Annie, and she went upstairs to her room and slammed her door. Moments after music came from her room. She was playing a phonograph record.

The governor and his wife listened to the words of the song. These were the words:

"They say we don't know what love is,

"Boo-wah-wah, uh-huh, yeah.

"But we know what the message in the stars above is,

"Boo-wah-wah, uh-huh, yeah.

"So hold me, hold me, baby,

"And you'll make my poor heart sing,

"Because everything they tell us, baby,

"Why, it just don't mean a thing."

Eight miles away, eight miles due south, through the heart of town and

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out the other side, reporters were now clumping onto the front porch of the boy's father's home.

It was an old house, a cheap house, a carpenter's special, a 1926 bungalow. Its front windows looked out into the perpetual damp twilight of a huge front porch. Its side windows looked into the neighbors' windows only ten feet away. Light could reach the interior only through a window in the back. As luck would have it, that window let light into a tiny pantry.

The boy and his father and his mother did not hear the reporters knocking. The television set in the living room and the radio in the kitchen were both on, blasting away, and the family was having a row in the dining room, halfway between them.

The row was actually about everything in creation, but it had for its subject of the moment the boy's mustache. He had been growing it for a month and had just been caught by his father in the act of blackening it with shoe polish.

The boy's name was Rice Brentner. It was true, as the papers said, that Rice had spent time in reform school. That was three years behind him now. His crime had been, at the age of 13, the theft of 16 automobiles within a period of a week. Except for the escapade with Annie, he hadn't been in any real trouble since.

"You march into the bathroom," said his mother, "and you shave that awful thing off."

Rice did not march. He stayed right where he was.

"You heard your mother," his father said. When Rice still didn't budge, his father tried to hurt him with scorn. "Makes him feel like a man, I guess—like a great big man," he said.

"Doesn't make him look like a man," said his mother. "It makes him look like an I-don't-know-what-it-is."

"You just named him," said his father. "That's exactly what he is: an I-don't-know-what-it-is." Finding a label like that seemed to comfort the boy's father some. He was, as one newspaper and then all newspapers had pointed out, an eighty-nine-dollar-and-sixty-two-cent-a-week supply clerk in the main office of the public-school system. He had reason to resent the thoroughness of the reporter who had dug that figure from the public records. The sixty-two cents galled him in particular. "An eighty-nine-dollar-and-sixty-two-cent-a-week supply clerk has an I-don't-know-what-it-is for a son," he said. "The Brentner family is certainly covered with glory today."

"Do you realize how lucky you are not to be in jail—rotting?" said Rice's mother. "If they had you in jail, they'd not only shave off your moustache, without even asking—they'd shave off every hair on your head."

"Good-bye, good luck, and good riddance."

Rice wasn't listening much; he was listening only enough to keep himself smoldering comfortably. What he was thinking about was his car. He had paid for it with money he himself earned. It hadn't cost his family a dime. Rice now swore to himself that if his parents tried to take his car away from him, he would leave home for good.

"He knows about jail. He's been there before," said his father.

"Let him keep his mustache if he wants to," said his mother. "I just wish he'd look in a mirror once to see how silly it makes him look."

"All right—let him keep it," said his father, "but I'll tell you one thing he isn't going to keep, and I give you my word of honor on that, and that's the automobile."

"Amen!" said his mother. "He's going to march down to a used-car lot, and he's going to sell the car, and then he's going to march over to the bank and put the money in his savings account, and then he's going to march home and give us the bankbook." As she uttered this complicated promise she became more and more martial until, at the end, she was marching in place like John Philip Sousa.

"You said a mouthful!" said her husband.

And now that the subject of the automobile had been introduced, it became the dominant theme and the loudest one of all. The old blue Ford was such a frightening symbol of disastrous freedom to Rice's parents that they could yammer about it endlessly.

And they just about did yammer about it endlessly this time.

"Well—the car is going," said Rice's mother, winded at last.

"That's the end of the car," said his father.

"And that's the end of me," said Rice. He walked out the back door, got into his car, turned on the radio and drove away.

Music came from the radio. The song told of two teenagers who were going to get married, even though they were dead broke. The chorus of it went like this:

"We'll have no fancy drapes—

"No stove, no carpet, no refrigerator.

"But our nest will look like a hunk of heaven,

"Because love, baby, is our interior decorator."

Rice went to a phone booth a mile from the Governor's Mansion. He called the private number that was the governor's family's private line.

He pitched his voice a half octave higher, and he asked to speak to Annie.

It was the butler who answered. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I don't think she's taking any calls just now. You want to leave your name?"

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"Tell her it's Bob Counsel," said Rice. Counsel was the son of a man who had got very rich on coin-operated laundries. He spent most of his time at the country club. He was in love with Annie.

"I didn't recognize your voice for a minute there, Mr. Counsel," said the butler. "You hold on, sir, if you be so kind."

Seconds later Annie's mother was on the phone. She wanted to believe so desperately that the caller was the polite and attractive and respectable Bob Counsel that she didn't even begin to suspect a fraud. And she did almost all the talking, so Rice had only to grunt from time to time.

"Oh, Bob; oh, Bob; oh, Bob—you dear boy," she said. "How nice, how awfully nice of you to call. It was what I was praying for! She has to talk to someone her own age. Oh, her father and I have talked to her, and I guess she heard us, but there's such a gap between the generations these days.

"This thing—this thing Annie's been through," said Annie's mother, "it's more like a nervous breakdown, than anything else. It isn't really a nervous breakdown, but she isn't herself—isn't the Annie we know. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"Yup," said Rice.

"Oh, she'll be so glad to hear from you, Bob—to know she's still got her old friends, her real friends to fall back on. Hearing your voice," said the governor's wife, "our Annie will know everything's going to get back to normal again."

She went to get Annie—and had a ding-dong wrangle with Annie that Rice could hear over the telephone. Annie said she hated Bob Counsel, thought he was a jerk, a stuffed shirt and a mamma's boy. Somebody thought to cover the mouthpiece at that point, so Rice didn't hear anything more until Annie came on the line.

"Hullo," she said emptily.

"I thought you might enjoy a ride—to kind of take your mind off your troubles," said Rice.

"What?" said Annie.

"This is Rice," he said. "Tell your mother you're going to the club to play tennis with good old Bob Counsel. Meet me at the gas station at Forty-Sixth and Illinois."

So, half an hour later, they took off again in the boy's old blue Ford, with baby shoes dangling from the rear-view mirror, with a pile of comic books on the burst back seat.

The car radio sang as Annie and Rice left the city limits behind:

"Oh, baby, baby, baby,

"Greenest thumb I've ever seen."

"What a happy, rockin' day,
"'Cause your sweet love and kisses
"Chase those big, black, blues away."

And the exhilarating chase began again.

Annie and Rice crossed the Ohio border on a back road and listened to the radio talk about them above the sound of gravel rattling in the fenders.

They had listened impatiently to news of a riot in Bangalore, of an airplane collision in Ireland, of a man who blew up his wife with nitroglycerin in West Virginia. The newscaster had saved the biggest news for last—that Annie and Rice, that Juliet and Romeo, were playing hare and hounds again.

The newscaster called Rice "Rick," something nobody else had ever called him, and Rice and Annie liked that.

"I'm going to call you Rick from now on," said Annie.

"That's all right with me," said Rice.

"You look more like a Rick than a Rice," said Annie. "How come they ever named you Rice?"

"Didn't I ever tell you?" said Rice.

"If you did," she said, "I've forgot."

The fact was that Rice had told her about a dozen times why he was named Rice, but she never really listened to him. For that matter, Rice never really listened to her, either. Both would have been bored stiff if they had listened, but they spared themselves that.

So their conversations were marvels of irrelevance. There were only two subjects in common—self-pity and something called love.

"My mother had some ancestor back somewhere named Rice," said Rice. "He was a doctor, and I guess he was pretty famous."

"Doctor Siebolt is the only person who ever tried to understand me as a human being," said Annie. Doctor Siebolt was the governor's family physician.

"There's some other famous people back there somewhere too—on my mother's side," said Rice. "I don't know what all they did, but there's good blood back there."

"Doctor Siebolt would hear what I was trying to say," said Annie. "My parents never had time to listen."

"That's why my old man always got burned up at me—because I've got so much of my mother's blood," said Rice. "You know—I want to do things and have things and live and take chances, and his side of the family isn't that way at all."

continued on page 68

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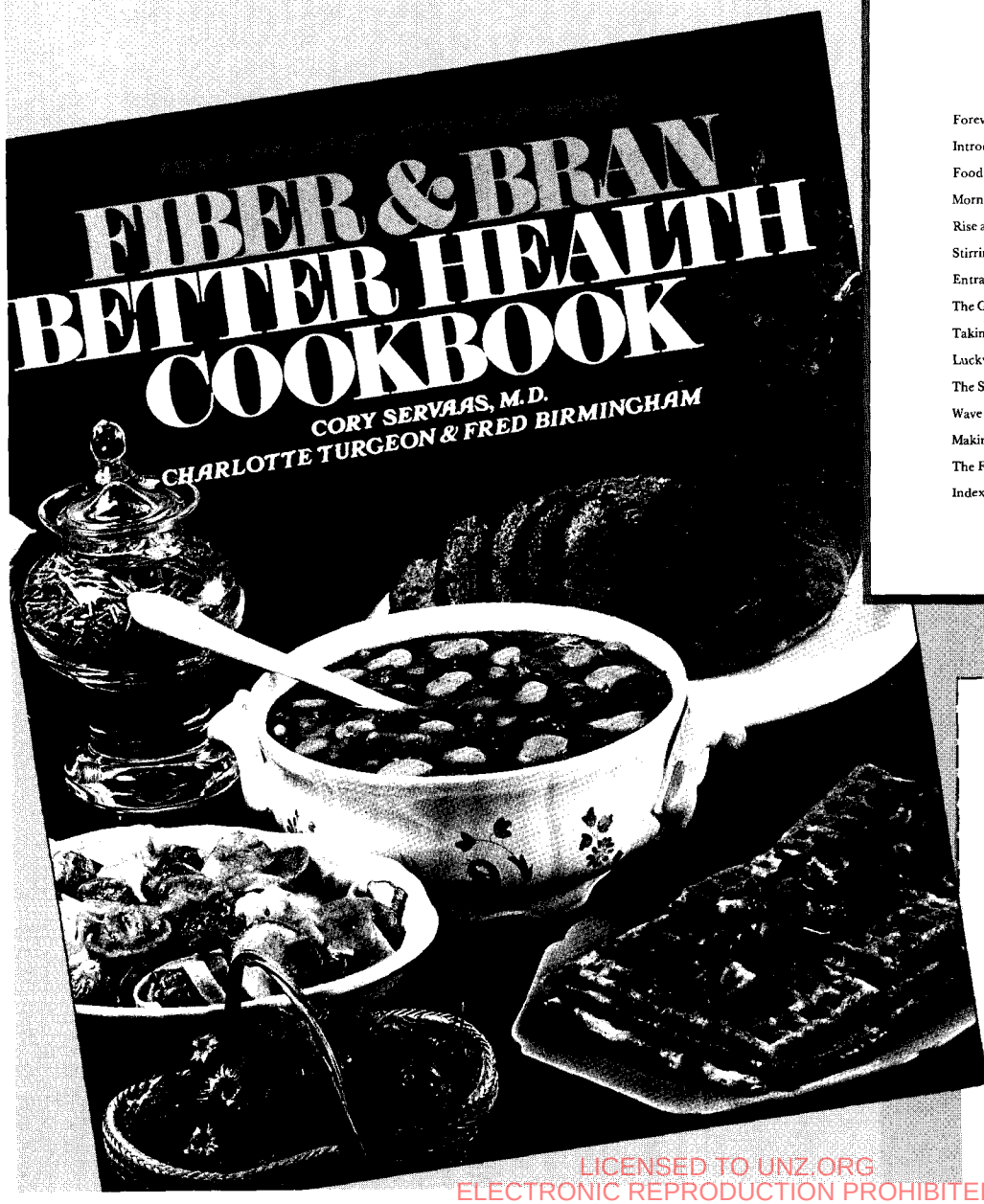

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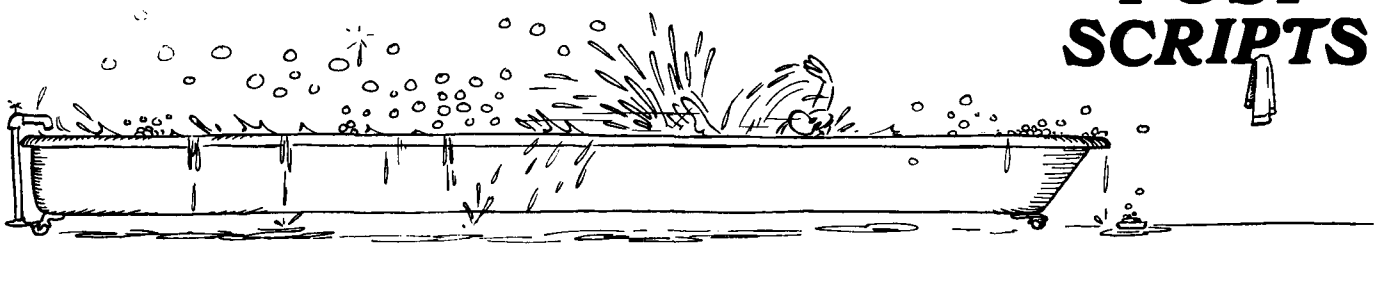

Couch Potatoes Repent

A generation ago most men who finished a day's work needed rest. Now they need exercise.

—Mrs. P. B. Brothers

Tax Attack

A Dutchman was explaining the red, white, and blue Netherlands flag to an American. "Our flag is symbolic of our taxes," he said. "We get red when we talk about them, white when we get our tax bills, and blue after we pay them."

The American nodded. "I know what you mean. It's the same in the U.S., only we see stars too."

—Carolyn Gilbert

A Crowded Field of One

The pompous politician was winding up what he thought was a stirring, fact-filled campaign speech. As he finished, he looked out over the rural audience and asked, "Now then, are there any questions?"

A farmer in overalls stood up and replied, "Yes, who else is running?"

—Bobbie Mae Cooley

Simply Intuitive

My small nephew, who went to the ballet for the first time with his father, was amazed watching all the girls dancing on their toes. Finally, he turned to his father and asked, "Why don't they just get taller girls?"

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

The Key to Knowledge

Classified ad spotted in a local newspaper: "For Sale: Complete set of Encyclopaedia Brittanica. Never been used. Wife knows everything."

—Mrs. H. W. Walker

Moscow on the Hudson

Russian immigrant, filing to become a U.S. citizen, says to his immigration officer, "All these forms to fill out, I feel like I'm still in Russia."

Immigration officer, "Maybe that's why we call it 'red tape.' "

—Ronald R. Jackson

We Could All Use More...

The average person has five senses: touch, taste, sight, smell, and hearing. The successful person has one more—common sense.

—Trenda Leigh

Plan to Be Inconvenienced

Weatherman: "Put down rain for a certainty this afternoon."

Assistant: "Are you positive, sir?"

Weatherman: "Yes, indeed. I've lost my umbrella. I'm planning to play golf, and my wife is giving a lawn party."

—J. E. Terzich

Give Me Some Credit

I have no trouble meeting my expenses. Every time I turn around, there they are.

—Mary Umberson

To and From

You know your children are growing up when they stop asking you where they came from and refuse to tell you where they're going.

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

I'll Tell You Later

Scandals are those things prominent people deny until they can brag about them when they write their memoirs.

—Gil Stern

I'll Scratch Your Back Department

Political log rolling: An aye for an aye.

—Hank Billings

Losing His Head

Wife to husband: "When does a man lose 80 percent of his brains?"

He: "I give up."

She: "When his wife dies!"

—Henry Boye

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MACAULAY CULKIN JOINS WHITE HOUSE YOUTH FITNESS CRUSADE

Mac's favorite exercise is skateboarding, but after this trip to the White House and Capitol Hill, he may be looking for wallyball opportunities.

by Emily SerVaas

Macaulay Culkin is ten years old and so am I, even though I look a couple of inches older! This was our first chance to visit the White House and the Capitol. Macaulay got to come because he's the big celebrity from *Home Alone,* a movie that some kids want to watch a million times. I got to come because I was picked to write about the Great American Youth Workout for *Jack & Jill, Humpty Dumpty Magazine*, and *Child Life*. I thought my 10¢ a word for writing a *Jack and Jill* article was pretty good until I heard that Mac is being paid a cool million for his next movie. But I soon learned that just because Mac was a big hit in the movie, it has not given him a big head.

The Great American Youth Workout was to be held on the South Lawn of the White House and on the lawn of Capitol Hill, and the President and Arnold Schwarzenegger would be there.

We got up at 5:00 a.m. to have breakfast before taking off to the South Lawn of the White House. Macaulay Culkin was having breakfast with his mother and father and his brother, Kieran. He already looked a little tired because of a big party the night before at Maria Schwarzenegger's parents' home in Virginia. He had frolicked on their lawn with his little brother and the "Four Boys and a Babe" kids until well past bedtime.

This morning Macaulay's father, Christopher, was wearing a ponytail. His father was a New York City actor, until he retired recently to handle Mac's career. Macaulay seemed to like being called Mac. He's in fifth grade at St. Joseph's School in New York City.

Macaulay Culkin and I compared notes and found we are both in fifth grade and ten years old (even though I look a couple of inches older)! Mac didn't act like a movie star, although Home Alone *is the biggest comedy box office hit in history.*

We walked over to the White House from the Willard Hotel where we had all stayed the night before. Everyone got up early to eat breakfast and get organized on the lawn before the President came out to greet us at 7:00 a.m.

The flowers in the Rose Garden were beautiful, and marching bands were playing as we entered.

When the President came out with Mrs. Bush, the White House first dog, Millie, followed close behind. Millie was getting in on the fitness by running around the stage.

Arnold introduced a lot of celebrities including Mac. He said, "Macaulay Culkin is the star of the biggest comedy box office hit of all time."

There were so many celebrities to watch, it was hard to listen to everything the President and Arnold were telling us. I really agreed with Arnold Schwarzenegger when he said we should leave the gymnasiums open after school and have physical education classes every single day. (I'd like our basketball team to have more time for practicing.)

Arnold said, "We believe in total education which is physical education and academic education. And we believe in the motto from the United Negro College Fund, 'A mind is a terrible thing to waste.' And we *also* believe that the *body* is a terrible thing to waste.

"Don't close the gymnasium doors anymore, and give our children a chance to get fit and healthy. We can make our children fit and make the '90s the fitness decade," he said. I liked his Austrian accent. Then he turned to President Bush and thanked him for coming so early. He said, "I know that you have already had your jog, and Mrs. Bush, you've already had your one-hour swim this morning." Then he said, "I agree with President Bush's objectives 100 percent. He is my dear friend."

"Nice and early," the President joked. "We're out here for a very special reason . . . this early . . . because no one wanted to tell Mr. Schwarzenegger it was *too* early. So

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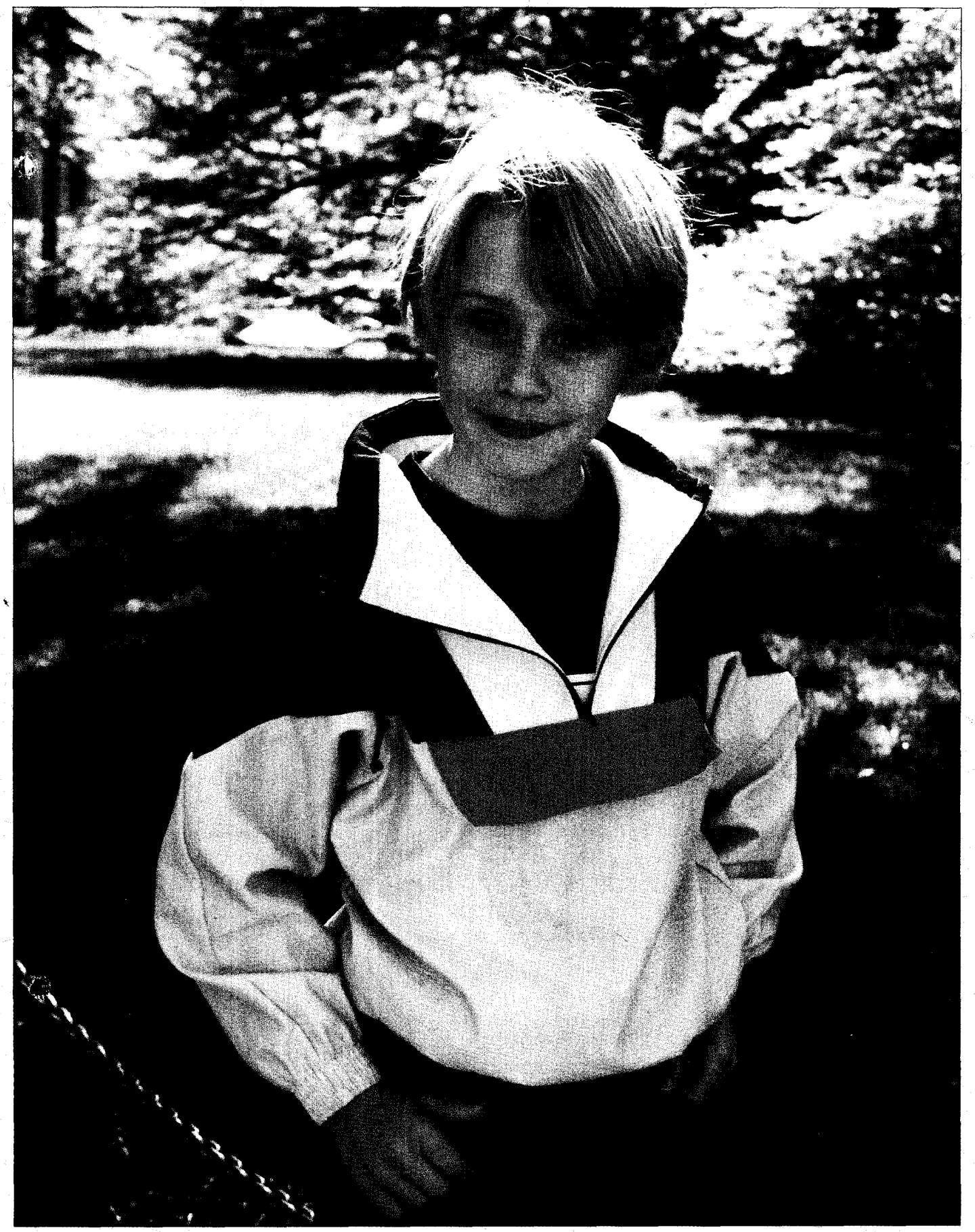

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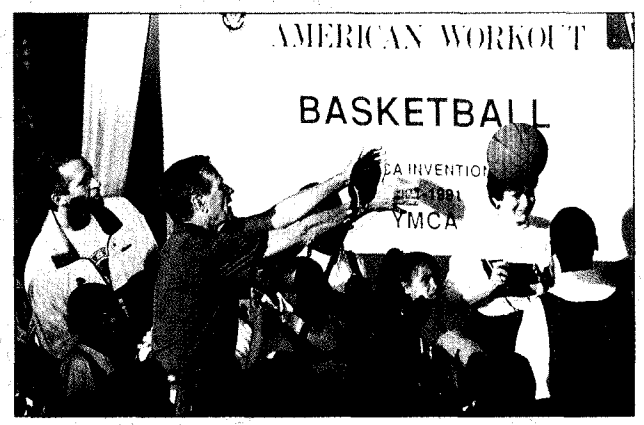
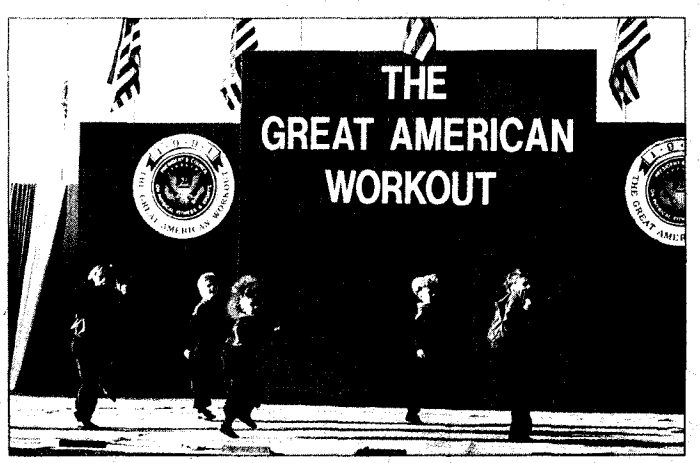
Pat Riley, former Los Angeles Lakers coach, looked on as President Bush sank another basket. "No matter how old you are or what kind of shape you are in, exercise helps every one of us live longer, healthier, more enjoyable lives," Mr. Bush told us. I wanted to ask him about broccoli, but my sister wouldn't let me.



TV stars Hanz and Franz of Saturday Night Live *joked with* Today Show *weatherman Willard Scott.*

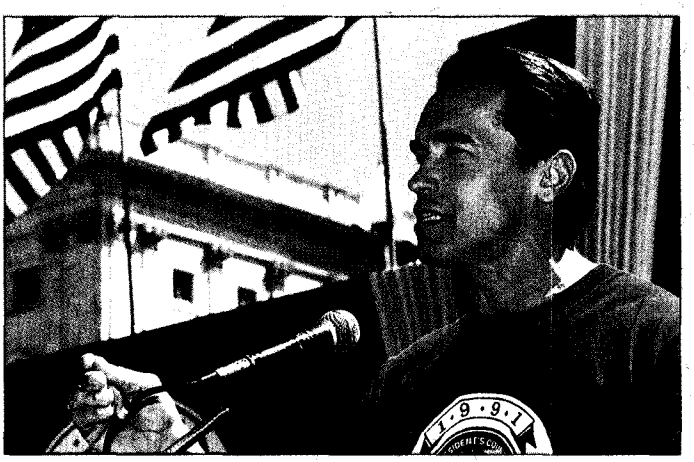
We asked Willard Scott what he did to keep fit. He told us that he mostly "likes to kiss pretty girls."

Top dog Millie Bush lined up between First Lady Barbara Bush and Secretary of Education Lamar Alexander to shake hands with Arnold Schwarzenegger. President Bush told us to "Stay away from junk food; turn off the Nintendo, and go out and get some exercise."



"Four Boys and a Babe" were discovered by Ed McMahon of Star Search. *Their ages are six through eight and they were terrific when they danced at 6:45 a.m. on the White House stage.*

No, Dr. Ruth Westheimer wasn't standing in a pit; she is just a lot shorter than my sister Adrianne and me! Dr. Ruth is a psychologist and she said exercise is good for the mind.



Arnold reminded us that the kids in this country have a terrible problem. "They are getting fatter and slower." Part of the trouble, said Arnold, is that too many schools are closing down their gymnasiums and laying off their physical education instructors.

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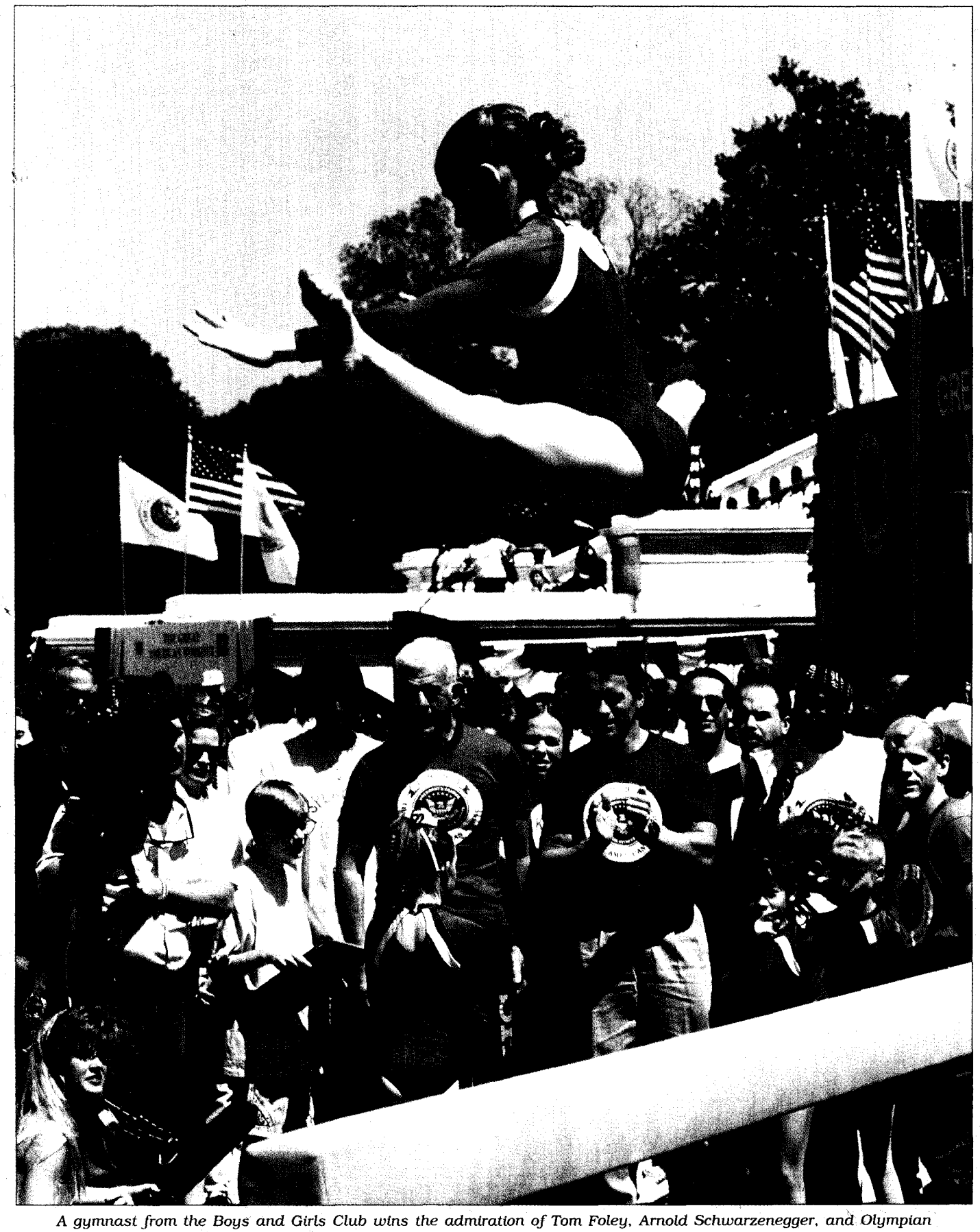

A gymnast from the Boys and Girls Club wins the admiration of Tom Foley, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Olympian Peter Vidmar, a member of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports (far right).

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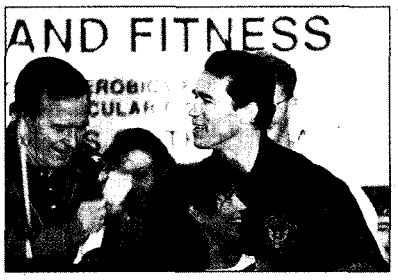
Adrianne and our cousins, Beurt Alexander and B.J. Durham, were glad Grandma Cory took time to be a tourist with us on our first trip to Washington, D.C. She's on the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports.



Myrna Partrich, in front of President Bush and Arnold, led us in an aerobics workout. She and her aerobics partner for the event, Christine Silkwood, serve on the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports.

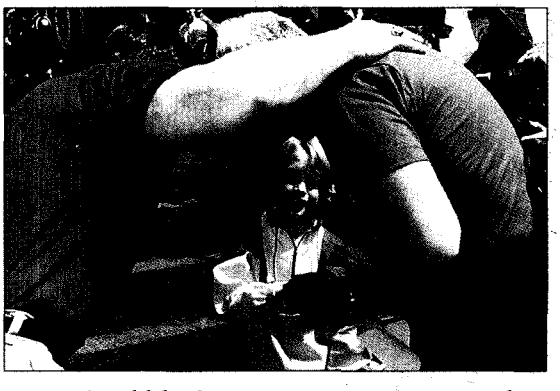
At the end of our long day, Macaulay wasn't too tired to sign one more autograph for one of his fans. Everyone called him "a real trooper."

Mac's little brother, Kieran, who is adorable, was also in Home Alone. *He signed the guest register in the east reception room very carefully after we finished the White House tour. The flowers in the room were the prettiest bouquets I've ever seen.*

Mac's dad, Christopher Culkin, also is an actor. Mac is seldom "home alone" since he has four brothers and two sisters. All but one of the Culkin kids are actors.

I really liked Arnold's mother, Aurelia Schwarzenegger, from Austria. When Arnold was my age his dad encouraged him to do sit-ups and push-ups before mealtime. "This is the way to make sure you have earned your breakfast," his father would tell him.

Speaker of the House Tom Foley showed us he was serious about fitness when he welcomed us to the Great American Workout II. Here, he meets Katherine Eunice, baby daughter of Arnold and Maria Shriver Schwarzenegger.



Arnold had to stoop way over to introduce Macaulay Culkin to Speaker of the House Tom Foley. On Capitol Hill, Mac was a favorite with gymnast Mary Lou Retton and figure skater Kristi Yamaguchi.

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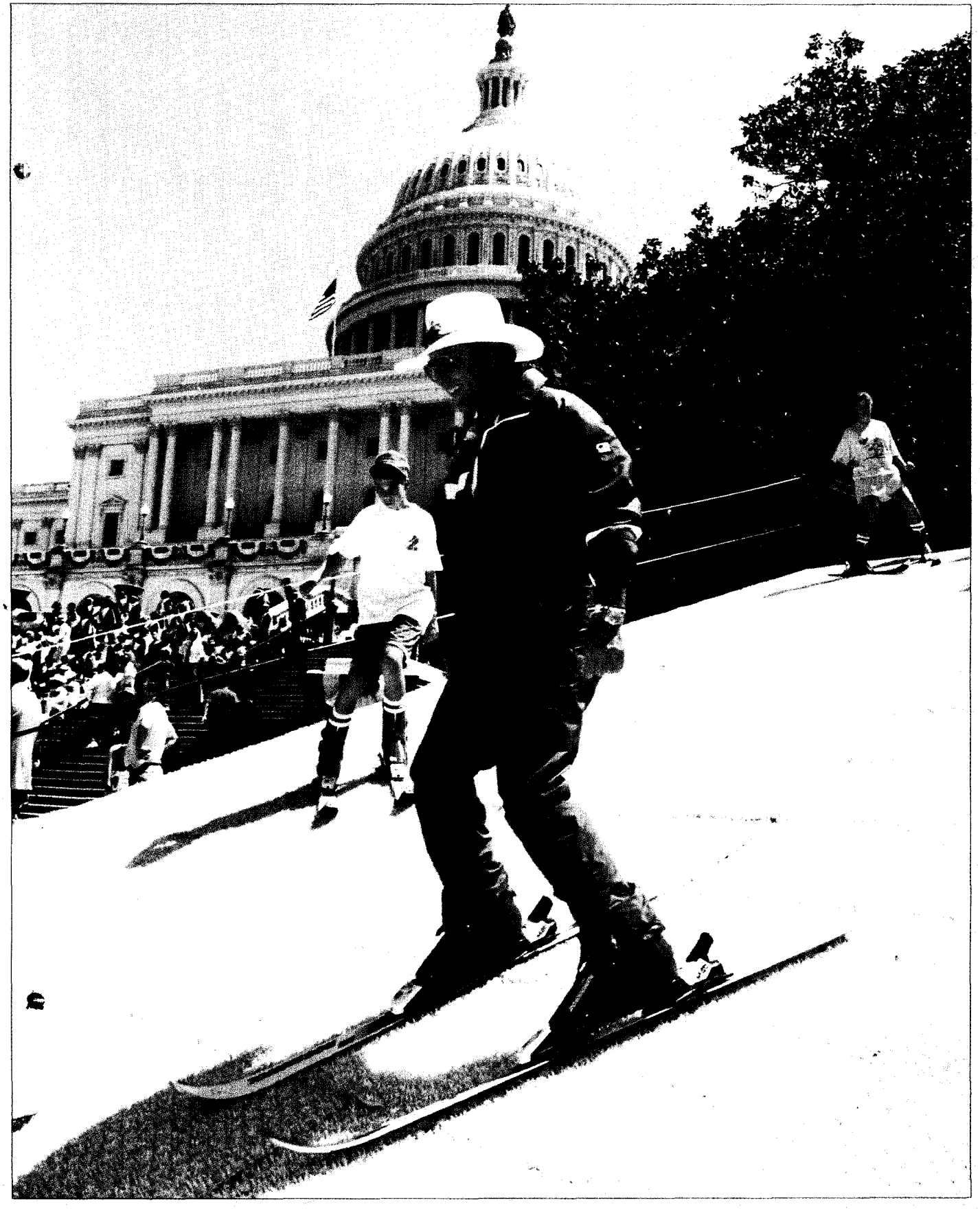

Olympic skier Billy Kidd shushed down Capitol Hill on make-believe snow. Beside the stage was an ice-skating rink where Kristi Yamaguchi worked out.

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Was it so wrong for a man to cling to his memories?

The Little Store On Bleecker Street

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

BY HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

In the 15 years since the end of the Second World War many changes had come to Bleecker Street. The Quality Delicatessen, which had once specialized in a fragrant potato salad, had been joined with a lunchroom and a small hand laundry to form a glistening supermarket dominating the street. Banners with great red letters and numbers were splashed across the windows, and shiny shopping carts rolled in and out of the parking lot all day. Farther down the street, the little dusty tailor shop of Max Feldman, who claimed at one time or another to have pressed the pants of every male within radius of Bleecker Street, had been demolished along with a radio-repair shop and a candy store to make a bright and gaudy drive-in cleaners operated by his sons.

Of all the stores that had existed on the street before the war, only the small grocery of Kostas Stavrakas remained unchanged except for concessions to the miracles of modern packaging.

Kostas, ignoring the trend to health breads and protein breads and enriched breads, still baked his own loaves as he had baked them for 30 years in the oven in the back room of his store. He carried an assortment of Balkan spices and Greek and Bulgarian cheeses, white as the foam on fresh-whipped milk. Although he had accepted the utility of neon lighting and had purchased a small sign to hang in his window, his store stood out at night by appearing almost an island of darkness beside the flaming, garish splendor of the rest of the street.

What little business he did came mostly from the older people who had traded with him for years. As they died or moved away, there was nobody to replace them. In the meantime he did some business in the morning before the supermarket opened and in the evening after it closed.

He did not mind the leisurely pace of his trade. For some years now his legs had begun to bother him, and he wore shoes slit along the sides to ease the swelling of his feet. But he could not conceive of existence away from the store in which he had spent 30 years. When his wife was alive, they had planned together for his retirement, but after her death of a stroke, a few years before, this dream had lost relevance. He lived with his married son and wife, who had a two-year-old daughter whom Kostas adored. This family and the store with the warm, familiar scents of spices and cheese and yeasty bread hot from the oven were the boundaries of his life.

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The afternoons were long and quiet, and shortly after lunch he would be joined each day by his old friend, Max Feldman, the tailor whose shop had been surrendered to the ambitions of his sons and the cornucopia of progress. They would gravely set up the checkerboard within arm's reach of the briny pickles in the barrel.

"Where does the count stand?" Max asked, and puckered his thin, dry lips and wriggled his crooked ears. "I must be leading by a dozen games this month."

"No more than three," Kostas said. "You have no conception of the difference between addition and multiplication."

Max shrugged that off. "This will be a short, sad game," he said. "Five, maybe six of Feldman's murderous moves and, pfft! you will be gone."

"Your best game is with your mouth," Kostas said. "If hot air counted, you would be champion checker player of the world."

"Play!" Max cried. "Today I have no mercy!"

They made their first moves and settled down to the game, staring intently at the board. They played in a tight silence until the door of the store opened and a little bell jingled. A gray-haired heavy woman entered. Kostas rose from his chair to serve her.

"Don't cheat," he said in a soft warning whisper to the tailor. Max looked outraged.

"Good day, Mrs. Lanaras," Kostas said warmly. "How is your fine son, Thanasi?"

"Still growing," Mrs. Lanaras said, "and eating enough for three grown men. How is your family?"

"Excellent, thank you." Kostas smiled. "At two

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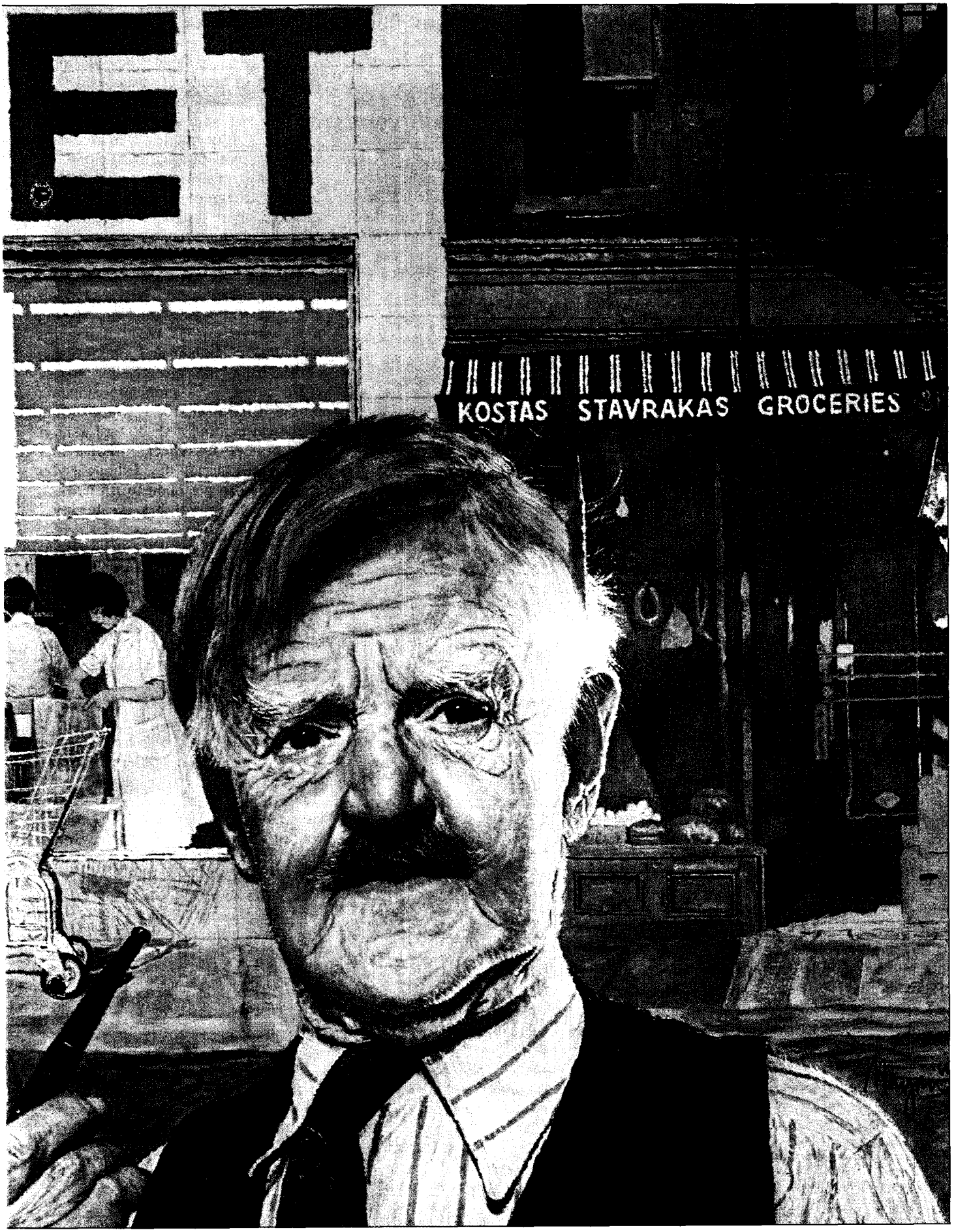

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years of age my granddaughter is as beautiful as Aphrodite. Can I help you?" he asked.

"A little cheese, I think," Mrs. Lanaras said. "A half pound of *feta* and a loaf of bread. Thanasi takes four sandwiches for lunch."

Kostas packaged the items, rang up the sale, and Mrs. Lanaras walked briskly out the door.

"Yesterday, as I was coming," Max said, "I saw her and that lummox Thanasi carry two bags out from the supermarket. Bags loaded like that only giants should carry. Here she comes to buy a little cheese and a loaf of bread. Such customers should do you a favor and pass by without stopping here."

"You think I enjoy always being right?"

"She was good to come in for that," Kostas said. "The supermarket has a counter with cheeses from all over the world and varieties of bread. I am grateful she comes in at all."

Max looked for a long, searching moment at Kostas. "Tell me something," he said slowly. "Are you making expenses?"

"Certainly!" Kostas said in a shocked voice. "What kind of businessman do you think I am? Every month a small profit is made here, although I admit it is not what it used to be."

"What about your son, Nick?" Max asked. "Does he still come sneaking in with a carpenter and an electrician under his jacket?"

"They were in here again last week," Kostas said and smiled. "They took measurements for hours and scribbled a padful of figures. Nicolas is so excited. He wants to do so much. I tell him to wait. When I am dead he can do what he wishes with the store."

Max shook his head somberly. "Believe me, they can't wait," he said. "Don't I know? Twenty-seven years in one location they should let a man walk out, but from my store they shot me like a shell out of a cannon. They came to me one afternoon and said, 'Papa, tomorrow the wreckers will be here.' " His lips curled with contempt. "A drive-in cleaners they wanted. So lazy louts never lift their rumps from the car. A girl they got in a short skirt and naked legs to take the clothing right from the car. Believe me, they can't wait."

"You admit yourself they are making a lot of money," Kostas said.

"Money, money!" Max cried. "Do me a favor and stop talking about money. A little money a man should make to live, but with dignity." He flung his arm up and cut the air violently. "Imagine! A cleaners with a girl in a short skirt and naked legs to take the clothing from your car!"

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The door of the store opened, and the bell jingled again. Nick Stavrakas came in. He was a tall, thin young man with a serious twist to his lips and black curly hair and intense eyes.

"Hi, papa," he said. "Hello, Max."

He stood for a moment balancing on the balls of his feet. He looked up to the ceiling and a shadow of annoyance crossed his cheeks. "Papa, that light is still burned out. I thought you were going to get Leon to fix it?"

"I forgot to tell him yesterday," Kostas said quickly.

Max smiled slyly at the young man. "Tell me, how are all your friends?" he said. "The carpenters and the electricians."

Nick frowned at the old tailor. "If you don't mind, Max," he said. "I wanted to talk to my father alone for a minute."

Max sighed and rose slowly from his chair. "I'll take a walk to the park and watch the pretty nursemaids for a while," he said. "There is one Bathsheba who is like a juicy strudel."

"Sit down, Max," Kostas said. "We have no secrets from you." He looked gently at his son. "You have some more estimates?"

With a final despairing glance at Max, Nick pulled a sheaf of papers from his pocket. When he spoke, his voice was vibrant with excitement. "Papa, these estimates are the best yet!" He motioned eagerly with his hand. "This plan would almost triple the area usable and let us stock three times the items we carry."

"How?" Kostas asked.

"By knocking down that wall," Nick said, "opening those partitions in the rear and utilizing the lost space."

"What about my oven in the back room?" Kostas asked.

Nick shook his head fretfully. "That would have to go," he said. "That takes up space and yields nothing."

Max gave a sharp, pointed laugh

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and looked intently at the checkerboard. Kostas looked quickly at his friend and tried not to smile.

"Papa," Nick said, and his voice rose a little, "you know that oven is outdated. It costs you 40 cents to bake a loaf of bread that you can't sell for more than 30. In the supermarket, people get their choice of 40 different kinds of bread."

"Fifty kinds," Max said sagely. "Once, I counted them."

"I have been baking bread for families here for 30 years," Kostas said.

"Papa," Nick said excitedly. "That kind of business you can afford to lose. We've got to streamline this store. Do you know that Tony Manteno, the real-estate broker, was telling me this block is a gold mine for business? This block draws a fantastic number of people. We've got to get our share."

"We do a fair business," Kostas said. "We make a fair profit on the items we sell."

"Not one-tenth the business we could if we remodeled." Nick said. "Papa, I've racked my head to plan every step. I tell you we can't lose. We would have our additional investment back in a couple of years."

Kostas did not answer for a moment. "I know there is truth in what you say," he said slowly. "Let me think about it a little more."

"Papa," Nick said in exasperation. "You've been saying that for three years, and you haven't made a move."

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Kostas walked from the counter to the window. He stood silently for a moment, looking at the people walking past.

"Thirty years is a long time," he said finally. "Children who stood with their eyes open like big saucers before the jars of three-for-a-penny candy are grown into adults and married, with children of their own. Friends who once came in and sat and smoked and sipped a glass of wine have grown old, and some have died. This store has many memories."

"Papa," Nick said, and a softness entered his voice, "memories are fine, but you can't live today in a dream of the past. You've got to keep up."

"They can't wait," Max said somberly, as if he were speaking to himself. "They can't wait."

Kostas turned back to his son, "All this new business," he said, "will mean additional help. I have always managed this store alone. People who come in here expect me to look after them."

"We would need some help," Nick said. "You could begin to take it easy and supervise everything. Sort of keep your eye on the whole operation."

"Tell me," Max asked sharply. "Do you think you might use a girl in a short skirt with naked legs?"

Nick looked at him in irritation. "What does that mean?"

"Nothing," Max said innocently. "I just happen to know where there is one such girl available."

"Nicolas," Kostas said. "We will talk further this evening. We will examine the figures together." He nodded at Max. "This boy has a marvelous head for figures," he said proudly.

"Papa," Nick said, "I know talking about this makes you unhappy, but something has to be done. I've become the laughingstock of the street. Always estimates and figures and nothing more. Think of me."

Kostas looked for a long, silent moment at his son. "I am always thinking of you," he said softly. "Of you and Lucy and Katerina. The three people I care most about in this world."

Nick lowered his head to conceal the flush risen suddenly to his cheeks. "I'm sorry, papa," he said. "I know how much you think of us." He paused for a moment and tasted his defeat and could not resist one final assault. "Look now," he said, and his voice shook under an effort to speak quietly. "I've been in here almost 20 minutes now, and not one customer has entered in that time. Do you call this a business? It's more like a cemetery here now."

"I am a small grave on the hill," Max said wryly. "Before you leave, water my plot."

Kostas could not help smiling. Nick glared in sudden anger from one to the other. "Laugh!" he said shrilly. "Laugh and sit in this cemetery and play checkers all day. At least admit you aren't really in business. You don't want this place to become a business because it would interrupt your game. You sit in here, and outside the world has changed, and you go on playing checkers and ignoring burned-out lights."

"Nicolas," Kostas said with great concern.

"I wouldn't advise it, Harold!"

"I'm sorry, papa," Nick said. "I'm fed up! I'm your only son and I love you more than anything else in the world, and I answer to God I want what is best for you and Lucy and the baby. I'm full of energy and ambition, and I want to repay you for all the good years and take care of you, and all you can do is sit and worry about playing checkers."

He turned and stumbled once in his haste and then went quickly out the door.

"They can't wait," Max said grimly.

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MARVIN BUSH: "I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE"

The President's youngest son underwent major surgery for a disease most people don't talk about—now he is offering hope and encouragement to others with his painful disorder.

by Carol Krucoff

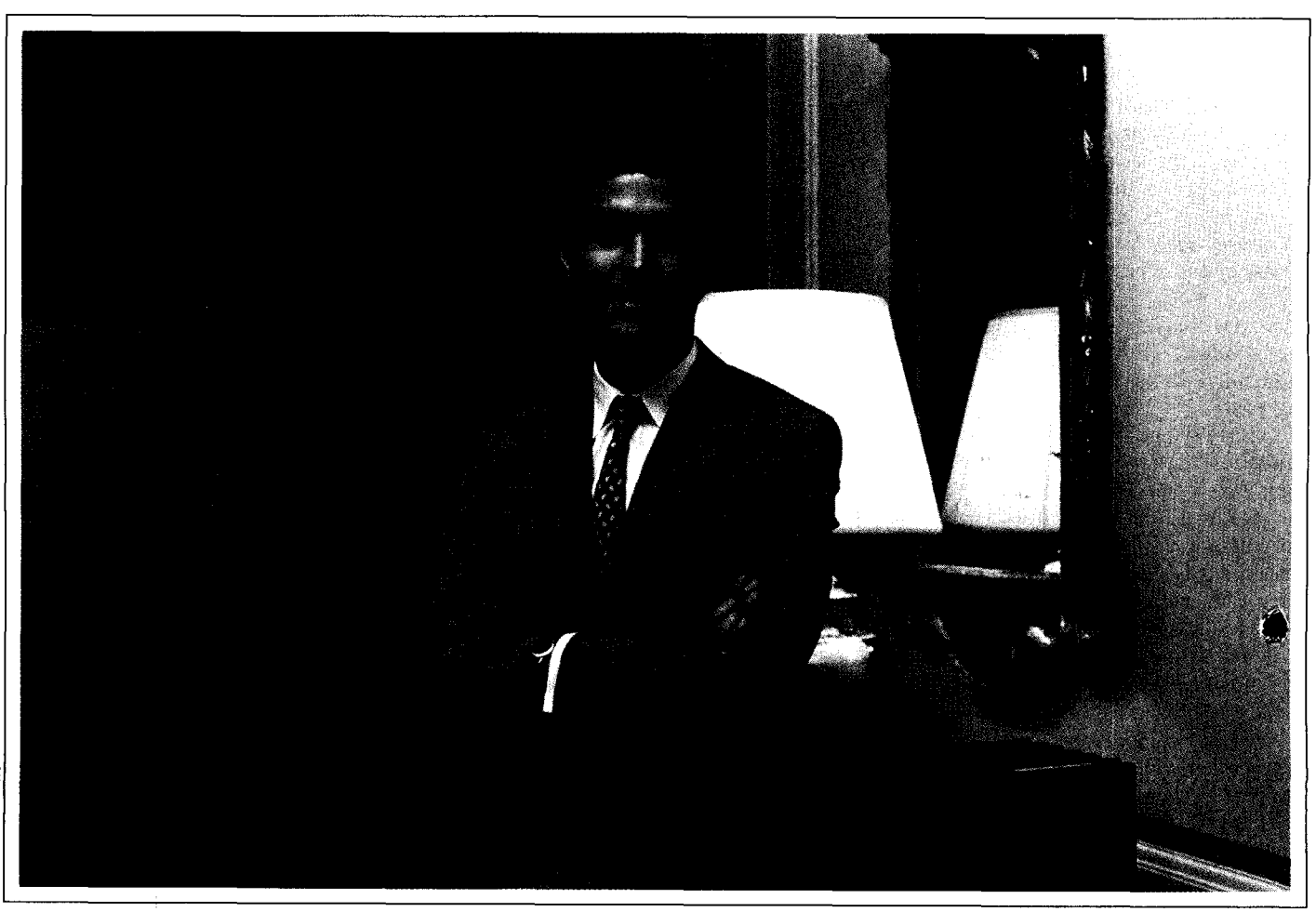
When Marvin Bush campaigned for his father during the 1988 presidential election, few people were aware that this tall, soft-spoken, athletic young man had nearly died two years earlier from a dangerous and misunderstood illness called inflammatory bowel disease (IBD).

"It's a disease people don't talk about," admits the 35-year-old Bush, who had his entire large intestine removed in emergency surgery at Georgetown University Hospital in 1986. "It's painful and it's unpleasant. Yet there are two million Americans affected by IBD (a collective name for Crohn's disease, which primarily attacks the large and small intestines, and ulcerative colitis, which strikes the large intestine and rectum). The only thing really shameful about it is that there is still no cure."

The second youngest of George and Barbara Bush's five children—and the youngest son—Marvin Bush lives with his wife and two small children in Alexandria, Va., where he invests in a variety of business ventures. He prides himself on being "the most private Bush," so becoming national spokesman for the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of America (CCFA) took a special kind of courage.

"It didn't take guts to go public with ulcerative colitis; it took losing them," states a new public service announcement for CCFA featuring Bush, whose surgery resulted in an ostomy —an opening in the abdomen surgically created for the passage of waste. Like many of America's nearly one million ostomates, Bush wears a pouch attached to his body at the opening to collect waste.

"When you're lying there in the



White House Photos

After surgery, Marvin Bush feared that his sports days were over. An NFL football player, also a victim of ulcerative colitis, called Bush's hospital room and set him straight. Today Marvin enjoys basketball, touch football, and tennis.

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hospital, it's pretty scary to think about having to wear a pouch every day of your life," Bush confesses. "You wonder if you can go swimming (yes), if it will smell (no), if you have to take it off to shower (no). People think their lives will be dramatically changed. Well, I can tell them that, yes, their lives will be changed. They will live a pain-free existence. In my case, the surgery was a cure. So I'm hopeful that when people see somebody who has been through this, leading a full life, it will give them some sort of encouragement."

During a recent interview at his Alexandria office—which is adorned with pictures of daughter, Marshall, 5, and son, Walker, 18 months—Bush spoke frankly about his life-threatening experience. Like many people who get inflammatory bowel disease, Bush was young and strong when he first noticed the symptoms that came, he says, "right out of nowhere. I started to get cramps in my stomach. I'd feel a couple cramps hit me like a tremor before the big earthquake and I'd think, 'What was that?' "

The cramps came and went, so Bush tried to ignore them. "Then I noticed some blood in my stool," he recalls. "But I had been healthy up to that point in my life and thought maybe it was an aberration. So I disregarded it. I was just 29, and I thought that I was invulnerable."

Over the next few months, Bush began making increasingly frequent trips to the bathroom and losing weight. "I lost maybe 10 pounds in eight months without trying—I was eating like a horse," he says. "I began to wonder if there was something wrong . . . at best a hemorrhoid, at worst an ulcer."

At that time, the summer of 1985, President Reagan's colon cancer made national news. From the family vacation home in Kennebunkport, Maine, Bush watched the media bombard the nation with graphic depictions of the human digestive system.

"One interview in particular really hit home," he remembers. "I had every symptom the doctor mentioned—blood in the stool, diarrhea, weight loss, and chronic fatigue." Hearing about Reagan's cancer changed Bush's mental "best-worst" scenario. "I thought, best case ulcer," he says. "Worst case cancer. Then I heard that there was a run on doctors, with mostly false alarms, so I waited a little bit more."

Finally, in the fall of 1985, the worsening pain, weight loss, and diarrhea led Bush to see a specialist who made a preliminary diagnosis of ulcerative colitis—a chronic, painful condition that inflames the digestive tract. Because IBD mimics the symptoms of other diseases, it is difficult to diagnose. Contrary to common misconception, it is not caused by tension or worry, nor is it linked to eating certain kinds of foods.

"Right now scientists don't know what causes it," Bush notes. "But they feel they are close. That's why at the foundation we call the '90s, 'The Decade of the Cure.' "

Bush started medication to alleviate his symptoms. But the drug,

When it comes to being a supportive family, no one beats the Bushes. During Marvin's (back row, right) hospital stay, his father visited every morning and evening; his mother came at midday, and wife Margaret camped on a hospital cot each night.

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sulfasalazine, caused a severe allergic reaction.

"My face got swollen up and I looked like a guy who's been in a fire," he says. "I went to the hospital and they stuck an IV in me to calm things down."

Over the next several months, Bush tried other medications—often with unpleasant side affects. But nothing completely controlled the illness. "Sometimes I'd feel great . . . then I'd get hit again with this agonizing pain," Bush says. "There's a lot of anxiety because you never know when you're going to have a flare-up, complete with high fever and sweats. You feel as bad as you've ever felt in your life, and you don't know how long it's going to last."

Particularly traumatic was the loss of bowel control. "I was in a meeting one time and pfftt, there it was," he recalls bluntly. "And the pain can be unbelievable. Your stomach coils and coils until you think it can't coil any more, then you get another cramp and you just want to curl up and die."

By spring, Bush was "completely worn down. I remember trying to watch a video of *Prizzi's Honor* with my mom. My wife was in Richmond and my Dad was away on a trip . . . I'd gone to the bathroom about three times during the movie to use the toilet and to retch.

"My mom said, 'Marvin, let's go to the hospital,' and I said, 'Okay.' I'd had enough."

Bush checked into Georgetown University Hospital in April 1986, confident he would be out quickly after some tests. "The nurse brought me one of those humiliating little gowns made for someone who's about 5'1"," says Bush, who is 6'3½". "It came straight to crotch level on me. My mom came in and said, 'That's cute, Marvin,' and I said, 'Don't worry, I'll be home tomorrow.' Five weeks later, I came out of the hospital having had the surgery."

In the hospital, doctors confirmed the earlier diagnosis of ulcerative colitis. Bush became unable to keep food down and weighed a rail-like 140 pounds. He began to bleed internally and was on potent pain medication. Surgery became necessary for survival.

"In my case, I woke up having the surgery, and I'm glad that's the way it was, now," Bush says. "If I'd had six months to ponder it, I probably would have said no and had the disease continue to recur until finally it became an emergency. I tell patients I talk to now that it's a tough choice, but people typically adapt beautifully to the ostomy for one main reason—they live a pain-free existence for the first time in years. In my case, the ostomy is a cure. But it's rough for someone who's 17 years old and dating. You think your life is over. I'm very lucky to be married to someone who doesn't care about superficial things."

Bush's wife, Margaret, whom he'd met when they were both students at the University of Virginia, battled ovarian cancer as a child and spent a

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Tennis greats Pam Shriver and Chris Evert prepare to battle the Bush boys—Marvin and Jeb. Bush says his ostomy hasn't slowed him down a bit. Without it he wouldn't have lived to see his father elected president.

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INFLAMMATORY BOWEL DISEASE
The Facts

This year, 30,000 Americans will learn that they have Crohn's disease (ileitis) or ulcerative colitis. A total of two million Americans—or one in every 100—suffers from these ailments, which collectively are called Inflammatory Bowel Disease (IBD). That's more than cystic fibrosis, muscular dystrophy and hemophilia combined, notes the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of America (CCFA).

Year after year, the number of sufferers increases. Yet, the cause of IBD remains unknown; the cure, undiscovered. Most of those affected are young, including teenagers and children.

IBD inflames the digestive tract—Crohn's disease primarily attacks the large and small intestines while ulcerative colitis strikes the large intestine (colon) and rectum. Both can cause severe diarrhea, abdominal pain, rectal bleeding, and fever. Loss of appetite, dramatic weight loss, and vomiting are common, as are life-threatening bowel obstructions. Colon cancer may develop in people who suffer from long-term ulcerative colitis.

IBD can strike anyone, at any age. Most patients, however, are diagnosed before they turn 30. Tens of thousands of children under the age of 18 suffer from these illnesses, with the highest incidence in the teen years and early twenties. After age 50 there is a smaller second wave of new cases, which continues for about a decade.

Although researchers have not identified a specific gene marker, they have found that IBD tends to cluster in families. About 20 percent of sufferers have a close relative with IBD. But physicians are reluctant to discourage a couple from having a child because of any likelihood that the child might "inherit" a form of IBD. There is not enough known to be able to counsel parents in this way, experts agree.

While diet is not viewed as a cause of IBD, the illnesses are common among those people who eat a "Western" diet, high in animal protein and fat. Indeed, IBD is predominantly a disease of the developed world. In other words, the higher the standard of living, the greater the prevalence of IBD. IBD occurs rarely among orientals, Asiatic Indians, American Indians, and black Africans. But when these groups migrate to western societies, they do tend to develop IBD, although less frequently than do Caucasians. Among blacks in the United States, there has been a rather rapidly increasing prevalence of both ulcerative colitis and Crohn's disease. The risk of developing either disease is about four to five times greater among Jews living in the United States and Europe, although among the Jewish population in Israel, rates have not been very high.

Despite the myth of a "colitis personality," most physicians who treat IBD no longer think that psychological factors play any role in causing the disease. Still, misconceptions persist, since people frequently confuse IBD with disorders such as irritable bowel syndrome (spastic colon) or ulcers. The popular notion has been that the symptoms, and therefore the disease, will go away if only the patient will relax. Doctors know that this is not true. IBD is not a psychosomatic illness.

The search for an infectious agent—a virus or bacterium—as the cause of IBD has preoccupied researchers for at least the past 50 years. After a brief fascination with viruses, most experts now conclude that if a virus started Crohn's disease or ulcerative colitis, it is long gone when virologists begin to look for it in the body's tissues. Similarly, much time has been spent searching for and rejecting numerous species of bacteria as the possible cause for the disease.

The most promising avenue of research centers on the recent discovery of a new bacterial species of the *Mycobacterium* family in the intestines of some patients with Crohn's disease. The relative success of some antibacterial drugs—especially sulfasalazine and metronidazole—reinforces the belief that bacteria are somehow involved. Current theories suggest that irritating substances, such as the chemicals present in the cell walls of many different types of bacteria, could leak through the intestinal lining and set up the chronic inflammation that leads to IBD.

New medications can help alleviate inflammation and reduce symptoms, but do not provide a cure. The principal drugs used to treat IBD are sulfasalazine and prednisone. Prednisone can cause physically and emotionally disturbing side effects in children, including acne, puffy faces, and growth retardation. Children suffering from IBD may need special nutritional therapy because their growing bodies are more dependent on proteins, vitamins, and minerals.

Surgery is sometimes recommended when medication can no longer control the symptoms, when there are intestinal obstructions, or when other complications arise. Approximately 20 percent of ulcerative colitis patients eventually undergo colectomy—removal of part or all of the colon. Total proctocolectomy, removal of the colon and rectum, is a permanent cure for ulcerative colitis.

When the colon is removed, the standard ileostomy is most commonly performed. Here, surgeons make an opening into the abdominal wall, allowing the diversion of fecal waste. Newer surgical procedures are continually being perfected, such as the continent ileostomy (Kock Pouch), in which surgeons create an internal pouch that holds waste until the patient can empty it with a thin tube. The latest operation, called an ileoanal anastomosis (pull-through), permits patients to defecate normally. Here, the ileum is attached to the anus, eliminating the need for a surgically-created opening.

Unfortunately, neither of these new procedures can benefit people with Crohn's disease who require removal of all or part of the colon. This is because of the strong likelihood that Crohn's disease will recur in the pouch and because so much ileum is used in constructing the pouch.

Surgery is not a cure for Crohn's disease, but is reserved for certain complications and for times when symptoms do not respond to medical treatment. An estimated two-thirds to three-quarters of people with Crohn's disease will have one or more operations in the course of their lifetime. The typical operation for Crohn's disease is the removal of a diseased segment of bowel and reconnection.

For more information, contact:

- The Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of America, Inc., 444 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016-7374. 1-800-343-3637. In metropolitan New York call (212) 685-3440.
- United Ostomy Association, 36 Executive Park, Suite 120, Irvine, CA 92714. (714) 660-8624.

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POWER WALK

Hubby's strategy to render his dear wife's baby fat leaves him exhausted and three pounds lighter.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

"Dr. Louis Sullivan and his wife power walk three miles a day," I said to my own dear wife through a hole in the morning paper where I had clipped the address of Credit Cards Anonymous.

To no surprise, she recognized Dr. Sullivan as our popular Secretary of Health and Human Services. What surprised me was that she had been listening. And for surprise number two, she peeked through the hole and said, "Why don't we give it a shot?" And even rambled on, something about my excess weight, my blood pressure, my cholesterol, and my bad temper.

What I had in mind, of course, was doing something about the persistence of her own baby fat. I also had noticed that Brutus, my dog, had cut his exercise regimen from jumping fences to picking up fleas.

"I can't power walk in high heels," was dear wife's first complaint.

"Imelda Marcos would envy your collection," I pointed out, to no avail. So it was off to Spencer to buy a pair of power walkers. After she'd talked me into a pair too, the total bill came to $84.60. Poor Brutus would have to wear what he had.

On our Big Four road, anything more than a school bus and maybe a pickup at the same time is considered a traffic jam. Without fear of traffic, we thus could walk briskly a half-mile to the curve and the half-mile back, giving us a grand total, for starters, of one mile of brisk walking. Right? As I pointed out to dear wife and Brutus when descending the driveway, unless we walk briskly we might as well remain on the couch with our feet on the coffee table. (Actually, Brutus remains on the couch only when we're away, and we have yet to catch him with his feet on the coffee table.)

The reason we got off to a relatively slow start could be laid to my having noticed on a recent visit to Washington that most joggers carried weights in their hands. Assuming that this was to exercise their arms rather than for self-defense, we had stopped by the shed. For dear wife I chose a gallon can of antifreeze and my tool kit, while I took on the sledge hammer and the hydraulic jack. With Brutus running ahead, we made it clear to the road and perhaps 30 feet beyond before deciding that we would postpone the exercising of our arms until our legs had been perfectly toned.

Once the weights had been deposited, we really hit our stride. All the way to the big maple tree. After we dragged Brutus away from there, he took off through the brush on the other side of the road with his nose to the ground. Five minutes later we heard that urgent bark he has indicating he has just treed a moose.

While my other companion waited, I followed the racket

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down swales and over dales, through Canadian thistles, poison sumac, and thickets of briars to where I came upon Brutus happily excavating a hole that had been dug by the grandson of the woodchuck that had walked off the Ark. He was glad to see me. I tried to keep in mind that he reportedly is my best friend as I power walked him back to the road and back to the house—where we later found him on the couch.

On my return, I found dear wife coming up the drive. Power walking her back to the road, we really now went into high gear. Just the two of us, man and wife, homo and sapien, chins up (that's one for me, two for her), setting out to overcome flab, cholesterol, blood pressure, and all other obstacles to health, home, longevity, the flag, Mom's apple pie, and all good stuff like that.

I had somehow failed to remember, however, that ours wasn't the only dog along the road.

One of the Millers' dogs had been named Little Henry because his deceased father had been crossed, or double-crossed, by a Shetland pony. Little Henry, however, was little no longer. In fact, when he put his paws on my shoulders, I noticed that we were about the same height. While I was trying to unload the beast, Baxter, the Abrells' dog, came up to greet us.

Baxter is a basset hound, one of those dogs said to be born under a bureau—they can't grow up, so they grow long. Little Henry got down off my shoulders to prove his dominance over Baxter. Dukes, Miller's three-legged dog, seized the opportunity to get in a few licks for himself (leaving us to speculate that Baxter might have been making fun of his handicap).

To me, this was a normal everyday doggie free-for-all. When it was over they would all go off together to tree a moose. But dear, compassionate wife, of course, had to wade into the melee to straighten things out. By the time she had got Little Henry tied up and patched up the relationship with Duke and Baxter, I was asking myself if that $84.60 might not have been better applied on a treadmill.

But at last we were off again, man and wife, etc., lowering our cholesterol, loosening the steam valve on our blood pressure, and "larding up the land," to quote a humor writer by the name of Shakespeare. We might even have powered our way past Abrell's house without stopping had not dear wife noticed that both the sun and a half-moon were in the sky at the same time.

"How come?" she said, stopping to gaze skyward. "The moon is lighted by the sun, right?" That's right, I said. "Then why isn't all the moon lighted? You took astronomy so tell me that." So I told her. (I would tell you but you probably wouldn't understand it; I wasn't sure of it myself.) Anyway, by the time we got started again I had ground my teeth down to where I might never be able to eat corn on the cob again.

At least we now had clear powering all the way to the bend in the road, our turn-around spot. Oh, yeah? Not when Abrell's "cute" white-faced steers are in the corral. And, oh, look! One is coming up to the fence to be petted. When the cute beast stopped short of the fence ("the poor thing is a little shy"), dear wife, of course, had to open the gate and make the final approach.

How far we and Baxter and Duke chased those four cute capering critters before finally getting them penned in Strouse's barnyard, I can only guess. And I'm conservatively guessing about four miles. Doug Dyer trucked them back to Abrell's corral for a mere 25 bucks.

On our way home, my dear wife's bad knee went out.

"I'll get the wheelbarrow," I politely offered.

"Don't be silly," she said.

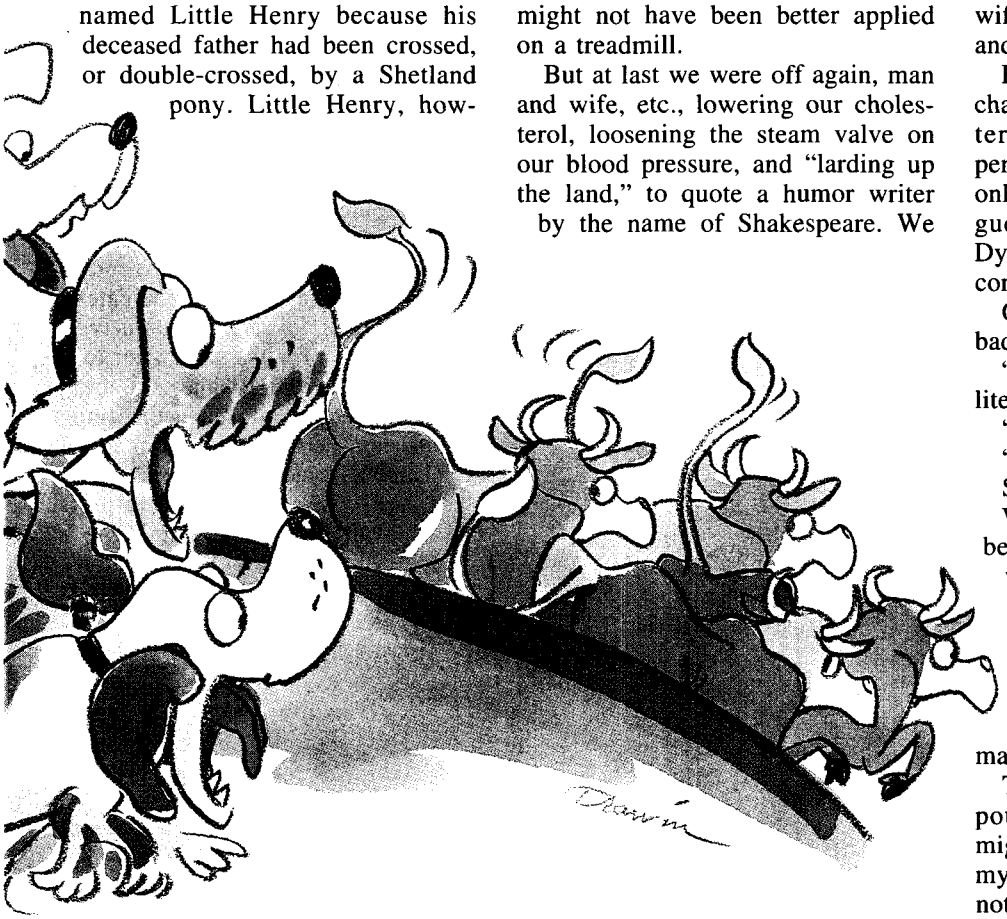
"How about the garden cart?"

She didn't answer.

With her arm around my neck, we began our debilitated walk homeward, appearing to all the community that I was bringing my wife home from an all-night bash.

Power walking a mile should be completed in, I believe, something like 10 minutes. We made it in an hour and a half.

The good news is I lost three pounds. What my blood pressure might register, is another matter. In my current frame of mind, it's best not to know.



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CHOOSING A PLACE TO LIVE

The move to a nursing home is not a favorite topic of family conversation. But the transition is much smoother with proper planning.

by John McCollister

Today, more than 1.5 million Americans live in nursing homes. And that number is on the rise. With the rapidly increasing number of senior citizens in our population and the aging of the baby boom generation, that figure will double in the next 25 years.

Nursing homes are a part of our culture and could be part of each family's future. Nonetheless, most of us still find it extremely difficult to discuss the subject with those we love for several reasons.

First, Americans love their independence. The idea that we would confine a parent or grandparent to the four walls of a nursing home runs contrary to our heritage. Yet, in most instances, residents of nursing homes admit they're happier now than when they were living with children or living alone. They certainly feel safer, and enjoy the company of other persons their age.

Perhaps some of us feel guilty even discussing the subject. After all, didn't our parents and grandparents care for us when we were young? Don't we have the obligation to nurture them when the time arrives? The situation becomes even more complicated if we have promised any of them that we would *never* let them be sent to a nursing home.

But circumstances do change. When we were young, we didn't require constant and vigilant medical care—we were able to care for ourselves. The aging process can alter our ability to do this. It places a strain on the caregiver. When the aging process demands that your loved one be somewhere where round-the-clock medical help is available, the nursing home is your only viable alternative.

The truth eventually hits home. We no longer debate whether or not we'll use a nursing home; our only question is which nursing home to select. All the evidence tells us one thing: early planning for nursing-home care will save caregivers and their families a lot of time, anxiety, and money.

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When Should You Consider a Nursing Home?

Most of us start too late. We wait until Grandma is too sick to function on her own. We fear not only for her health, but also for her safety. Time is precious. We need to make a decision now!

The best time for a family to begin thinking about a nursing home is when there are warning signs of deterioration, such as a change in behavior patterns or daily functions. When visiting the local mall, does Uncle Charlie wander off aimlessly down the aisle of a store? Does he forget simple things—family member names, the year, telephone numbers, and addresses? Has his physician diagnosed a degenerative disease, such as Alzheimer's? Is he forgetting or skipping meals, or does his health and appearance seem different or in distress? These are a few of the clues that tell you it's time to do some serious planning.

Popular nursing homes often have long waiting lists, so it's best to enroll the patient early once the decision as to which nursing home has been made.

Whom Should You Ask about Good Nursing Homes?

Your initial thought would be to seek advice from your family physician. Unfortunately, most doctors know very little about nursing homes because they spend so little time in them. Normally, nursing homes employ their own staff physicians.

Your best sources for information are your clergyman or the social service department of your local hospital. They regularly work with staffs and residents of nursing homes.

Check for articles and stories in local magazines and newspapers. Word of mouth from friends and neighbors is a prime source of good information.

Some larger cities have senior citizen centers or United Way offices that employ people familiar with the nursing homes in your locale.

What Should You Look for in a Home?

That depends on the needs of the future resident and on your finances.

Nearly one-fourth of all nursing homes do not provide 24-hour nursing care. They're less expensive, of course, but these homes are designed for residents who need only intermediate care. And if the condition of the resident suddenly worsens, requiring more extensive care, there's no qualified help nearby to administer aid.

Here's another point to consider: Only those nursing homes with certified skilled care are eligible for coverage by Medicare.

A lot of us may prefer church-sponsored nursing homes that promise better, more personal care. The hard truth, however, is that with nursing homes, as with other things in life, you get only what you pay for.

Most of us start too late. We wait until Grandma is too sick to function on her own.

How Much Will the Nursing Home Cost?

This might be your biggest shock. In most instances, nursing homes charge between $100 and $150 a day.

Can the future resident afford this? Most elderly people cannot—at least not for an extended period of time. Let's say, for example, that someone has accumulated $50,000 in savings and investments over a lifetime (excluding a home). At $100 - $150 a day, all this can be eaten up in less than 18 months. If this happens, a nursing home might attach a lien to the patient's house. In short, a stay in a nursing home can completely erase the patient's estate.

Medicare will pay for a maximum of 100 days of care in a nursing home. Specific guidelines must be met before such payments are made. Check with the nursing home administrator to see if the future resident is eligible.

What about Medicaid?

Medicaid applies only if the resident is indigent or the estate has been nearly exhausted. To qualify, a resident must have no more than $1,800 in personal assets (excluding a house, car, and furnishings). All other income, including pensions, must be used to offset the nursing home bill.

Some nursing homes will not allow residents to remain at the home once the resident is eligible for Medicaid. The reason is simple: Medicaid pays only a portion of what a private-pay resident is charged.

Can You Preserve an Estate and Still Pay Nursing Home Bills?

Yes. But this will require planning and careful reading as well as sound legal counsel.

So-called "nursing home insurance plans" may help, but premiums can increase rapidly, and most plans agree to pay a fixed daily fee which covers only a portion of the costs. Some have a limit of two or three years; a few limit care to only 60 days. But it is worth checking out.

You can get additional information about available plans from: United Seniors Health Cooperative, 1331 H St. NW, Suite 500, Washington, D.C. 20005.

More and more families today prepare a "living trust" into which assets may be placed in the name of a spouse or adult children who serve as trustees. In this way the estate can remain intact when the resident becomes eligible for Medicaid.

Advanced planning with a qualified attorney is your key to forming a workable living trust. Administrators for Medicaid will count all assets that have been transferred to others within the last two years as subject to the criteria for Medicaid benefits. Unfortunately, many lawyers know little about Medicaid payments or living trusts. You would be wise to contact your state bar association for the names of attorneys who specialize in either or both of these subjects.

How Should You Inspect a Nursing Home?

Before you visit a nursing home, establish in your mind specific things you're looking for. These may include: 24-hour nursing care; a physical therapy center with possibly a resident physical therapist; convenient dining facilities that provide balanced meals; privacy for patients; clean floors and bedding; and a friendly, well-groomed staff.

Don't visit the home during a spe-

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AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS HALL OF FAME

An artist who painted 40 covers for The Saturday Evening Post *is posthumously inducted into the American Illustrators Hall of Fame.*

by Ellen B.T. Pyle

Editor's note: At the peak of Ellen Pyle's flourishing career in the 1920s and 30s, the Post *editor requested she write her life story for publication in the magazine. Her reply appeared in our April 7, 1928 issue.*

The first letter I took in to the *Post* after the editor's request for my life story was returned with "Not enough detail; make it more personal; everyday things are of more interest; it may seem egotistical to you, but it won't to the *Post* readers." So——

I live at Westbrae Farm in Greenville, Delaware, about five miles from Wilmington. My home is on top of a high hill, with rolling farm land all around. I love everything about the country, even the hooting of owls on a summer night and the fact that we are usually snowed in at least once a winter and have to get the county to dig us out.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Kenneth L. Roberts—Hugh MacNair Kahler—Frances Noyes Hart—Edwin Lefevre
Gordon Arthur Smith—Eleanor Franklin Egan—Perceval Gibbon—Thomas Beer

Ellen Pyle's poster-like style was ideal for cover design.

Germantown, Philadelphia, was my birthplace, and my dream of life was to be able some day to be an artist. It was a red-letter day for me when I started studying art at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. Lydia Austin, now Mrs. Maxfield Parrish, and Charles Grafly were among my earlier teachers, and it was my privilege later to study under Howard Pyle. He was an inspiring teacher. The sincerity of his own work and his unflagging enthusiasm affected everyone around him and made a deep and lasting impression on his students. I remember walking over to the station after one of his lectures and feeling I could hardly wait until the next morning to get back to work and start being a Michelangelo, which I felt sure I would have no trouble in doing.

My one wish at this time was to make painting my lifework, but while studying at the Howard Pyle summer school at Chadds Ford, I met Howard's younger brother Walter, to whom I became engaged soon after leaving school. I had a studio in Philadelphia for a short time, and then after my marriage came to Wilmington to live.

The absorbing task of raising four children put artwork in the background for a time. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether a woman can keep on with her work and be a competent mother. Probably people vary a great deal, but I found that when there was a young baby in the family, unless the nurse was to have all the joy of caring for the child and the responsibility for its training, it was not practical for me to spend nearly all day in the studio. One or the other had to take second place.

My husband's death a few years ago changed things for me in a good many ways, and I began to spend more time at my work. Painting, with its absorbing interest, was a relief to my mind, and one cannot be idle when there are four children to be provided for.

I worked at first in the third story of my house, taking the guest room, which had a north window and was a fair size. But working in the midst of your household has its disadvantages. It is hard to concentrate when the telephone rings and you hear "I don't know, but I'll ask her when she comes dow .," or when the cook, in spite of the sign pinned on the door, pokes in a plate with the rest of yesterday's chicken "to know if you think that's enough to go around for lunch." This doesn't exactly combine with painting; it's a different side of your brain.

Now I have the hayloft of a barn not far from the house made into a

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Living on a high hill with farm land all around, the artist created works that reflected her love for the country, even to "the hooting of owls on a dark summer night."

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An instructor at art school so inspired her she could hardly wait to get back to work and "start being a Michelangelo."

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THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST
Volume 199, Number 6
AUGUST 4, 1928
5c THE COPY
Joseph Hergesheimer—Sam Hellman—Isaac F. Marcosson—Sec. James J. Davis
Henry C. Rowland—Leonard H. Nason—Louise Dutton—Thomas McMorrow

Her *Post* covers left no doubt of her interest in "painting the unaffected natural American type, the girl who often goes without a hat and gets a thrill out of tramping over country roads."

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THE SATURDAY
POST
Richard Washburn Child—Joseph Hergesheimer—R. G. Kirk—Thomas Beer
Charles Brackett—Kenneth L. Roberts—Gilbert Seldes—Frederic R. Gruger

Ellen Pyle painted young people very sympathetically, often using her own four children or visiting youngsters instead of professional models.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Volume 205, Number 8
10c. in Canada
AUGUST 20, 1932
5c. THE COPY
KATHARINE DAYTON · ELEANOR MERCEIN · JULIAN STREET

After leaving her studio for the day, the artist liked to be out-of-doors, gardening or playing tennis with the kids—who enjoyed such a diversity of sports that she seldom lacked for a cover inspiration.

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THE DICTATOR OF THE COWS

Through genetic engineering, he would eradicate all weeds, produce Camembert better than Normandy's, and create a new bovine species—such were the dreams of Cuba's premier dreamer.

by Georgie Anne Geyer

Editor's note: If anyone has earned a literary license to write about the life of Fidel Castro, it is Georgie Anne Geyer. From years of diligent research she has, in the carefully chosen words of William E. Colby, former director of the CIA, turned a "revolutionary icon into a human being, carefully distilling his charisma and cunning, his pride and paranoia, and his megalomania and myth."

Geyer traveled to Cuba with her parents for the first time at 15, and immediately fell in love with the country and later all Latin America. A young and unknown Fidel that year, she writes, was violently making his way through the political jungles of the University of Havana. In 1955 Geyer was studying at Mexico City College, and also in Mexico City that year, the budding young revolutionary Fidel was organizing his new movement. In the 1960s Geyer spent several months in Havana and interviewed Castro four times.

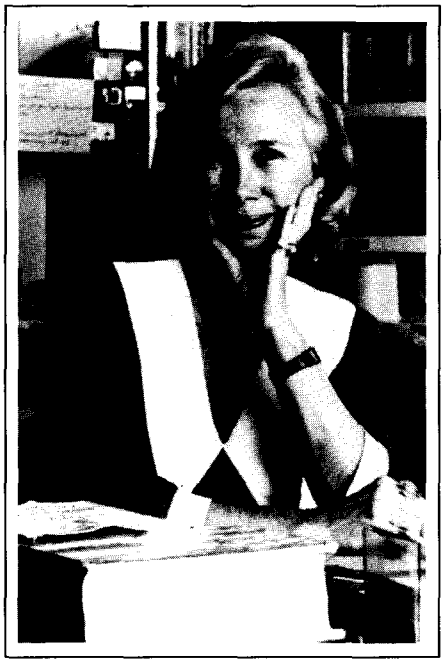
From it all, and by following in his wake around the world, this author of seven books and writer of a thrice-weekly column that appears in over 100 newspapers in the United States and Latin American, has dug deeply enough into the life of Fidel Castro to discover what really makes him tick.

Though acknowledging that she neither liked nor disliked the "Guerrilla Prince," as she has titled her book about him, she was puzzled by why every man and woman she knew seemed to be in thrall to him. Thus she began to question the very nature of his tie to and his control over so many people.

"It is the distance, the unknowability, the mystery, the remoteness of the charismatic leader that underlies his emotional control," she writes. In her travels around the world, she became even more impressed and amazed at the scope of his power. Geyer also found that most of the accepted "truths" about him were either wholly or largely untrue.

This obstensibly "public" person, she found, "is really a meticulously secretive and secreted person, a tactical and strategic genius wholly without human principles who guilefully knows how to weave useful myths and spin tales—and, much of the time, even he himself believes them."

The writer adds that since 1959, because of his masterful hold over them, few Cubans have paused to question who "Fidel" really is. Even Cuban diplomats in Washington, D.C. have asked basic questions of this thorough researcher: Was he ever married? Does he have children? Where does he live? You said his father came from Galicia?



Journalist Georgie Anne Geyer has gained worldwide acclaim for her probing portraits of Cuba and its leader.

"A chill passed over me at that moment," Geyer writes, "for Castro was the man who controlled every waking moment of their lives and they did not have the faintest idea who he really was."

How did Georgie Anne Geyer finally decide what is true about her deliberately elusive and deceptive subject? Having gathered all the facts, information, and interpretation, she "carefully compared versions of history and applied common sense and probability."

In the end, she arrived at the conclusion she had had from the beginning: Everything people thought they knew about Fidel they did not know. Everything they did not know was what was important.

Castro told an interviewer in 1986, "No, I will never talk about my personal life, but soon, without my collaboration, everything will be known."

"That is why I wrote the book," the author explains: "I want everything to be known. I want people to say, after they have read it, 'But of course . . .' And then, 'Oh, my God!' "

The following excerpt from the book might elicit such a response.

The years following Che Guevara's death and Castro's rapprochement with the Russians should have been a period of new succor and security for the Cuban leader. Castro's friend, the Soviet Union, was to an extent re-Stalinizing under Leonid Brezhnev, after the heady years of liberalization under the now deposed Khrushchev. Castro's eternal enemy, the United States, was daily sinking deeper and deeper into the worst period of its modern history, with the Vietnam War growing in horrors and providing a national alienation that was gloriously manipulatable by Castro. But nonetheless, these years were not good for Castro.

At home, the once-tempestuous Cuba was beginning to look more and more like her dour and doughty cousins in the Eastern Bloc. Beautiful and expressive Havana perhaps best reflected the growing shabbiness of Cuba; her sensuously lovely buildings molted like snakes in season, her paint peeled away from lack of care, and her gardens, like her spirits, fell to weeds. For Cubans, historically accustomed to at least the expectation of the American way of life, there remained now nothing but shortage. A

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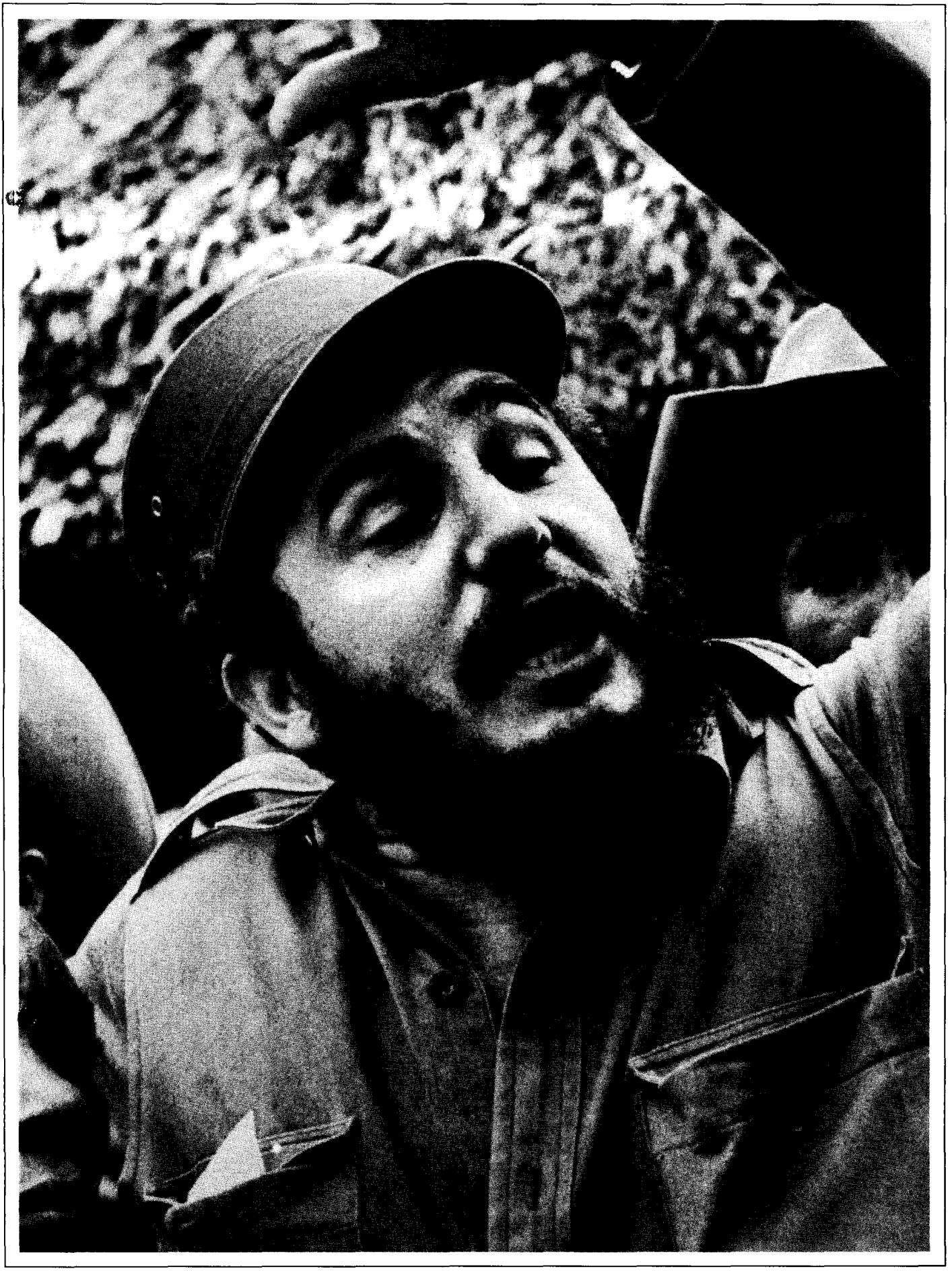

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well-known chef, Nitza Villapol, who gave recipes on television, would tell her viewers to get the best meat. Then she would go on to say that if one didn't have the specific cut, well, one could use this, or that, or even wheat flour. How to present a major Cuban meat dish without meat, that was the challenge of the magical Cuba that Castro was constructing! But the most dramatic metaphor for Cuba's move behind the Iron Curtain was to be found in the omnipresent oil slick that covered the streets of the cities like a coat of oozing paint. The Russian oil was of such poor quality that it leaked all over in the heat. More and more Cubans were asking themselves how the Cuban Revolution could have been so endlessly fascinating and the Cuban revolutionary state so stultifyingly dull?

Although entirely unrecognized by the outside world, Castro's dreams about the economy of Cuba turned out to be blood brothers of his dreams of world conquest. Building on the ancient Spanish Catholic and Moorish heritage of contempt for money, he talked of demythologizing money, indeed of abolishing it, and even of creating a wondrous "civilization without money." Ideas like this popped up in Castro's mind like mushrooms after the rain. A Camembert better than that of Normandy was to be produced in Cuba. A campaign was launched to eradicate all weeds—a "weed-free Cuba" became the call of the day. Another day, Castro got the idea of planting an entire "*cordón*" of coffee in a circle of land around Havana. Immediately workers were dispatched as if to still another displaced Bay of Pigs "battle." But the soil there was no good for the delicate coffee plants; within a year, unrelenting nature had destroyed that particular dream of Cuba's premier dreamer.

Oscar Mori, Castro's "impresario" at the treasured Varadero Beach, has vivid memories of his boss during these years.

One time, they were driving out at the very end of the Varadero peninsula, remote and windswept, where "the people" could not go. They were riding along the road when they came upon a cut pine tree. "At this, Castro went crazy," Mori recalled. "He got out and told his guard to give him a machine gun. He was enraged that anyone should cut a pine tree there. I said, 'Comandante, this pine tree was cut by the man who is about to install telephones here.' He insulted me. Then he took the gun and shot at the cables. He hit one, and it fell. Then he turned to me and said, 'I should kill you.' I said only, 'Comandante, I am not to blame for this.'" That was Castro, too, shooting at telephone cables with a machine gun, like a mad Cuban Don Quixote.

The prominent Cuban biology professor José Roque León recalled that when Castro appeared at a plant, "he would be surrounded by people who were not genuine advisors but executors of his caprices, a choir of resonances. When he would come to the biology laboratory, he would only give orders. He would walk in and look around and say, 'The microcopier should not be by the window, it should be in the shade.' And they would move it, even though that was wrong." What did the professors think? "It was as though they were masks," León told me. "They did not speak much in private. You see, Castro does not have to be in agreement with science, science has to be in agreement with him."

Castro was becoming the Cuban version of the Bolsheviks' Trofimo Lysenko, inventing new genes; he was Moses parting the Red Sea; he was the Thai king as rainmaker. He was, according to Rafael del Pino, who became one of his leading air force officers, a man who dreamed "like Snow White," a man who got into his head on any one day "to make students into professors, to build a new airport five miles south of the present one, which already had only three or four flights a day. . ."

But it was cows that truly riveted him, cows that became the fulcrum of his obsession to control every living thing on his island, if not the world; for it was with cattle that his "special plans" were carried to new and truly "undreamed-of" levels of genetic engineering. With his cows, Castro would improve on nature, substituting

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his planned artificial reproduction for the notably haphazard but still dependable natural process. His intent, as always, was not subsumed in modest dreams; he intended nothing less than to create a new human creature, a new animal that would carry his name to new heights. He had created a revolution against all the odds and beyond any man's dreams; now he would create new life beyond other odds. The whole program became so obsessive that even his close and eerily devoted friend Gabriel García Márquez (whose entire literary life was devoted to writing about the patriarchs and macho caudillos of Latin America) suggested lovingly, making a literary pun on his famous novel, *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, that he would write a new work about his friend Castro and entitle it *El Dictador de las Vacas*, or "The Dictator of the Cows."

Cuba would become a center of genetics and Castro the new "father of Genetics." How? By crossing the Cebú and the Holstein cow to create a wholly new bovine, the F-1, which would uniquely provide Cuba with more milk and more meat and dazzle the world. When an English scientist told him that, yes, he could cross Cebú and Holstein and it would work for one generation but that "the second generation will have the worst defects of the father and the mother," the man was immediately expelled from Cuba. The scientist was right, of course. One cow worked, Castro's Hollywood "star of cows," Ubre Blanca, or "White Udder." She became so famous that, when she died, a distraught Castro stuffed her and placed her in a museum, where "future generations could admire her magnificent udders."

In many ways, his cows became more real, and more personal to Castro, than human beings. At the farms, he called the animals by name. ("But, is it good or bad to know the cows by name?" amused and bewildered onlookers like Carlos Alberto Montaner wondered.) Not only the cows but all the farm animals (like the restricted people) had "animal passports" or tiny metal plates identifying what the creature was, where it was purchased, and by whom. Some bulls had air-conditioned stables. When an animal died, there fell upon the farm manager the sad task of going to the police station to report the demise so the animal could be taken off the police lists.

In these years, and into this world of science-as-magic, Castro constantly imported a lineup of foreign scientists who were commanded to be magicians. When the elderly, white-haired French farmer, teacher, and agronomist André Voison arrived at the Havana airport, he found the Cuban leader standing at attention. A head of state waiting at the airport "to greet a modest French scientist at two o'clock in the morning!" as the amazed Voison put it. Naty had already visited and charmed the modest Voison in France and had persuaded the specialist in pasture grass to visit Havana. Castro now took over. Voison was cyclonically wooed, glorified, and deified; Castro mounted a massive campaign of "grass indoctrination" for the whole Cuban people, and the sixtyish Voison unwittingly became the single, unrivaled hero of all of Cuba's honored cows.

Dr. René Dumont, a highly respected French agronomist and scientist, came to Cuba, looked around, and came again and again, always wanting to believe in Castro's "revolutionary" agriculture, but always and ever disquietedly falling back upon scientific reality. At every turn the unhappy Dumont saw only waste and pseudoscience. Dumont just couldn't figure it out when he was informed that *Fidelista* economic philosophy meant that "a devotion to the community will be the fundamentalist basis for the creation of wealth." Instead, Dumont saw "mile upon mile of banana plantations where the trees were dying because they had been planted in badly drained soil where the water table was tainted with magnesium salts." But the most telling experiment that Dumont saw was the one in anti-soil erosion in Pinar del Río. Here Castro sought to build large parallel terraces on contour lines all up the

continued on page 77

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POWER WORDS

They are the ones advertisers use when they want us to run out and buy, buy, buy.

by John Bohannon

Illustrated by Don Trawin

That old saw, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me," may have some truth. Words can't cause physical harm, of course. But words can inflict emotional pain and can be influential, persuasive, and also deceptive, leading us down a rosy path strewn with specious promises and shattered dreams.

Consider words used in advertising. Many consumers are aware that advertising hype is often more exaggeration than truth, and sometimes those words have an almost subliminal effect. We read and respond to certain words without being consciously aware of it. And that's exactly what ad agencies—and their clients—want us to do.

At one New York City advertising agency, an expert on Power Words recently came up with the three most powerful and most effective words in any advertising copy. The words, this expert proclaimed, are, in order of their importance, *new, improved,* and *free*. The next time you're wandering the aisles of a supermarket see how many times your eyes are attracted by those words on product labels. And watch some television commercials closely and see how often you can spot those words, either spoken or in graphics. They'll dance and strut and bedazzle the viewer with their electronic aerobics, hoping their images will settle somewhere into the brain waiting for the moment when the unsuspecting viewer is wandering the supermarket aisles. ZAP! the product says. "Buy me. I'm *new*. I'm *improved*. And get this *free* offer." (Never mind the $3.50 charge for handling and postage.)

Although the Power Word expert at the ad agency believed that he had found the three *definitive* power words in the English language, another expert—this one in psychology—at a university in the northeast compiled a list of what she believed were the 11 most persuasive words in the English language. Now, you might wonder why this expert came up with *11* words. Why not an even dozen? Or 10? You might just as well wonder why we're now paying 29 cents and not 30 cents for a first-class stamp. It's just one of those cosmic imponderables of life, like the check-out line that speeds up—as soon as you

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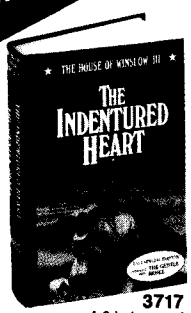
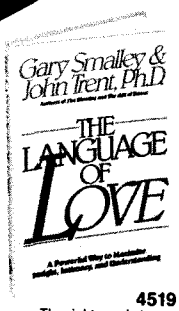
Choose Any 3—Only 98¢

And get an incredible value of more than $50!

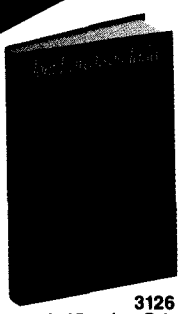
6112
Powerful inspiration for every day by **Chuck Swindoll.**
Retail $15.95



3717
A 2-in-1 saga of romance, courage and faith by **Gilbert Morris.**
Retail $18.95

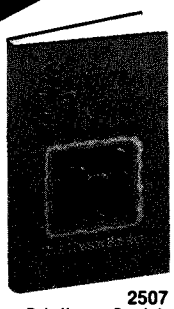


4519
The right words to say at the right time by **Gary Smalley & John Trent.**
Retail $13.99

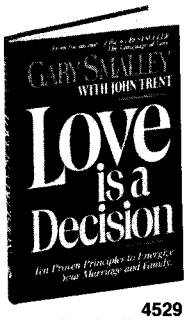


3126
Joni Eareckson Tada rekindles new hope in your heart.
Retail $15.95

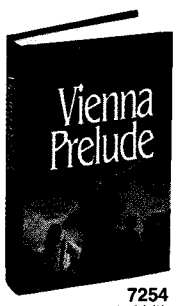
4528
A delightful, 2-in-1 romantic adventure by **Janette Oke.**
Retail $11.90



2507
Dale Hanson Bourke's eloquent tribute to motherhood.
Retail $12.99



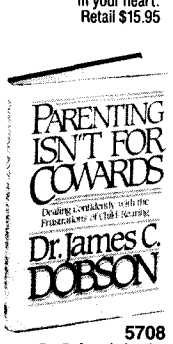
4529
Gary Smalley gives you the keys to a dynamic relationship.
Retail $14.99



7254
A chilling novel of faith and survival by **Bodie Thoene.**
Retail $16.95

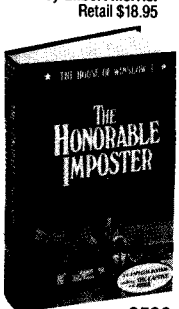
7203
Powerful, personal help from **Kevin Leman** and **Randy Carlson.**
Retail $15.95

5611
Secrets of making a marriage work by **Jack & Carole Mayhall.**
Retail $14.95

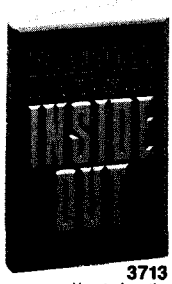


5708
Dr. Dobson's invaluable book about raising your kids in today's society.
Retail $14.95

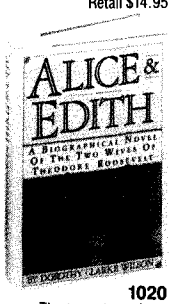
3110
Grace Livingston Hill's two romantic novels for Christian readers.
Retail $17.95



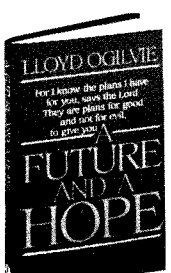
3520
Two explosive, faith-strengthening novels by **Gilbert Morris.**
Retail $18.95



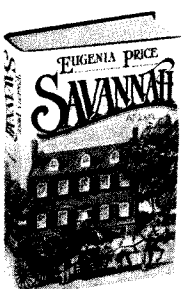
3713
How to face the struggles in your life by **Dr. Larry Crabb.**
Retail $12.95



1020
The true story about Teddy Roosevelt's two wives by **Dorothy Wilson.**
Retail $18.95

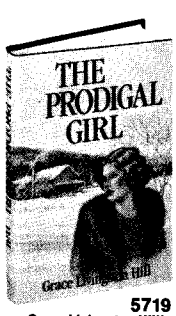

LLOYD OGILVIE
For I know the plans I have for you, says the Lord. They are plans for good and not for evil, to give you A FUTURE AND A HOPE

2717
Lloyd Ogilvie's story about finding hope in the midst of darkness.
Retail $12.99

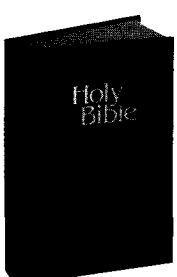


0824
Eugenia Price's best-selling tale of romantic 19th century Georgia.
Retail $17.95

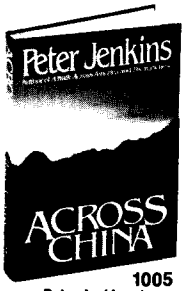
6430
The greatest Biblical story ever written by **Roberta Kells Dorr.**
Retail $14.95



5719
Grace Livingston Hill's unforgettable story of family love.
Retail $11.95



1407
A New King James Bible with Concordance and words of Christ in red.
Retail $5.95



1005
Peter Jenkins shows you this mysterious land as only he can.
Retail $18.95

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move to another line. Fretting about such things, however, is about as productive as sitting around wondering if that little light actually goes *out* when you close the refrigerator door.

At any rate, here is the list of the university professor's 11 most essential words: *you, money, save, easy, safety, love, discover, results, health, proven,* and *guarantee.*

Now, if we take the ad agency expert's list of 3 words and the college professor's list of 11 words and combine them, perhaps we could come up with one sentence containing the most effective and persuasive 14 words in the English language, a sentence that would narrow life down and explain everything. Here it is:

"You can save money with improved and easy safety by the free discovery of new love, which results in a proven guarantee of health."

Some adventurers in the quest of the meaning of life have traveled to a remote mountain in the Himalayas to seek out a mysterious guru to answer the question, "What is the meaning of life?" In this case a simple trek from an ad agency to a university campus did the trick quite nicely.

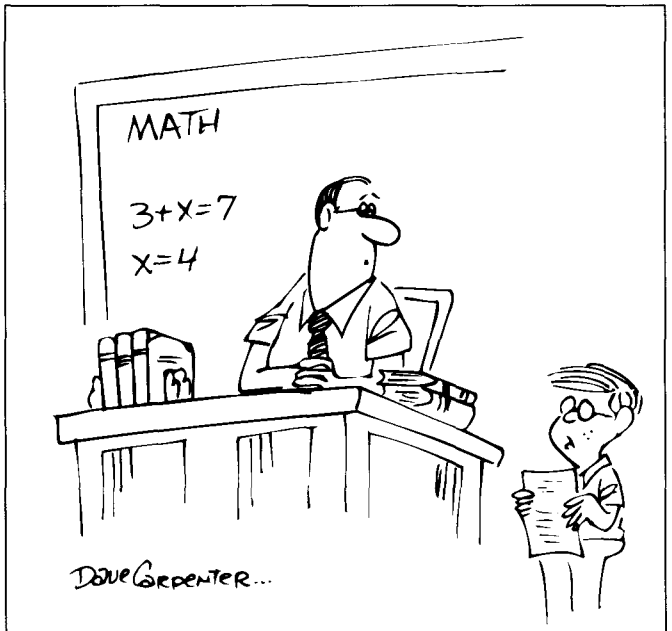
But there was yet one final step to be made. A reporter in search of the ultimate list of meaningful words went back to the professor to show her the ultimate sentence. "Ah," she said thoughtfully. (College professors are quite fond of saying, "Ah," thoughtfully.) As she hurried down one of those hallowed halls, she said over her shoulder, "Perhaps you will be interested in seeing what a computer does with a comparable list of words." The reporter allowed as how that would indeed be interesting.

The professor explained that she had recently programmed several hundred words, at random, into a computer and then asked it to write a poem. The computer wrote:

"The ugly memory jumps near the liquor/The rosy wet character flies with a ring/The gloomy soothing judge skips near a large dumb visit/A trolley shines."

Perhaps the words chosen at random were an extension of the professor's own personality, indicating something that Freud would have fun interpreting. But what's the *computer's* excuse? One observer suggested that the computer might have been hanging around with the wrong crowd of chips and semiconductors.

"But," the professor said, "consider *this* paradox." (Professors are also quite fond of raising paradoxes, which are much easier than raising parakeets.) "This same computer," she said, "has been used to translate technical articles from Russian into English. When the words have precise meanings, the computer had no difficulty. But then we tried some words with lyrical meanings."



"According to our class survey, 30 percent feel that they are doing well in math, but 80 percent of us feel we need more help..."

This experiment, the professor explained, involved programming the computer with an English phrase, asking it to translate the phrase into Russian and then retranslate the Russian into English. The professor chose what she described as an innocuous phrase, one that everyone understands: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The computer took that phrase, translated it into Russian and then retranslated into English this way: "The ghost is ready, but the meat is raw."

The professor was then asked to streamline all of this into the ultimate sentence, the most powerful and effective words that everyone longs to hear. She said without hesitation, "Oh, that's easy. 'I love you.' Those three little words are the ultimate, the essence of life."

Then she paused and said, "Of course, there's a close second choice for the three little words people want to hear most: 'Find check enclosed.' But that's cynical." She paused again and said, "Wait. I have it. I have narrowed everything down to one simple word that has meaning to everyone in all languages. It came to me just last week while I was standing in a horrendously long line at the Motor Vehicle Bureau. And suddenly I heard the word. It has beauty, compassion, drama, a sense of achievement."

She paused again. The suspense was palpable. Then she said, "And that word was, 'Next.' "

Runaways

continued from page 34

"I could talk to Doctor Siebolt about love—I could talk to him about anything," said Annie. "With my parents there were just all kinds of things I had to keep all bottled up."

"Safety first—that's their motto," said Rice. "Well—that isn't my motto. They want me to end up just the way they all have, and I'm just not that kind of a person."

"It's a terrible thing to make somebody bottle things up," said Annie. "I used to cry all the time, and my parents never could figure out why."

"That's why I stole all those cars," said Rice. "I just all of a sudden went crazy one day. They were trying to make me act like my father, and I'm just not that kind of man. They never understood me. They don't understand me now."

"But the worst thing of all," said Annie, "was when my own father ordered me to lie. That was when I realized that my parents didn't care about truth. All they care about is what people think."

"This summer," said Rice, "I was actually making more money than my old man or any of his brothers. That really ate into him. He couldn't stand that."

"My mother started talking to me about love," said Annie, "and it was all I could do to keep from screaming, 'You don't know what love is!

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You never have known what it is!' "

"My parents kept telling me to act like a man," said Rice. "Then, when I really started acting like one, they went right through the roof. What's a guy supposed to do?" he said.

"Even if I screamed that at her," said Annie, "she wouldn't hear it. She never listens. I think she's afraid to listen. Do you know what I mean?"

"My other brother was the favorite in our family," said Rice. "He could do no wrong, and I never could do anything right, as far as they were concerned. You never met my brother, did you?"

"My father killed something in me when he told me to lie," said Annie.

"We sure are lucky we found each other," said Rice.

Annie took his hand. "Oh, yes; oh, yes; oh, yes," she said fervently. "When we first met out there on the golf course, I almost died because I knew how right we were for each other. Next to Doctor Siebolt you're the first person I ever really felt close to."

"Doctor who?" said Rice.

In the study of the Governor's Mansion, Governor Southard had his radio on. Annie and Rice had just been picked up, 20 miles west of Cleveland, and Southard wanted to hear what the news services had to say about it.

So far he had only heard music, and was hearing it now:

"Let's not go to school today,
"Turtle dove, turtle dove.
"Let's go out in the woods and play,
"Play with love, play with love."

The governor turned the radio off again. "How do they dare put things like that on the air?" he asked bitterly. "The whole American entertainment industry does nothing but tell children how to kill their parents—and themselves in the bargain."

He put the question to his wife and to the Brentners, the parents of the boy, who were sitting in the study with him.

The Brentners shook their heads bleakly, meaning that they did not know the answer to the governor's question. They were appalled at having been called into the presence of the governor. They had said almost nothing—nothing beyond abject, rambling, ga-ga apologies at the very beginning. Since then they had been in numb agreement with anything the governor cared to say.

He had said plenty, wrestling with what he called the toughest decision of his life. He was trying to decide, with the concurrence of his wife and the Brentners, how to make the runaways grow up enough to realize what they were doing, how to fix them so they would never run away again.

"Any suggestions at all, Mr. Brentner?" he said to Rice's father.

Rice's father shrugged. "I haven't got any control over him, sir," he said. "If somebody'd tell me a way to get control of him, I'd be glad to try it, but . . ." He let the sentence trail off to nothing.

"But what?" said the governor.

"He's pretty close to being a man now, governor," said Rice's father, "and he's just about as easy to control as any other man—and that isn't very easy." He murmured something else that the governor didn't catch and shrugged again.

"Beg your pardon?" said the governor.

Rice's father said it again, scarcely louder than the first time. "I said he doesn't respect me."

"By heaven, he would if you'd have the guts to lay down the law to him and make it stick!" said the governor with hot righteousness.

At this point Rice's mother did the most courageous thing in her life. She was boiling mad about having all the blame put on her son, and she now squared the governor of Indiana away. "Maybe if we'd raised our son the way you raised your daughter," she said, "maybe then we wouldn't have all the trouble we have today."

The governor looked startled. Then he sat down at his desk, "Well said, madam," he said. He turned to his wife. "We should certainly give our child-rearing secret to the world."

"Annie isn't a bad girl," said his wife.

"Neither's our boy a bad boy," said Rice's mother, very pepped up, now that she'd given the governor the works.

"I—I'm sure he isn't," said the governor's wife.

"He isn't a boy anymore. That's the big thing," blurted Rice's father. And he took courage from his wife's example, and he added something else.

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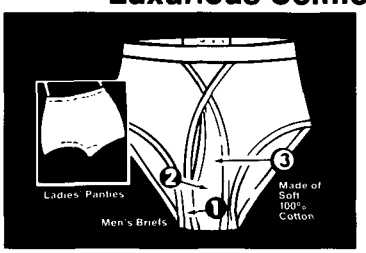

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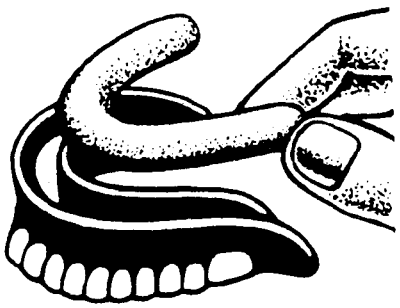

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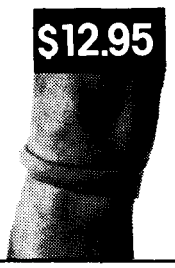

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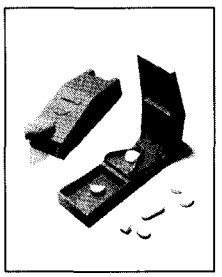

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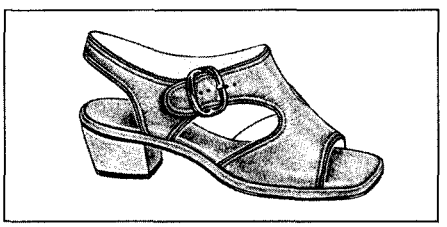

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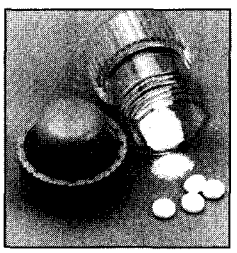

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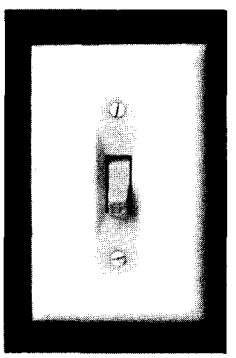

"And that little girl isn't what you'd call real little, either," he said.

"You recommend they get married?" said the governor incredulously.

"I don't know what I recommend," said Rice's father. "I'm not a recommending man. But maybe they really do love each other. Maybe they really were made for each other. Maybe they really would be happy for the rest of their lives together, starting right now, if we'd let 'em." He threw up his hands. "I don't know!" he said. "Do you?"

Annie and Rice were talking to reporters in a state-police barracks outside of Cleveland. They were waiting to be hauled back home again. They claimed to be unhappy, but they appeared to be having a pretty fine time. They were telling the reporters about money now.

"People care too much about money," said Annie. "What is money, when you really stop to think about it?"

"We don't want any money from her parents," said Rice. "I guess maybe her parents think I'm after all their money. All I want is their daughter."

"It's all right with me, if they want to disinherit me," said Annie. "From what I've seen of all the rich people I grew up with, money just makes people worried and unhappy. People with a lot of money get so worried about how maybe they'll lose it, they forget to live."

"I can always earn enough to keep a roof over our heads and keep from starving," said Rice. "I can earn more than my old man does. My car is completely paid for. It's all mine, free and clear."

"I can earn money too," said Annie. "I would be a lot prouder of working than I would be of what my parents want me to do, which is hang around with a lot of other spoiled people and play games."

A state trooper now came in, told Annie her father was on the telephone. The governor of Indiana wanted to talk to her.

"What good will talk do?" said Annie. "Their generation doesn't understand our generation, and they never will. I don't want to talk to him."

The trooper left. He came back in a few minutes.

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"He's still on the line?" said Annie.

"No, ma'am," said the trooper. "He gave me a message for you."

"Oh, boy," said Annie, "this should really be good."

"It's a message from your parents too," the trooper said to Rice.

"I can hardly wait to hear it," said Rice.

"The message is this," said the trooper, keeping his face blankly official, "you are to come home in your own car whenever you feel like it. When you get home, they want you to get married and start being happy as soon as possible."

Annie and Rice crept home in the old blue Ford, with baby shoes dangling from the rearview mirror, with a pile of comic books on the burst back seat. They came home on the main highways. Nobody was looking for them any more.

Their radio was on, and every news broadcast told the world the splendid news: Annie and Rice were to be married at once. True love had won another stunning victory.

By the time the lovers reached the Indiana border they had heard the news of their indescribable happiness a dozen times. They were beginning to look like department-store clerks on Christmas Eve, dangled and exhausted by relentless tidings of great joy.

Rice turned off the radio. Annie gave an involuntary sigh of relief. They hadn't talked much on the trip home. There didn't seem to be anything to talk about; everything was so settled—everything was so, as they say in business, finalized.

Annie and Rice got into a traffic jam in Indianapolis and were locked for stoplight after stoplight next to a car in whch a baby was howling. The parents of the child were very young. The wife was scolding her husband, and the husband looked ready to uproot the steering wheel and brain her with it.

Rice turned on the radio again, and this is what the song on the radio said:

"We certainly fooled them,

"The ones who said our love wasn't true.

"Now, forever and ever,

"You've got me, and I've got you."

In almost a frenzy, with Annie's nerves winding ever tighter, Rice changed stations again and again. Every station bawled of either victories or the persecution of teenage love. And that's what the radio was bawling about when the old blue Ford stopped beneath the portecochere of the Governor's Mansion.

Only one person came out to greet them, and that was the policeman who guarded the door. "Congratulations, sir . . . madam," he said blandly.

"Thank you," said Rice. He turned off everything with the ignition key. The last illusion of adventure died as the radio tubes lost their glow and the engine cooled.

The policeman opened the door on Annie's side. The door gave a rusty screech. Two loose jellybeans wobbled out the door and fell to the immaculate blacktop below.

Annie, still in the car, looked down at the jellybeans. One was green. The other was white. There were bits of lint stuck to them. "Rice?" she said.

"H'm?" he said.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I can't go through with it."

Rice made a sound like a faraway

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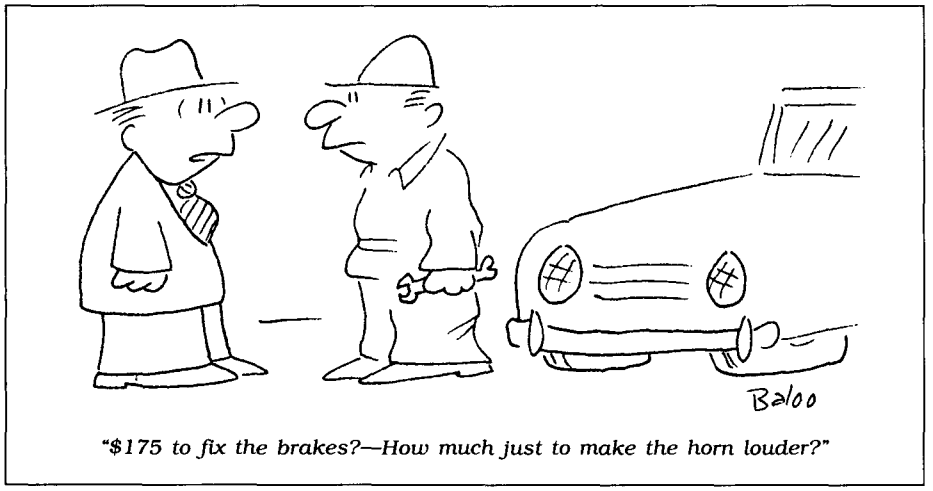

"$175 to fix the brakes?—How much just to make the horn louder?"

freight whistle. He was grateful for release.

"Could we talk alone, please?" Annie said to the policeman.

"Beg your pardon," said the policeman and he withdrew.

"Would it have worked?" said Annie.

Rice shrugged. "For a little while."

"You know what?" said Annie.

"What?" said Rice.

"We're too young," said Annie.

"Not too young to be in love," said Rice.

"No," said Annie, "not too young to be in love. Just too young for about everything else there is that goes with love."

She kissed him. "Good-by, Rice. I love you."

"I love you," he said.

She got out, and Rice drove away.

As he drove away, the radio came on. It was playing an old song now, and the words were these:

"Now's the time for sweet good-by
"To what could never be,
"To promises we ne'er could keep,
"To a magic you and me.
"If we should try to prove our love,
"Our love would be in danger.
"Let's put our love beyond all harm.
"Good-by—sweet, gentle stranger."

The Little Store

continued from page 45

"They can't wait."

Kostas returned to his chair and sat down and shook his head in despair. "Maybe we are the selfish ones," he said. "We have forgotten what it is like to be young." He paused and looked around the dimly lighted store, breathing the warm, familiar scents that came from the darkened shelves and the hidden corners. "Maybe the boy is right," he said. "Maybe this place is a cemetery."

Max shook his head violently. "Better a cemetery than a circus!" he cried. "A circus with a girl in a short skirt and naked legs so the lummoxes won't leave the car. Big, flashing neon signs and tinsel waving like every day is the Fourth of July."

"They are young," Kostas said sadly. "The world seems to move by quickly if they fall out of step. They cannot bear to be left behind." He shook his head in some stricken wonder. "Where has the time gone?" he said. "It seems like yesterday that we

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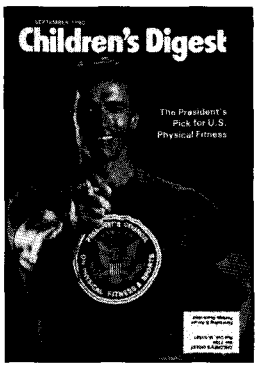

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pushed their buggies in the park on Sunday afternoons and wiped their running noses and dreamed of their growing up to be president of the United States." He stared at the board without seeming to see the checkers. "Now my Ethel is gone, and your Sarah is gone. The babies are grown into men who live in a world different from the one we remember. And the time goes by so swiftly."

Max pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose in a harsh trumpeting of sound. "Move!" he said. "It's your move for a half hour now. You are maybe planning to move sometime before closing? Do me a favor and move, why don't you?"

They finished their third game late in the afternoon. Max dozed a little in his chair, his bald and bony head nodding slightly. Kostas quietly swept out the store. When Leon, the maintenance man, came in, Kostas had him replace the burned-out bulb. A few customers came in for several small purchases.

✦ ✦ ✦

As twilight fell across the street and Kostas turned on the window light, Nick returned. He brought his wife, Lucy, and their daughter, Katerina, sitting upright in her stroller.

Kostas saw them coming and held the door so Nick could push the stroller in. He looked quickly at his son's face to see what vestige of the morning's disturbance remained. Then he forgot everything in his pleasure at seeing his grandchild.

He lifted her squealing from the stroller. He kissed her warm, soft cheeks and raised her high above his head. She shrieked with delight, and he held her close and poked her gently with his nose.

Lucy, a pretty, slender, dark-haired girl, kissed him on the cheek. "We have lamb and green beans for supper tonight, papa," she said gently. "I fixed them especially for you. Nick and I came to watch the store so you can go home and eat while the food is still warm."

Kostas looked at Nick, and for a moment the young man did not meet his father's eyes. Then Nick managed a slight, repentant smile, and Kostas smiled in warm and grateful response.

"Lamb and green beans?" Max said, coming out of the shadows. "Is there perhaps enough for an old tailor who eats no more than a sick baby?"

"All sick babies should eat as well as you," Kostas said. "They would become well in a hurry."

"Always enough for you, Mr. Feldman," Lucy said. "You go along and keep papa company."

"There is plenty of food," Nick said. "Lucy cooks enough for six men."

"She knows lamb and green beans are my favorite," Kostas said proudly to Max. He patted his daughter-in-law's check with tenderness and affection. "I am a lucky man. I have a fine son, and he married a grand girl, and together they produced this incomparable child." He made a face at the baby.

"My sons married monsters," Max said somberly. "Wailing harpies who cook like poisoners. Believe me, every meal at their table freezes my blood."

Nick took the child from his father and returned her to the stroller. He gave her some cellophane-wrapped candy canes to play with. A customer

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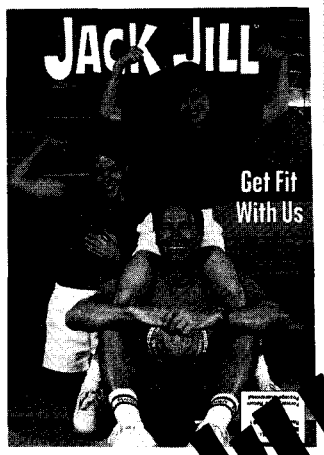

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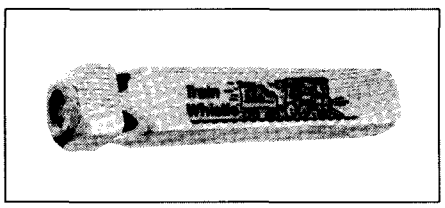

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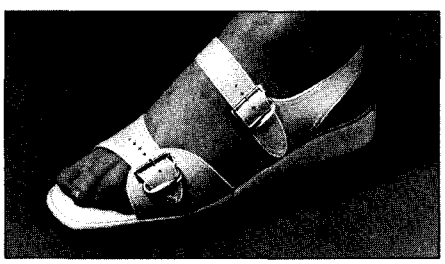

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entered, and Kostas started behind the counter. Lucy waved him away. "I'll take care of the store, papa," she said. "You and Mr. Feldman get started now. The lamb will become cold."

✦ ✦ ✦

Nick went into the back room and returned with his father's jacket. He held it for Kostas to put on.

"Papa," Nick said, and he spoke softly so that only his father could hear. "I'm sorry about this morning."

"It was not your fault you became angry," Kostas said quickly. "Max and I should not have laughed."

"No, papa," Nick said, and shook his head in muted despair. "I've been thinking about it all afternoon. I talked to Lucy for two hours. I've been fooling myself for a long time, but I got no right to change you or change the store. Anybody who has worked as many years as you have worked this store has got the right to keep it just the way he wants."

"Nicolas," Kostas said. "I am not saying my way is right."

"Let me finish, papa, please," Nick said. "I guess I'm not as smart as I think sometimes, but when I stop and figure it out, a light begins to dawn. I've been bothering you for three years, but you don't have to worry or become upset any more. Starting now, I'm through with estimates and figures. I'm going to leave you alone about the store. That's the way Lucy and I decided."

Kostas looked silently at his son for a long time and then impulsively embraced him. He held him tightly for a moment and then, suddenly self-conscious, stepped away quickly, looking to see if Max or Lucy had noticed. He turned his face slightly and spoke slowly and carefully. "This is my store," he said quietly. "And I have made up my mind what must be done. This place is a disgrace. It was fine for 30 years ago, but it has become a rusty bicycle on a street of fast new cars. Changes must be made."

"Papa," Nick said, shaking his head in wonder. "What are you saying?"

Kostas did not trust himself to touch the boy again. "I've made up my mind I want to see what you can do for me," he said briskly. "I am not that bad a businessman. I am satisfied you have looked into the matter thoroughly, and I put my faith and trust in you. Don't let me down."

"Papa," Nick said angrily. "You're doing this because of what I said this

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morning. You're doing this because of me. I won't have it."

"Will you shut up about this morning?" Kostas cried. "Am I a child that a few words spoken in excitement cause me to change my mind? I am not married to this old store. It has provided me a living and memories, but it has also given me swollen feet and aching legs. Now go and help your wife and let me go home and eat my lamb and green beans, and in the morning call the carpenters and electricians and make plans for the work to get started."

✦ ✦ ✦

As he finished speaking, Max came silently to stand at his side. Nick turned on the tailor with enthusiasm. "Did you hear, Max?" he cried. "Papa and I are ready to go! We are going to make this the finest little store on the street! We'll show them all!" He turned fervently to his father. "Just wait! You won't be sorry! I'll make you proud!" He turned and walked quickly toward his wife.

"They can't wait," Max said softly. "And because they are flesh of our flesh, we give in."

Kostas watched Nick talking earnestly to Lucy. He turned on Max. "The trouble with you, Feldman," he said loudly, "you live in the past. You lack vision. Your sons were right to throw you off the premises. You have a brooding face that invites disaster and despair."

He started for the door, and after a moment of outraged silence Max followed. Lucy and Nick called to Kostas and started toward him, but he waved them away. "Later," he said. "The lamb and beans grow cold."

He fled to the street. Max followed him out, and when he caught up, the old tailor laughed dryly.

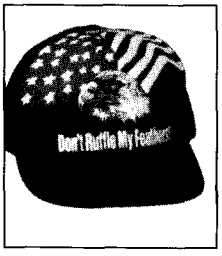
"Moses Stavrakas," he sneered. "So I lack vision. I live in the past. You rushed out of the store because maybe in another minute you would have been crying. Ha!"

Kostas glared at him and did not speak. He walked with as quick a stride as his swollen feet would allow, and the tailor had to half run to keep up with him.

"You know what this means?" Max paused for a moment to catch his breath. "The song is familiar. When all the painting and renovating has been finished, the only one antique

continued on following page

Sampler



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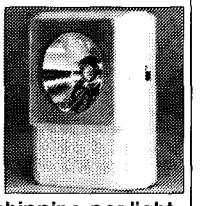

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CORPORATE CACKLES

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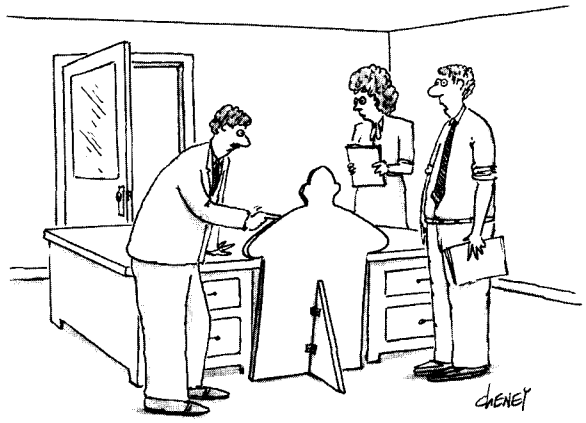
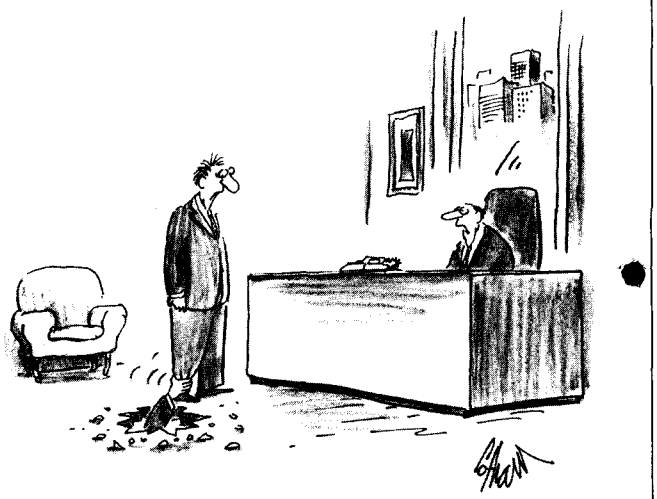
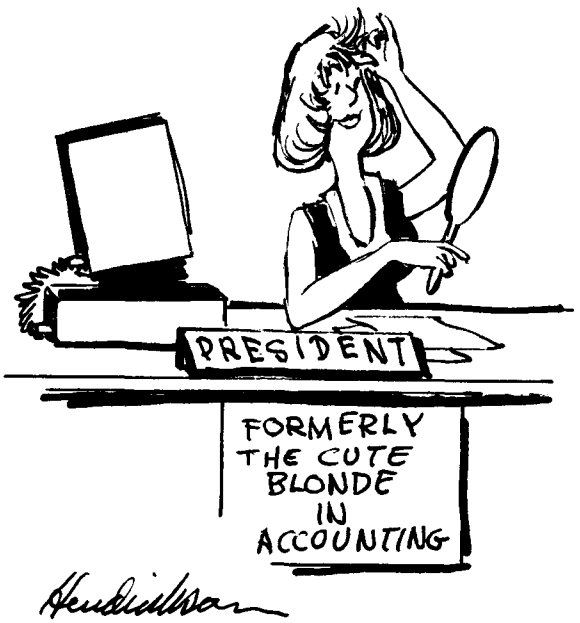
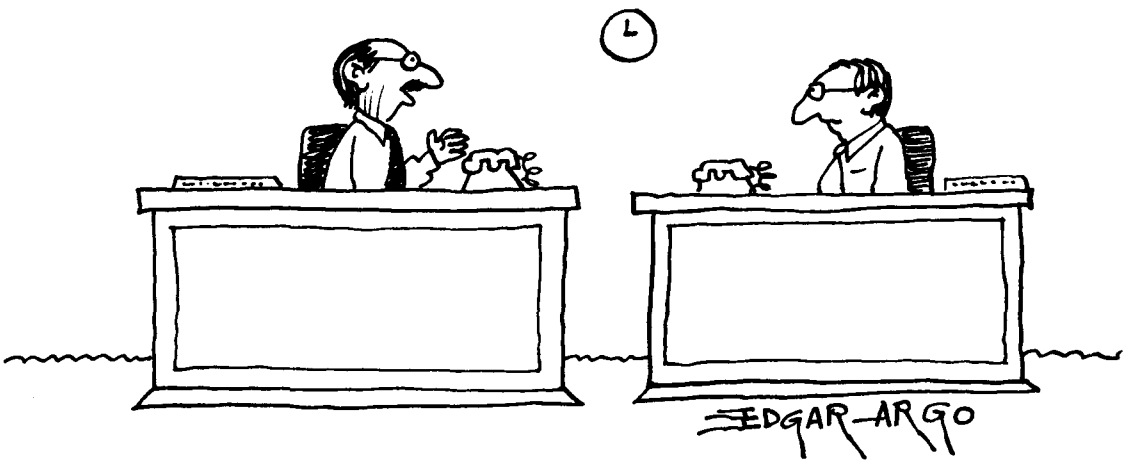


"What's really scary is all the work he got done."



"I forgot to mention that the boss is downstairs and he's looking for you."





"Just when I thought I was winning the rat race, along came faster rats."

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left sticking out of place is you."

"I know," Kostas said. "I know."

"But do not despair," Max said, and he laughed a dry, ironic laugh. "I will be here to help you. I will teach you to sit in the park and watch the pretty nursemaids and argue politics with the Irishmen who sit like black roosters in the sun. I know the best benches for checkers, the ones shaded beneath the trees. And when it turns cold, there is always the public library with newspapers from all the big cities."

"Feldman!" Kostas said wrathfully. "Feldman, go to the devil!"

They walked on together without speaking. They passed under the bright flashing glitter of the signs and the neon night streaked with multicolored lights. As they approached the great, gleaming festival of the drive-in cleaners, Max fell a step behind and fiercely brandished his fist at the long window with flaunting banners, and with a violent gathering of his body he spat on the ground before the store.

Dictator of the Cows

continued from page 65

mountain. Dumont finally understood: The experiment was meant not to fight erosion but to go against nature itself, to "dominate the mountain."

In the end, all the hated scientists who failed to recognize the brilliance of the "new genetics" and the "new agriculture" were thrown out, vilified, and excoriated by Castro. Professor Voison was saved, providentially perhaps, although he might have contested the idea, by the grave. He died of a heart attack on December 21 in the same year he had arrived in Cuba (too much excitement, they said). The father of Cuban pasture grass made the front page of *Revolución* and was given a state funeral. Castro himself gave the funeral oration.

Castro's stubborn fascination with genetic engineering fared only somewhat better in the field of cancer research. Just as he had taken a fancy to cows and pasture grass, Castro suddenly took an insatiable fancy to the drug interferon. A protein made by most cells of the body, interferon belongs to the first line of defense against viral infections and was thought to have properties that could block the transformation of normal

continued on page 88

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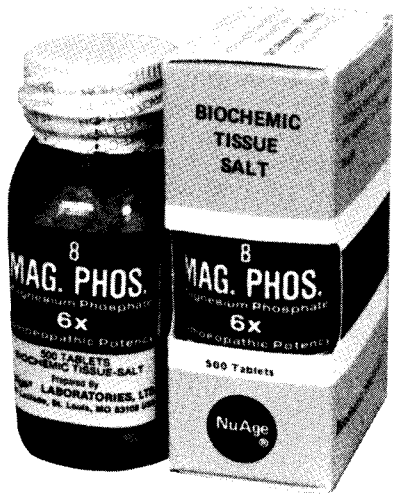

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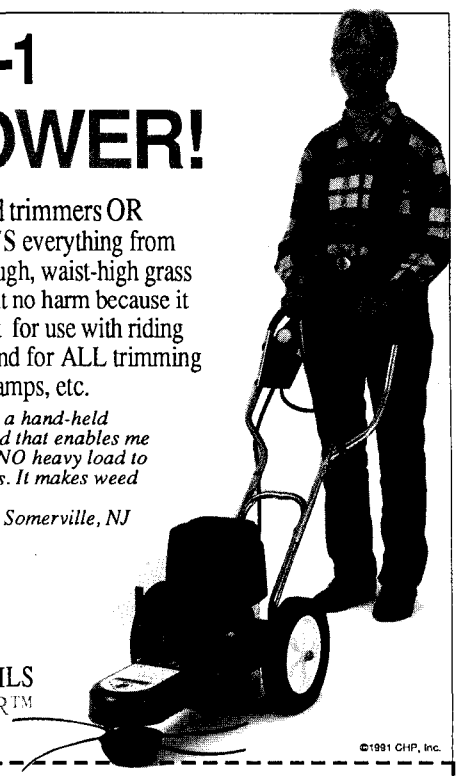

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YANKEE PEDALER

Salem seems more bewitching by bike, and Newport's ghosts are more lively from the road.

Thoroughfares such as Newport's Spring Street are narrow, yet bikers can't resist looking up at looming storefronts and colorful markers.

Within moments of lowering your bike from the car, you are riding along the banks of the lazy Connecticut River under a pine-scented canopy. The route is a loop—a 23-mile circle of sorts—and takes two and a half hours to complete. Back at the car you catch your breath en route to the next stop, this time to pedal past Marble House, The Breakers, and Newport's other palatial "cottages."

The New England Coast beckons. The interstate highways allow you to cover ground quickly to places where you can bike leisurely . . . along a restful riverside, beside the roaring sea, a soft sandy beach, or next to a glittering boat-filled harbor, framed by a white clapboard village steeped in history.

Connecticut River Ramble

Essex, Connecticut, perched above the mouth of the Connecticut River at its opening to Long Island Sound, has been home to sailors since the 1600s. Today's sailors embark from the Corinthian and Essex Yacht clubs, or public boat launching and docking facilities.

Starting at the Valley Railroad Station, you cycle past stately early Colonial, Federal, Greek Revival, Italianate, and Victorian homes, then hug the Connecticut River heading north through hardwood and evergreen forests, catching glimpses of the river beyond hillside houses with lawns sloping to water's edge.

The road bends inland around a wetlands with tall grey-green marsh grasses sheltering water birds. Crossing the river at Haddam, you may catch sight of an old excursion boat as it plies its way from Deep River. On the far shore is the 1876 four-story gingerbread Goodspeed Opera House, where Broadway shows and revivals of Gershwin, Rodgers & Hart and Cole Porter musicals fill a lively season from April to December. After a rigorous uphill climb you head downstream to Gillette Castle, the 42-room medieval Rhenish citadel built by turn of the century actor-playwright William Gillette. Then you swoop down into the Haldayne Ferry Historic District to recross the river by ferry. Ferry boats have been operating here for more than 200 years. The return route takes you through the rural villages of Chester and Deep River, past the Old Stone House (now a museum), to the starting point at the Valley Railroad.

The 23-mile ride can be shortened six miles by taking the nostalgic steam train from Essex to Deep River and back. If the train is crowded,

Marblehead's harbor attracts numerous sailboats, especially on weekends. Pedestrian pathways invite visitors to take a peek and a picture during leisurely strolls.

by
Richard D. Rothschild

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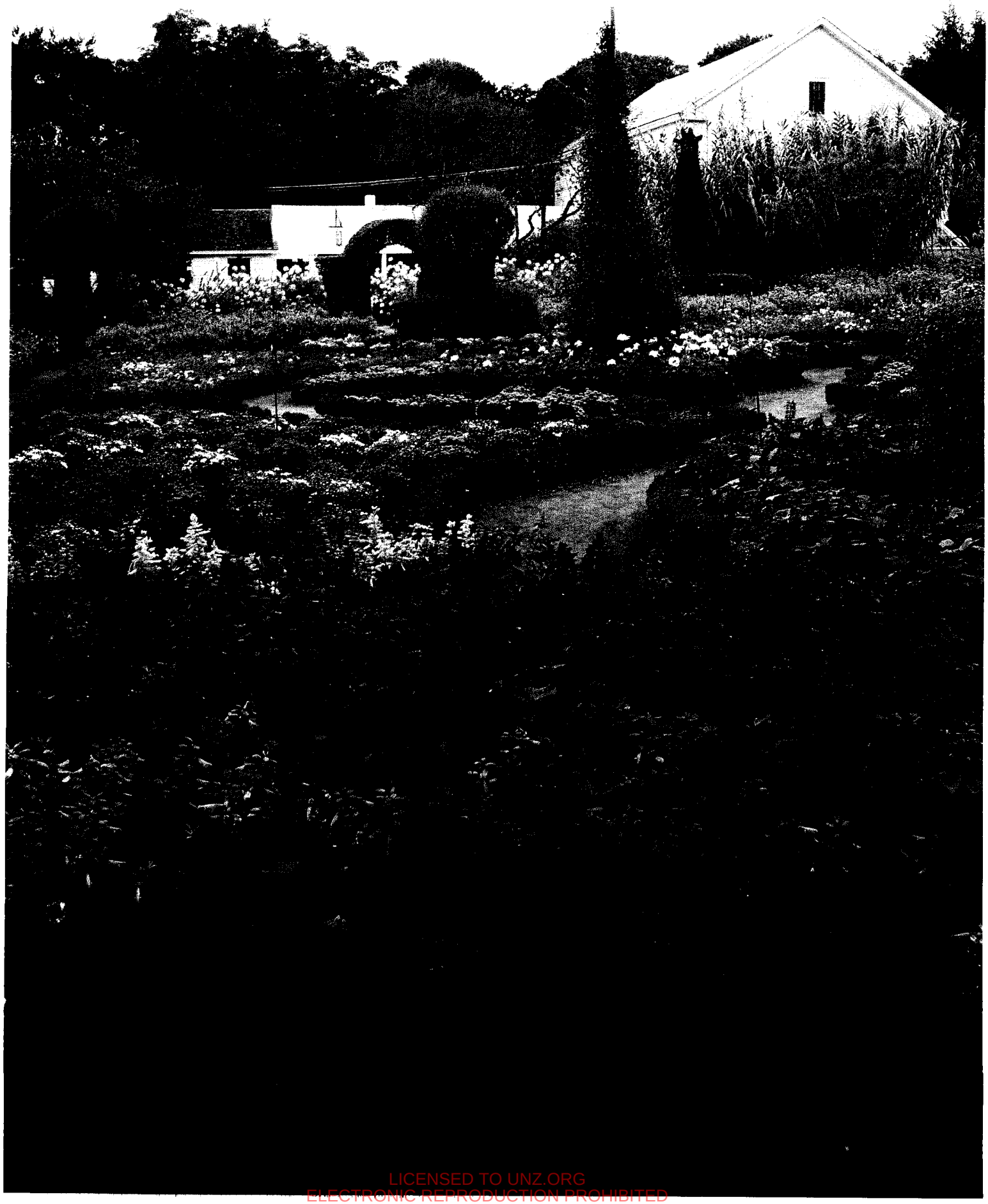
The animal topiary gardens in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, are more than 100 years old and include 80 sculptured trees and shrubs, formal flowerbeds, fruit and vegetable gardens.



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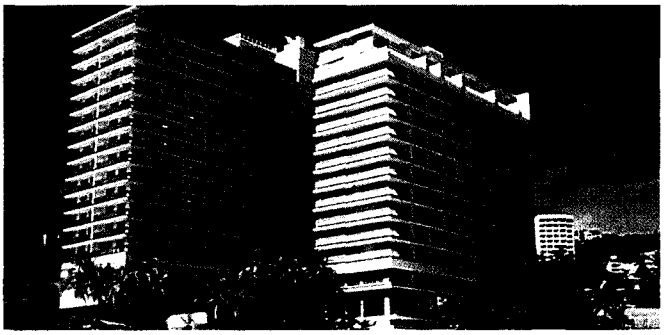

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The Mansions and Mystique of Newport

Newport, Rhode Island, today host to sailors, sightseers, and music buffs, has been a haven for disparate groups since 1639. Founded by Roger Williams' followers who settled here to escape Massachusetts' religious intolerance, it soon became home to the first New World Quakers and 15 Jewish families from Holland. After the Civil War, Astors, Belmonts, Vanderbilts, and Auchinclosses made it their summer playground, building huge stone palaces and marble chateaux.

In these summer "cottages," they staged lavish—even outrageous—entertainments. One such, the "Dog's Dinner," co-hosted by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Elisabeth Drexel Lehr, was a party for 100 dogs and owners. The guest list was based on the pedigrees of owners, not the pooches.

Beginning on broad, tree-lined Bellevue Avenue, we ride past the quaint Newport Casino, home of the International Tennis Hall of Fame and Tennis Museum, with superb grass tennis courts that can be rented for play.

Gliding by Kingscote, an 1839 Victorian cottage with Tiffany glass windows and lovely paintings, porcelains, and furnishings, we approach The Elms. Coal Baron Edward Julius Berwind had it designed after the lovely 18th Century Chateau D'Asniers near Paris. Soon Chateau-Sur-Mer comes into view. This extravagant 1852 Victorian mansion was built for William Wetmore, who amassed a fortune in the China trade.

A short detour on this level ride brings us to Newport's most elaborate summer home, The Breakers. Designed in 1895 by architect Richard Morris Hunt for Cornelius Vanderbilt, it retains the original furnishings. The largest private ballroom in Newport, however, belongs to Rosecliff, which Stanford White designed after Marie Antoinette's Grand Trianon at Versailles.

William Vanderbilt's Marble House, further along Bellevue Avenue, also has elements modeled after Versailles. Beyond it is Belcourt Castle, which Richard Morris Hunt created in the style of Louis XIII's palace, for Oliver Belmont and his wife.

If you find it hard to visualize the social life in these American palaces, visit the Astors' Beachwood, where actors portray servants and high society guests during the gilded age.

At the end of the Avenue, at a turnaround, a small footpath serves both as the public entrance to Bailey's Beach and access to the three-mile Cliff Walk, which offers breathtaking vistas at the ocean's edge (no bikes allowed).

Riding downhill, we soon reach a fine grey sand crescent around an exquisite bay. A line of rounded

One of the more modest Newport "cottages" is the Victorian Kingscote, built in 1839 along historic Bellevue Avenue.

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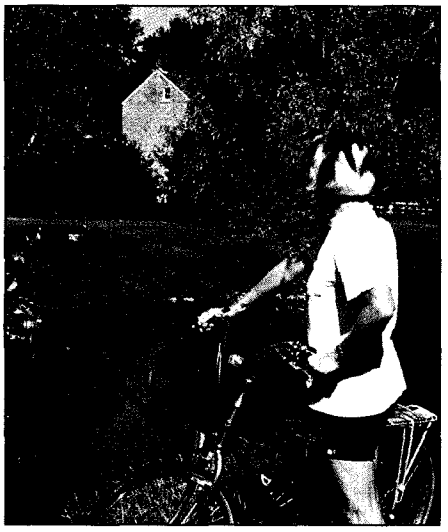

Seafood carry-out restaurants and waterside rest stops provide all the essential ingredients for impromptu picnic lunches.

rocks provides a natural breakwater, while nearby individual boulders within the bay beckon sunbathers. This is Gooseberry Beach, the perfect spot for a swim. Cyclists may park their bikes for a dollar. Lockers are two dollars. Gooseberry even sports a casino and bathhouses.

Further out, at King's Beach, seabirds and fishermen share grey-green rocks fringed with iodine-tinted seaweed. Brandon Point State Park offers sweeping views of Gooseberry Island, the Block Island Sound, Point Judith, Narragansett, and Jamestown—and clean rest rooms.

Past the Coast Guard Station and venerable Oceancliff Hotel, handsome brown cattle grazing on well-tended fields signal our arrival at Hammersmith Farm, begun in 1640. The tall shingled 28-room Victorian "summer cottage" John Auchincloss built in 1887 is now open to visitors. It was here that John and Jackie Kennedy held their wedding reception. The couple returned during summers even after Kennedy became president. A short ride through old Newport Harbor brings us back to the starting point.

The 11-mile near-level loop will probably take you less than an hour and a half of pedal pushing, but with stops to visit mansions and the beach you can easily spend a fascinating day.

The Cape Ann Loop

Few areas along the New England Coast offer Cape Ann's appealing combination of scenery, superb beaches, boating, bird watching, fishing, historic towns, art, theater, and good dining.

You'll get a great view of Gloucester, Massachusetts' bustling fishing port from Gus Foote Park on the waterfront, and, with luck, glimpse a commercial fishing trawler unloading its briny catch. Riding east on Rogers Street into the Harbor Loop you'll come to a granite building dated 1849. It was the home of the renowned marine artist, Fitz Hugh Lane. The building, which later served as a prison, is jokingly known as The Old Stone Jug. If you'd like to see some of Lane's dramatic seascapes, you will find the foremost collection of his work at the Cape Ann Historical Association Museum, a few blocks up the hill, on Pleasant Street.

On the way to Eastern Point, ride out to Rocky Neck, the oldest working artists colony in America. Park your bike and wander the narrow streets lined with tiny shops, cafes, and galleries showing the works of local artists.

On Eastern Point Boulevard, past Niles Beach, you will reach Beauport, the arts and crafts style house built in 1907 by the talented interior designer, Henry Davis Sleeper. Over the ensuing 27 years, with the help of Halfdon Hanson, a Gloucester architect, Sleeper enlarged it from 26 to 40 rooms. In each room the designer created a masterful composition of furniture and art objects. Twenty-five of the rooms can be seen by visitors.

At the tip of Eastern point, you are likely to see an artist painting the picturesque lighthouse, a favorite subject for generations. Children, fishermen, and adventurers climb out on the huge rocks of the breakwater that stretches a half mile across the mouth of the harbor.

Returning to Atlantic Road, you head for Rockport, passing beaches and rolling, grassy bluffs.

Just beyond Good Harbor Beach, Thatcher Island hovers into view with its tall twin lighthouses. You cross into Rockport township, zipping along inland of Long Beach, Cape Hedge Beach, and Pebbly Beach, and then hug the high shorelands past Land's End, Emerson Point, Loblolly

continued on page 84

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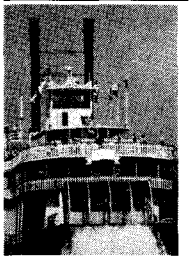

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Something New Under the Sun

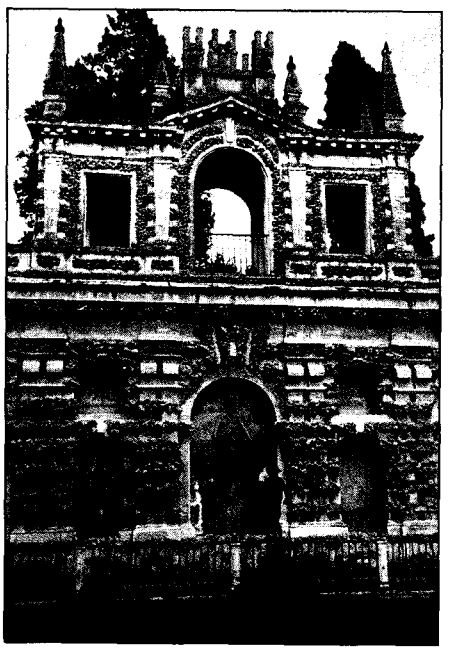
Seville—the city that launched Columbus—is about to be discovered, as Expo '92 prepares a tribute to the past and peek at the future.

by Holly Miller

When Desert Shield erupted into Desert Storm last January, organizers of Spain's Expo '92 fretted that their Big Event might be among the war's first casualties. Travelers were succumbing to bunker mentality and trading their tickets to exotic destinations for weekend packages in the Catskills. But there was no turning back. Even if the storm raged on, Expo '92—the last universal exposition of the 20th century—would open on schedule, April 20, 1992.

"But it would have been a lot like having a party after a family member dies," admits Expo spokesman Javier de la Puerta. "The hosts can't cancel, at that point, because all the invitations have been mailed."

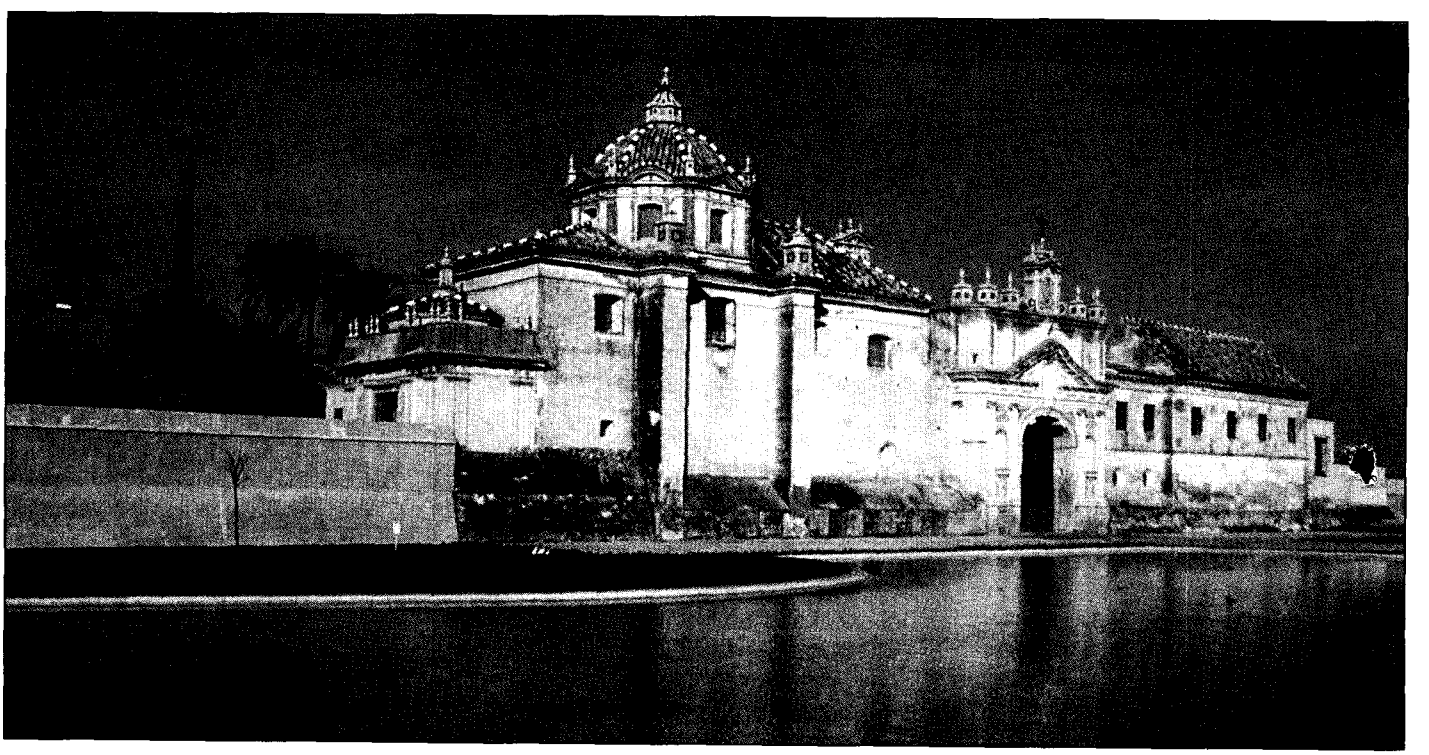
In Expo's case, 111 countries had RSVP'd, breaking the previous record set in Osaka, Japan, 21 years earlier, when 70 nations participated. Some $10 billion had been earmarked for the inside-out renovation of southern Spain, and 65 percent of the site work already had been completed. It was a gamble, but as de la Puerta concluded, "If the war came out right, we knew Expo would be a great place for everyone to celebrate."



Seville is a city of people rather than monuments, but its royal Alcázar and gardens are second to none.

Months later the pressure is off, the party is on, and no one has sent regrets. The countdown has begun for the six-month fiesta that King Juan Carlos says "will bring alive the past 500 years and, in no uncertain terms, remind us that the second millennium of our era is just eight years away."

The century's sendoff originally was slated for Chicago, but Spain lobbied for equal time when it learned the U.S. was planning an exposition to mark the anniversary of America's discovery. The solution was a year-long expo set in two cities. Seville would focus on the past for six months, then the party would move stateside to Chicago for a six-month peek at the future. Funding problems



La Cartuja monastery was among the few homes that Columbus ever claimed. A wanderer even after death, he was buried first at La Cartuja but later moved three times.

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caused Chicago to bow out, and Seville assumed the huge task of blending the past, present, and future into one really big show.

Not surprisingly, the theme of Expo '92 is the Age of Discovery. In a year when every city named Columbus probably will claim you-know-who slept there, Seville's pedigree is undisputed. Expo visitors not only will tour the 15th century monastery where Columbus recouped between voyages, but they will meander a harbor that recreates Seville in its glory days, and photograph a replica of the first ship to circle the globe. (Trivia: The historic galleon was captained by Spain's Juan Sebastian de Elcano, not Portugal's Magellan.)

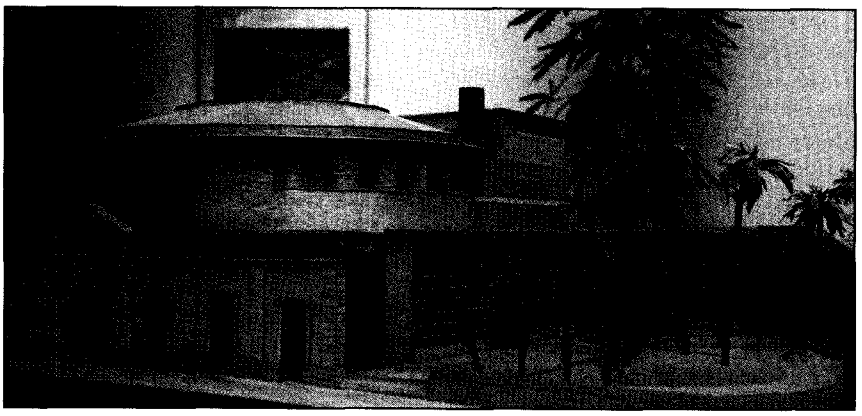
But the past is only a stepping off point. Much of the 450-acre Expo site, located on the nearby island of Cartuja, will emphasize the future. Four enormous pavilions form the core of the exposition and are appropriately called the Route of Discovery. The pilgrimage begins at the restored monastery, threads its way through five centuries of history, and culminates at the Pavilion of the Present and Future. Celebrated here will be mankind's more recent conquests in the fields of energy, robotics, communications, artificial intelligence, genetic engineering, and space exploration.

Like its predecessors, Expo '92 has an "anything goes" air about it. Since Juan Carlos decreed that "stereotype and routine will have no place" at Seville's Expo, past marvels won't be repeated. No plans have been unveiled for a house built upside down on its chimney (Buffalo exposition, 1901); and Canada won't duplicate its feat at Osaka, when the mirrors on its pavilion blinded pilots of incoming flights and forced the rerouting of air traffic for several months. Still, early construction indicates a lot of gee whiz will be built into the pavilions of participating countries. Russia's exhibit will represent a giant staircase; Denmark's entry will take the form of an enormous sailing ship; and Britain will entertain guests in a sparkling glass cube.

If foreign countries will make unique "statements" at the exposition, so will the host nation. Spain is counting on Expo '92 and the Barcelona Olympic Games (July 25-August 9, 1992) to amplify the message that Europe's sunny Iberian peninsula offers more than a cheap tan.

"We want to change the type of tourism we've attracted in the past," says de la Puerta. "We want to move away from the beach and sun kind of emphasis that has had negative effects on the environment around Costa Del Sol. We hope to focus on the historic and cultural aspects of Spain. To do that, we need elite hotels and better service facilities."

Expo has provided both. Before Seville's welcome mat could go down, major structures had to go up. These have included four- and five-star hotels, three airports, a railway station, six major bridges, and a new highway system. A high-speed train has trimmed travel time to Madrid to under three hours, and a connection with the Mediterranean motorway network now allows drivers to zip from Seville to Rome or Paris without passing a single traffic light. Thanks to



Will it Rain in Spain during Expo '92?

Not even on the plain, if typical weather prevails.

Expo organizers are less concerned about showers than they are about the intense heat. Guidebooks that tout Seville's nearly 3,000 hours of annual sunshine and its frost-free winters admit that the summers can be a tad, uh, close. Temperatures often top 100° F from June through September, making the city a sizzling hot spot with or without the quarter million visitors that Expo '92 is expected to draw daily.

Since a universal exposition is a laboratory as well as a playground, planners are testing subtle ways to cool the torrid terrain. The goal is to condition outdoor spaces so Expo visitors won't consider the parks and walkways merely to be sweltering links between pavilions. The result is the most ambitious experiment in climatic conditioning ever tackled in the world.

At the center of all the research is the "lab"—a giant rotunda discreetly equipped with nozzles in the trees, running water under the pavement, air handling units, cooling towers, underground ducts, and temperature and humidity sensors. Comfort curves are plotted, and temperature-reduction techniques are monitored before systems are moved out of the lab and onto the grounds. Cooling towers topped with wind traps already are in place along the main avenues, and "water curtains" have been installed around the scheduled site of Expo's large public festivals.

Nature will do its part, too. Planners are hoping that lush vegetation and lots of water will contribute a cool feeling even on the steamiest days. Thirty miles of hedges will wind through the grounds; 125 acres of parks and gardens will sprout a half million plants and trees; and another 40 acres will be given over to lakes, canals, fountains, and waterfalls.

Individual pavilions will disguise clever cooling techniques as part of their themes. The entrance to the U.S. pavilion will be through a giant wall of water that will spill into a moat. The idea is that pavilion visitors, like Columbus, must cross an expanse of "ocean" to reach America. Fifty mist-cooled towers representing the 50 states will heighten the comfort level and lower the temperature reading. As a final symbolic touch, three sails (Niña, Pinta, Santa Maria?) will trace the sun's path and provide shade for the pavilion's interior patios.

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Seville to Rome without passing a traffic light. Thanks to the improved roads, tourists who want to mix glitz with their culture can be on the Costa del Sol within two and a half hours.

If Expo money has provided updated convenience, Seville has contributed old-world charm. It's an elegant city with orange trees lining its streets and horse-drawn vegetable wagons plodding the cobblestones beside sleek Porsches and belching Yugos. Called one of the most romantic destinations in Europe, it has been the backdrop for 24 operas, from *Don Juan* to *Carmen* to *The Barber of Seville*. What sets it apart from other cities isn't its monuments and royal palaces, but its night life. Each evening, residents spill out of their homes and apartments and head for their favorite bistros—tiny stalls that open directly onto the streets.

Sherry is the favored drink, and *tapas* are the snacks of choice. *Tapa* translates as "lid," and dates back to the tradition of serving a glass of wine with a triangle of bread or cheese on top to preserve the bouquet. Modern varieties of *tapas* can be exotic and often are determined by what's in the fridge. The menus are so flexible that they're scrawled on chalkboards and posted where they can be seen by customers and edited by bartenders. Pub visitors usually order an assortment of this and that, but rarely eat all that arrives. They want to reserve room for whatever savories the next blackboard might offer.

So congenial is this downtown night life that Expo planners feared attendance at evening Expo events might suffer. They countered with a program that includes 18 hours of daily entertainment. The gamut runs from street musicians and mimes to the Metropolitan Opera of New York and the London Royal Ballet. Sets from *Casablanca*, *The Godfather*, and other American films will be recreated on Cinema Street as a part of a tribute to motion pictures. The Wild West saloons, gambling joints, and tropical cabarets that line the street will be fully operational as bars and discotheques. Visitors can sit at a table at Rick's Cafe Americain, order a plate of *tapas*, and ask Sam to "play it again."

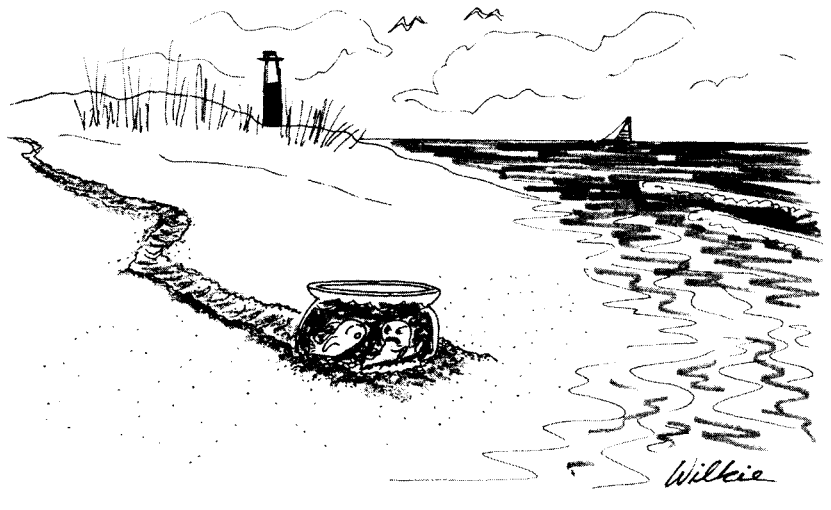
If the scope of Expo '92 sounds mind-boggling, hundreds of computers will be on the grounds to alert guests to activities they might want to attend and console them for events they've already missed. These computers will be among the fixtures to remain after Expo's closing ceremony on Columbus Day. They will become part of a permanent Science and Technology Complex, scheduled to open in 1993, as a reminder to the world that Spain is a country with a sunny future as well as a proud past.

(For more information about tourist accommodations, write to Expo '92, Expotourist, Isla de la Cartuja, 41010, Seville, Spain.)

Yankee Pedaler

continued from page 81

Cove, and Paradise Cliffs. Another shoreline detour takes you by peaceful Gap Cove and Garden Beach, down into Rockport Harbor with its



"This is no time for a nap, Harry. We've come this far—keep pushing!"

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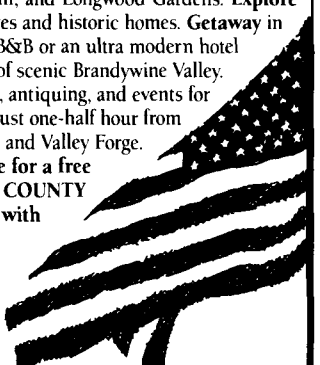

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great granite bulkheads and quaint old painted and weathered buildings.

Walk out on the Tuna Wharf for a closer look at the lobster shacks, painted so frequently by artists that they are affectionately known as Motif #1 and Motif #2.

On the far side of the harbor, the narrow peninsula, crowded with small art and craft galleries, shops, and cafes, is known as Bearskin Neck.

Just up the hill on Main Street, the Rockport Art Association sponsors changing exhibits of paintings, sculpture, and graphics by 250 artist members, as well as concerts, lectures, and art demonstrations.

Leaving Rockport, climb Landmark Lane for a panoramic view of this charming fishing village and its dramatic coastline.

A mile or so further at the northern tip of Cape Ann, you'll reach Halibut Point, a 66-acre coastal park with walking trails through woods and along a sloping rocky shore. Halibut Point's *pièce de résistance* is a huge, water-filled granite quarry. The water's black mirror-like surface provides unforgettable reflections of clouds, trees, and the granite walls.

Leaving Halibut Point, you will round steep, dramatic Folly Cove, a favorite haunt of scuba divers. Then it's on to Lanesville, a tiny Victorian village, sleepily oblivious to the passing of time. The road passes through Bayview and descends to a white church. To the right, bordering a pretty inlet, is the village of Annisquam. Past a footbridge across the inlet, behind The Lobster Cove Market and Marina, is a small restaurant with a deck, a great place for a snack and a view of Lobster Cove, dotted with sailboats on their moorings.

Cape Ann's uninhabited interior is known as Dogtown. All that remains to tell us of earlier dwellers are foundations of abandoned 18th century houses. A maze of footpaths leads through Dogtown's rolling land with low-growing vegetation. Beyond Annisquam, there is an easy entry point off Route 127. If you explore, be careful to remember your turns. It's easy to get lost.

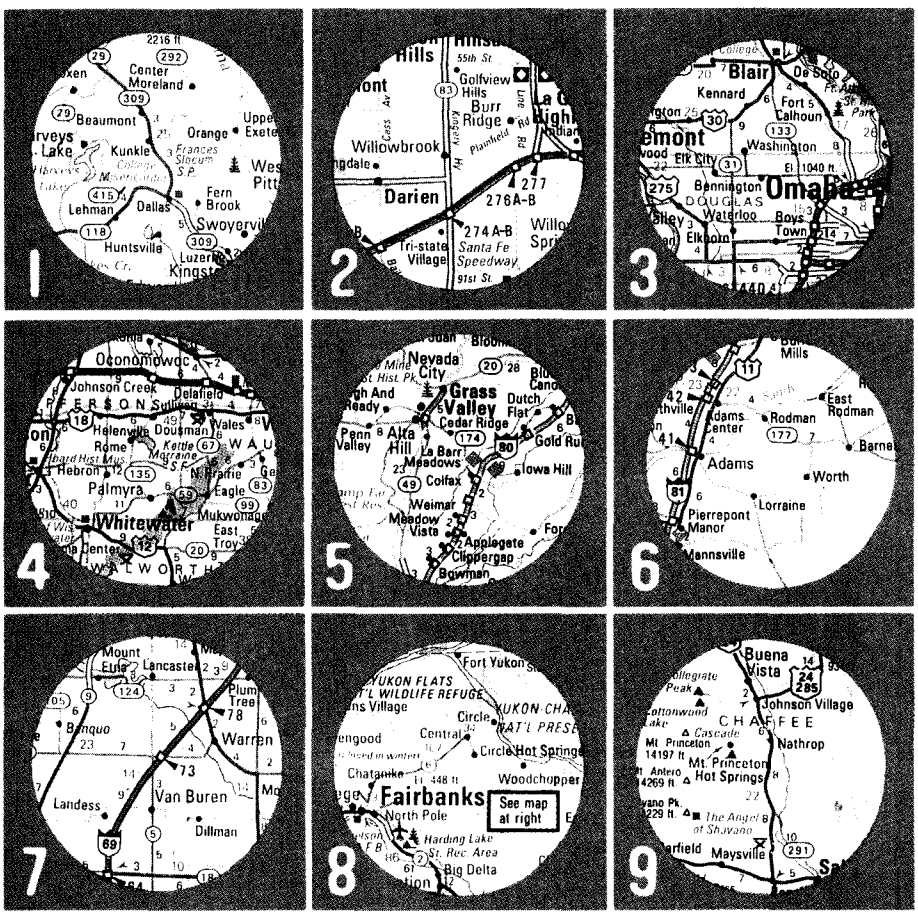
Down the home stretch, you descend Washington Street, past the statue of Joan of Arc on horseback, and arrive at Rogers Street near your starting point.

The 26-mile Cape Ann loop takes about two and a half hours to ride, but plan to spend at least twice that time to enjoy the wonderful places along the way. If your time is limited or your legs give out, you can shorten the ride to only 11 miles by heading directly back to Gloucester from Rockport on Route 127.

Other Short Cycling Adventures along the Way

For a complete change of scenery, take your bike aboard the ferry at Newport and venture out to enchanting Block Island, a part of Rhode Island, 13 miles out at sea (ferries also run from New London and Point Judith). Clustered around Block Island's Old Harbor are wonderful Victorian hotels and simple restaurants serving delicious seafood. Few cars, short distances, and interesting scenery make it ideal to explore by bike. North of town is lovely Crescent Beach and the Clayhead Nature Trail, along red clay oceanside cliffs. Further north, past Settlers Rock, the 1867 granite North Light dominates the Block Island National Wildlife Refuge. Other places to visit are New Harbor on Great Salt Pond; Rodman's Hollow, a forested glacial ravine that leads to the sea; and Mohegan Bluffs, 150 feet above the sea, with its 1873 brick and gingerbread Southeast Lighthouse. Cycling Block Island is like entering a charming diorama, with hills dotted with dark green sponge bushes, fields of green-yellow flocking, blue glass ponds, and tiny weathered shingle houses.

Marblehead, Massachusetts, is a little-changed 17th century fishing village. Its beautiful big harbor filled with sailboats supports its claim as



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 101)

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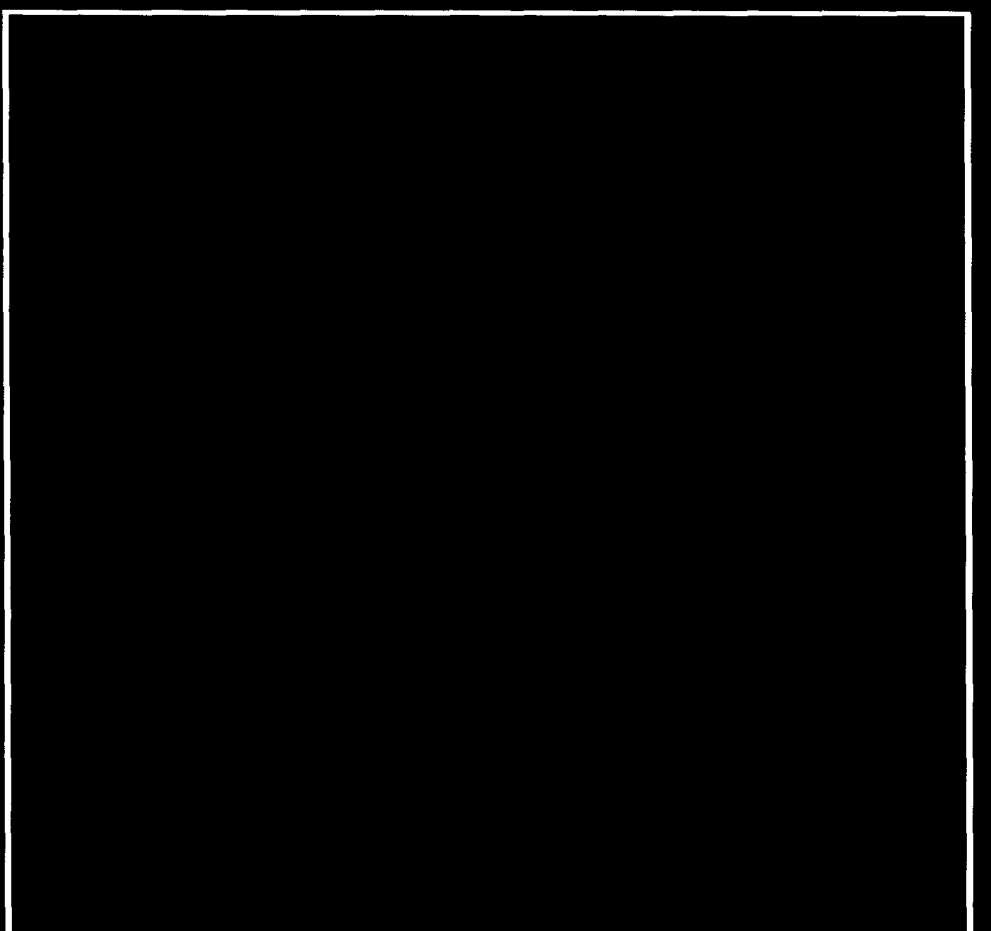

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"Yachting Capital of the World." Narrow streets and scarce parking can make sightseeing by car a nightmare. By bike, however, it can be a delight. Highlights include a visit to the Old North Church, the yellow and white Old Town Hall, and the Jeremiah Lee Mansion, a handsome 1768 Georgian home where both Lafayette and Washington were entertained. You'll want to see the famous painting, "The Spirit of '76," commissioned for the 1876 centennial, which hangs in Abbot Hall, Marblehead's highest structure. To get a fine view of the old town, the harbor, and a newer residential area, ride out past Deveraux Beach, around Marblehead Neck. Stop at the Audubon Bird Sanctuary and Chandler Hovey Park. From the Marblehead Light at the entrance to the harbor, you can see hundreds of boats at anchor and under sail.

Salem is more bewitching by bike. The distance between attractions makes cycling preferable to walking or traveling by broomstick. Save time to visit the John Ward, Crowningshield-Bentley, and Gardiner-Pingree Houses on the grounds of the Essex Institute. The Pierce-Nichols House, Cotting Smith House, and Ropes Mansion are also worth a ride by.

Why not devise your own bike rides, wherever you plan your next vacation? Planning them can be fun. Bike trip books and travel guides are at your library and bookstore. State travel or tourism offices will send you maps and brochures, and local chambers of commerce may provide additional useful information. When you get to your chosen location, stop in at the local tourist bureau. And, don't forget, you can probably pick up some good tips from your innkeeper, and from other bikers you meet along the way.

Dictator of the Cows

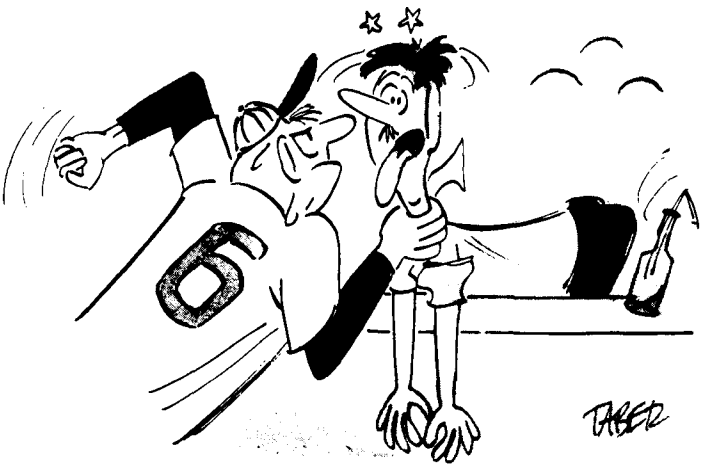
continued from page 77

cells to cancer cells. He struck out in all directions to make Cuba a center for interferon research.

Professor Karl Cantell, a specialist on interferon in Helsinki, was sitting in his office in the lovely gray old Finnish city when the Cuban embassy called: Would he please visit Cuba? The Cubans had converted a luxurious villa on the outskirts of Havana into a lab and had built a new research institute. They wanted Professor Cantell to come for its inauguration. "Cuba is a poor country," the slim, professorial young doctor recalled one day in Helsinki, "but when a dictator wants something, everything is possible. I went there, spent some days, met Fidel Castro. When I saw Castro, there was always a photographer with us—even when we were drinking, they were always taking pictures. They had a huge cow institute, and I saw Ubre Blanca there. I think they treated her with interferon because she had a malignancy."

In the end, however, although the scientific work performed by Cuban doctors was valid, they got little international attention for the simple reason that Castro would not allow them to publish in the international scientific journals. His paranoid closure of Cuba was at odds with his dreams of glory.

From Guerrilla Prince: The Untold Story of Fidel Castro by Georgie Anne Geyer. Copyright © 1991 by Georgie Anne Geyer. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown and Company (Inc.)



You be the Judge

by William Donaldson

Turk McGurk, pitching star of the Bushville baseball club, was having an off day in a big game. As batter after batter smacked out hits, an especially irate fan bellowed some mean remarks about Turk. Finally, he began chanting, "Take out the bum and get a real pitcher."

In a black rage, Turk threw down his glove, spat upon his hands, leaped into the grandstand, and gave the noisy fan a thorough beating. When the victim recovered sufficiently to hobble into court, he sued the ball club for damages.

"It is a fine old American custom to insult losing pitchers," he argued. "Turk should have expected it, instead of being so thin-skinned as to beat me up. As he is an employee of the ball club, the club should pay for what he did to me during the game."

"The ball club hired Turk to pitch, not to beat up customers," the club's attorney replied. "Turk never did wallop anyone before, and so the club had no reason to think he would go berserk. If anyone is to blame, it is Turk personally, not the club."

If you were the judge, would you say a pitcher is entitled to poke a noisy fan?

The fan lost in his effort to collect from the club. The court conceded that Turk was wrong, but said that beating up cash customers was no part of his pitching duties and nothing that the club could have foreseen and guarded against.

Based upon a 1928 decision of the Georgia Court of Appeals.

Marvin Bush

continued from page 51

year and a half in the hospital when she was about 10 years old.

"This little thing I went through was pretty minor compared to that," says Bush, whose wife spent most nights in a cot alongside his hospital bed. "It gave her the strength to deal with my illness from an emotional standpoint. I'm in an extraordinary lucky position because I had so much emotional support. My parents were nearby, my mom was with me for a good part of each day, and my dad visited each morning and every night. My siblings were always calling and writing, and we have tons of friends who were with me every step of the way. Then, because of the profile of my father, there was this wave of empathy from people I

continued on page 92

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RUSSIA'S PEOPLE *Cry Out For Survival*

Lester Sumrall, the founder of *LeSEA Global* **FEED THE HUNGRY**, *personally challenges* **you!**

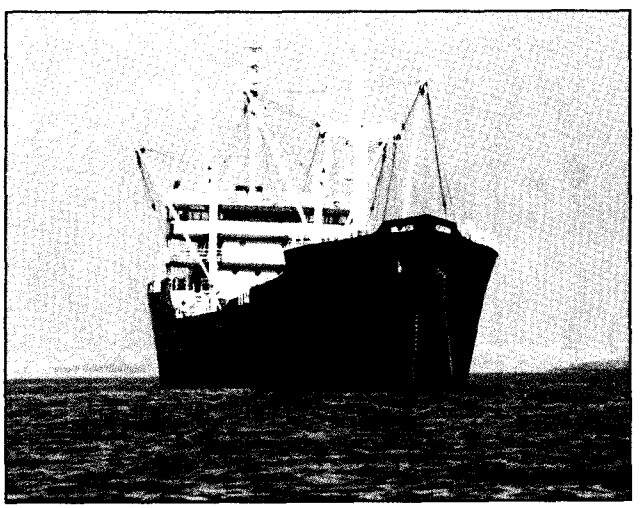
As a young man in 1936, I traveled 5,000 miles across Siberia and the Soviet Union. I began in Manchuria and journeyed west through Poland. I saw Stalin's concentration camps in Siberia and was aghast. I saw army officers drinking vodka and cracking jokes in the dining car, and ragged women greasing the wheels of the Trans-Siberian Express train. I saw Lenin's Tomb in the great Red Square and was followed by secret police day and night.

I Now Minister in Russia

From that moment, it has been strong in my heart to help the suffering people of the Soviet Union. Three years ago, God spoke to me in Jerusalem that famines would increase around the world and He asked me to feed His starving people. My mind went out to the vast land of the USSR, so big that it has eleven time zones! When the sun rises in Siberia, it is setting in Leningrad.

Save the People Now!

Millions of people in the USSR are facing malnutrition, debilitation, severe frustration and starvation. They have been terribly abused by Bolshevism. Christians must help now.



We have the use of a ship that can carry 4,000 to 5,000 tons of food and medicine.

We would like to see God change the nation of the USSR by giving them much needed food and medical supplies.

We will also bring singers, musical groups and speakers to stadiums in the cities of Leningrad, Moscow, Riga, Vilnius and Tallin. Each one attending will receive a package of food, a Christian book and a Bible in the Russian language. We are seeking government approval for our Hercules C-130 cargo plane to distribute the food from the port of Leningrad to other cities of the USSR.

For the suffering people of the Soviet Union to survive, please give a real sacrifice. This will be a $1 million project, and we need the support of all of God's children. Do it today!

I love you, and God loves you.

Yours for the hungry of this world,

Lester Sumrall

Russia's Cry For Survival

☐ We have heard Russia's cry. Enclosed is my sacrificial gift: ☐$100 ☐$50 ☐$30 ☐$_____

For a gift of $30.00 or more, you will receive my book, **The Dark Hole of World Hunger & The Christian Solution.**

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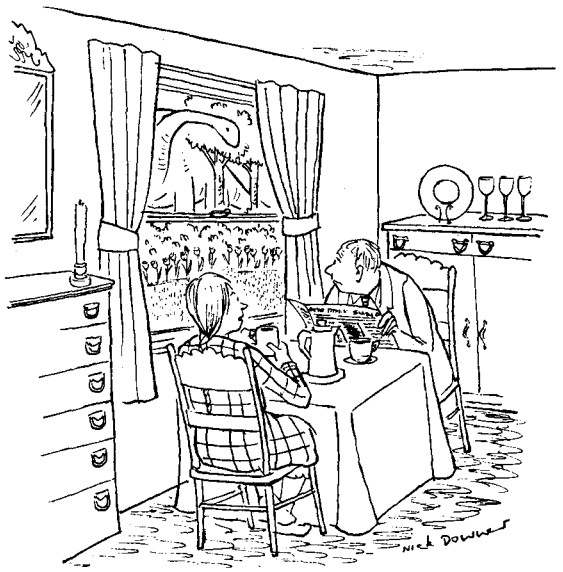
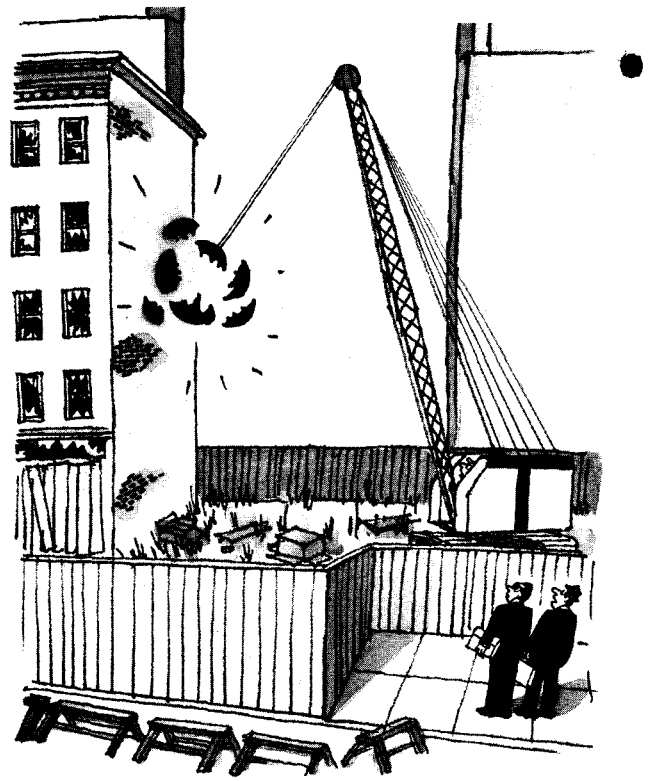
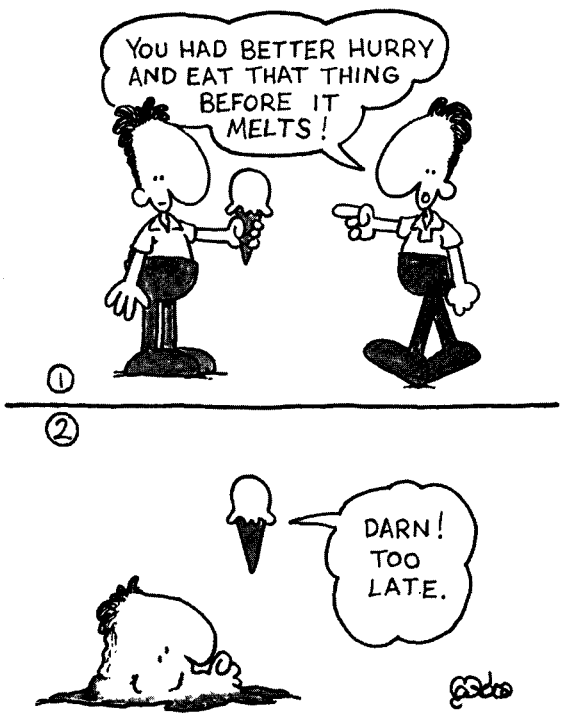
OPTICAL DELUSIONS



"Now see? We never had those around here before this global warming thing."



"They really knew how to build 'em in the good old days!"



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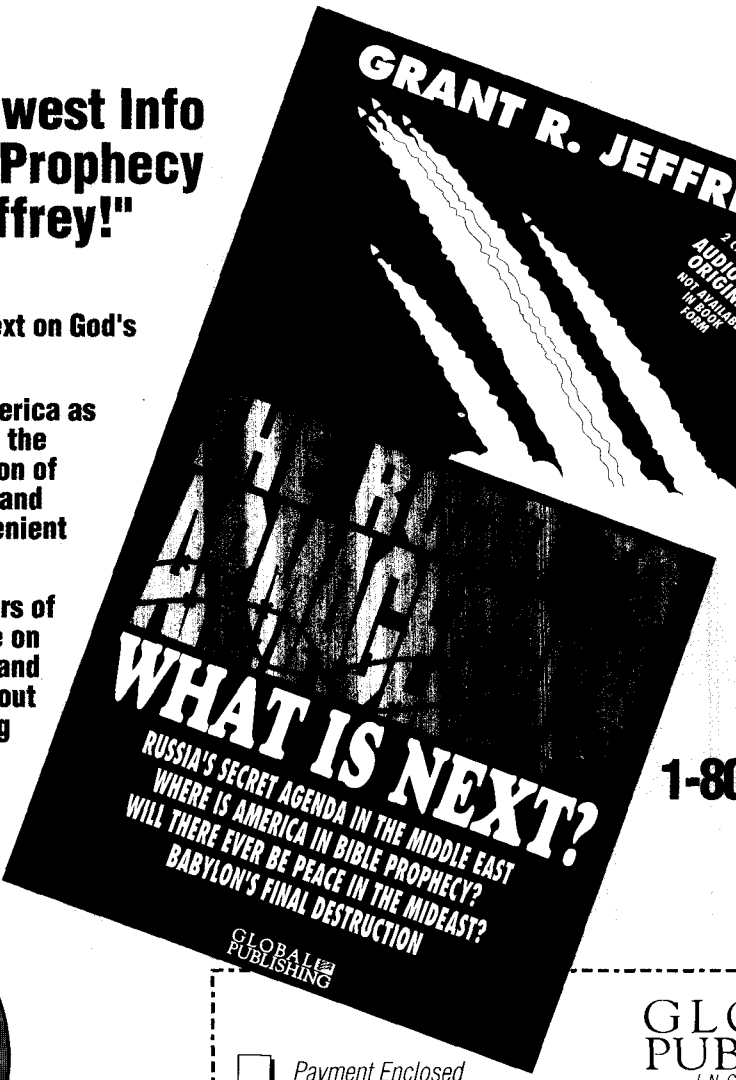
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Marvin Bush

continued from page 88

never met."

One of those people, Rolf Benirschke, former place-kicker for the San Diego Chargers, called Bush in the hospital after the surgery.

"I'd woken up in a daze, realizing that my stomach hurt, but I didn't feel that other thing—the fevers and the pain," Bush recalls. "When I looked down and saw that pouch, I thought 'God, what's the use?' . . . My dad had called Rolf to ask him to shine some light on what we were in for. That's so typical of my father, behind the scenes, finding out from someone who's an expert how we could cope with this as a family."

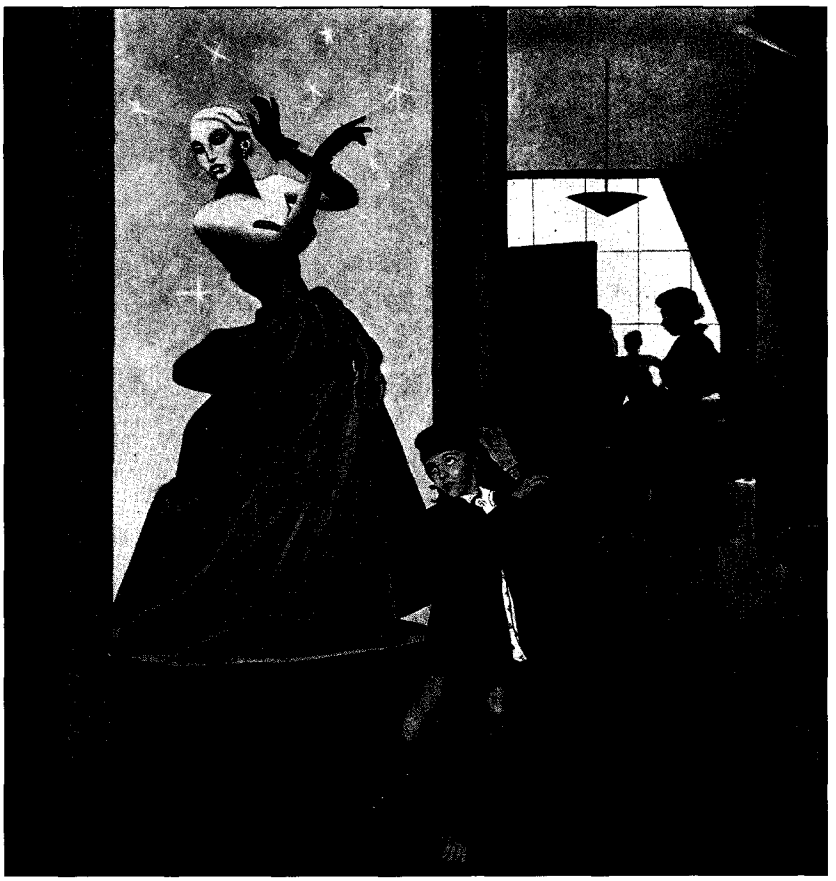
Benirschke gave Marvin Bush a potent message that he now passes on to other ostomates: "Life is not over. It's just beginning. It's a new life, a pain-free life, free from worrying about where you are going to have to sprint to go to the bathroom next. Free from the embarrassment of losing control of your bodily functions. Free from not knowing what the future is going to hold. Once you've had the surgery, the hard part's over."

Sharing deep emotions with a stranger was "hard for me at first," Bush admits. "I'm not one of those feely-meely type of people, so it was hard for me to open up and have someone else open up like that. And yet, I felt this guy really cared and I thought, 'Why's he doing this?' Now I know why—because somebody helped him."

Another turning point came when a man stopped by Bush's hospital room and started talking about himself. "He was just a few years older than I, real robust and healthy, telling me how active he was in business and sports," Bush says. "I had no idea what he was doing in my room. Then he said that one of my biggest decisions would be what brand of ostomy to wear, and I said, 'How the heck would you know?' He said, 'I've got one, too.' That had an amazing impact on me. He dropped his pants and showed me the pouch, and I started asking him very basic questions. The exchange gave me great confidence."

Bush learned that he'd have to empty the pouch several times a dayand change it about every four or five days. He'd need to keep supplies accessible and watch out for certain foods, such as peanuts and popcorn, which—if not properly chewed—could obstruct the ostomy. The pouch would fit snugly under his trousers and not limit his activities—from sex to sit-ups.

Another boost to Bush's recovery came with the news he was about to become a father. Margaret Bush's ovarian cancer had left her unable to bear a child, so the couple had been trying for five years to adopt. Eight days after Marvin Bush's surgery, the agency called to say that the Bushes



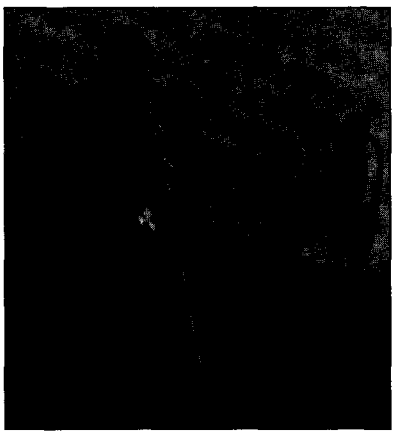
Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** *The Saturday Evening Post* will award $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or a limerick of five lines.

Send your entry *on a postcard.* Do *not* send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Entries will not be returned. Enter as many times as you wish.

Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

All eligible caption entries must be postmarked by July 20, 1991.



Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Patty Talley of Ellisville, Missouri, for the winning entry in our April 1991 caption contest.

"Say cheese," said grandma with a grin.
"Smile!" whispered dad with raised chin.
Though he wanted to please 'em,
Baby cried for good reason:
He was pierced by a loose diaper pin.

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had been chosen as adoptive parents of a newborn girl.

"I was extraordinarily lucky that Marshall came along and I didn't have time to think about anything else," Bush says. "It was great that she came while I was recuperating and I wasn't able to go back to work right away. I think she'll be shocked when she realizes one day that all men don't have this."

When Marshall and Walker are old enough to understand, Bush says, "I'll be honest with them. I'll say, 'Look, I'm lucky to be alive and lucky to be your dad.' "

The experience has made him "a much stronger person," Bush says. "I tend not to focus on those minute details that in the larger framework aren't that important, and I try to focus on the things that are important—like my own little family. I moved my office to be closer to my kids, they come here every other day, and I can walk over to my daughter's pre-school where my wife teaches. I no longer agonize over business decisions as much. You do what you can do."

His two current goals are to help other families going through similar experiences and to support CCFA in raising funds to find a cure for inflammatory bowel disease. "I talk to as many people as possible and respond to as many letters as I can," Bush says. "It's very rewarding for me from a selfish standpoint, too. Because it's my belief that the last phase of the recovery process is to help someone else."

Hall of Fame

continued from page 56

studio. The north window looks out over the orchard, and it is heated in winter with a wood stove. The logs are cut from our own woods.

I painted two cover designs of girls' heads and one of my four-year-old daughter Caroline enjoying an ice-cream cone. The *Post* bought the heads and said they might like the ice-cream-cone picture if it had more story. So later I put my sister's dog Scout in front, looking up with his mouth watering. We used up a whole box of biscuits keeping him quiet while I worked.

The girl I am most interested in painting is the unaffected natural American type, the girl that likes to coast and skate in winter, who often goes without her hat, and who gets a thrill out of tramping over country roads in the fall and bringing home branches of scarlet leaves for the living room. I use my children and the young people who come to the house quite as often as professional models.

I love painting children; they are so spontaneous and their color soft and vivid. It is not always easy to get just the baby you have in mind for a model. I often go into Wilmington and watch the children being wheeled about the street in their go-carts. The reaction of the mothers varies. Some treat you as if you had insulted them, don't want to have the baby painted, and stare at you coldly and suspiciously. But most of them are proud to have the child admired. One child was a smiling cherub at its home and burst into tears and loud wailing as soon as it came into the studio.

People ask you how long it takes to

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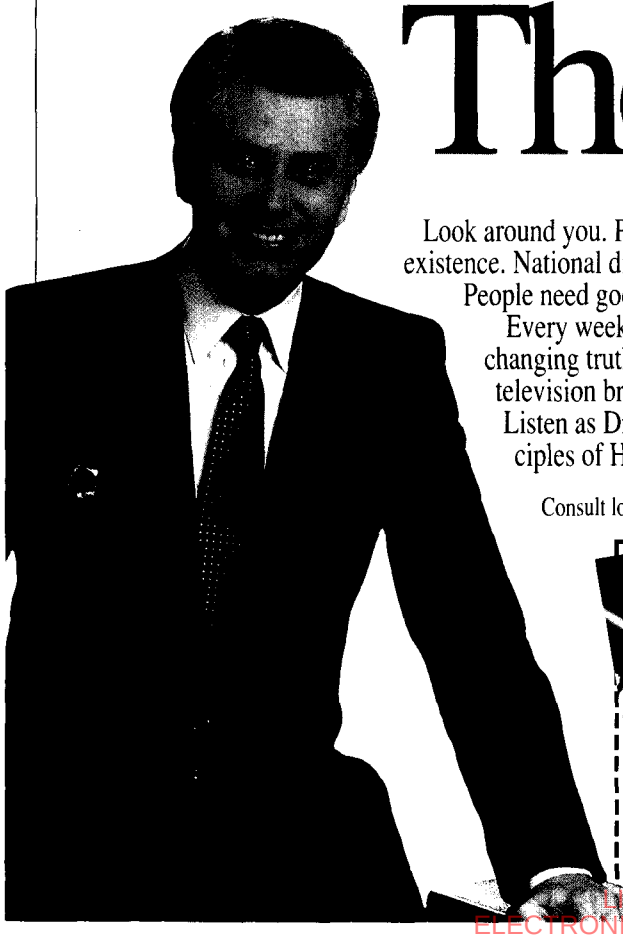
D R R I C H A R D L E E S A Y S . . .

There's Hope!



Look around you. People are down, discouraged, and defeated. World crises threaten our very existence. National dilemmas fill the nightly news. Individual problems seem insurmountable. People need good news. They need to hear *There's Hope!*

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

Chance favours the prepared mind.—*Louis Pasteur*

A Death Sentence

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Eleven months ago, I was diagnosed as having prostate cancer. The initial clue was provided by a simple digital examination which was included as a part of my routine physical for 1990. This examination had been negative in 1988 and so, during the routine physical in 1989, the physician had decided to skip this part of the procedure.

Skipping the 1989 digital examination was for me a death sentence. And it is such a simple examination.

Jack Albritton would like to know "if there is any hope at all" for "curing" his stage D prostate cancer.

I had radical surgery to remove the prostate, but it was too late. The cancer had spread. I am now, for treatment purposes, classified as stage D1/2, for which there is no cure.

I am now taking flutamide and leuprolide to slow the spread of the cancer to other parts of the body.

One out of nine black men and one of 11 white men will be found to have prostate cancer, and many, many of these men will die of it.

Considering the prevalence of prostate cancer, I should think that we would hear more about it from the medical researchers.

I have contacted the National Cancer Institute, the U.I. Cancer Information Service, the Bloch Cancer Hotline, the American Cancer Society, and the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Hotline (among others) in an effort to learn more about prostate cancer treatment.

These sources have been helpful to one degree or another; however, I would like to know about those drugs or procedures that are on the horizon—things perhaps only being dreamed about now. After all, I may be able to hang around for another year or so and I would like to know if anything is coming down the pike, if there is any hope at all.

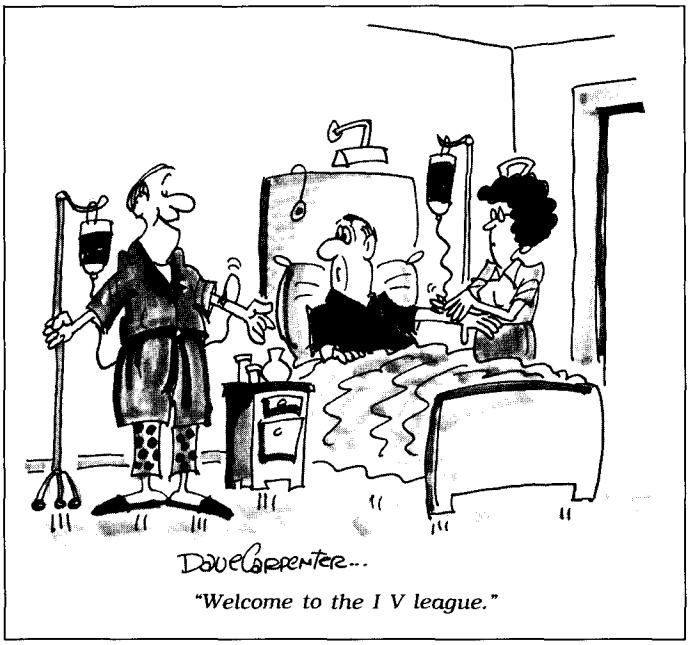
Jack Albritton
Petersburg, Illinois

Could your youthful and vigorous appearance have lulled your physician into thinking that you were healthy and that he could skip this year's digital rectal exam? He shouldn't have. Thank you for speaking up about your "death sentence," for certainly the moral of the story is "don't ever let a physician write 'declined rectal exam' on your chart." This sometimes appears in medical records as it is the *only excuse any physician could have for not doing a rectal exam for every middle-aged* man who comes in for a physical exam.

As you know, prostate cancer is one of the leading causes of death in men. The digital rectal test that can prevent these deaths is simple and inexpensive. We could save many men from cancer that has spread to the bones, to the sacrum, and to the spine, if only we could have their prostates palpated regularly. In a Saturday Evening Post Cancer Prevention Survey, of approximately 4,000 men who answered, an astounding 62 percent of the men over age 52 had not had a rectal examination within the last year. Even more disconcerting was the fact that 32 percent, nearly one-third of our sample, had *never* had a rectal examination.

When Dr. Sam Broder speaks, cancer patients should listen.

In contrast, there's probably not a woman over 35 who doesn't know that she should get mammogrammed to catch a possible breast cancer early. This is thanks to courageous women who have spoken up about their breast cancers. Nancy Reagan, Betty Ford, Happy Rockefeller, Shirley Temple, and Ann Jillian, to name a few. They all spoke up about their breast cancers. But no celebrity prostate patient has come out of the closet to tell his brothers about the



"Welcome to the I V league."

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importance of a yearly digital rectal exam of their prostate glands. You are to be congratulated for sharing your fate with our readers and we thank you.

You are right in keeping hopeful that something will be coming down the pike. It may have come. There is a promising new anti-cancer drug that is being tested with great success on several forms of cancer. It is called taxol, and it is derived from the bark of the Pacific yew tree. Dr. Sam Broder, the director of the National Cancer Institute, said that taxol is the most important new cancer drug in 15 years. Coming from Dr. Broder, this is good news. To date, taxol has been shown to be effective in treating ovarian, breast, and lung cancer, and, in some cases, it worked where all other treatments had failed. Dr. Broder told us that early studies have already been launched to see whether taxol works in prostate cancer.

The protocol for testing prostate cancer patients with taxol opened in February 1991 and will be open until about next February. Dr. Larry Einhorn of Indiana University wrote the protocol for some 30 other centers to test taxol on prostate cancer. He is a well known oncologist for his work in developing a very effective treatment for testicular cancer. He is sending us the requirements for admission to the taxol/prostate program at Indiana University Hospitals. If your case would fit in his study, we'll send the particulars.

Dr. Sam Broder is hopeful that taxol can be extracted from Pacific yew needles as well as from the bark.

M. D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston, Texas, is involved in the testing of taxol, and they are known to be aggressive in their treatment of cancers. Dr. Gabriel Hortobagyi is an oncologist at M. D. Anderson who has been testing taxol for breast cancer. His group has tested about 20 different drugs during the past two decades, and taxol has been the most effective. Dr. William McGuire and Dr. David Ettinger are using the drug for ovarian and lung cancer at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. Dr. Avi Einzig at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York and Dr. J. Tate Thigpen at the University of Mississippi are also studying the drug.

One problem with taxol is that the Pacific yew tree is relatively scarce, and there are not enough trees to meet the high demand for the drug. Scientists are trying to synthesize taxol, and we hope that public clamor will help bring about rapid results.

The letter that follows gives better than I can the advice men need to hear about getting digital rectal exams.

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In the May/June issue of the *SEP* you were regretful that men don't report case histories of their prostate cancers. After countless digital exams, resulting in a radical prostate operation, I'm not too shy to talk about it. Maybe my story will catch some fella's attention and cause him to quit stalling and start getting regular rectal exams and save himself from serious trouble.

I was checked by a urologist in 1985 and 1987 and was given a clean bill of health. In September 1989, the

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doctor examined me and I fully expected the all-clear report. But this time he felt something suspicious, as did his partner. They both agreed something was there which warranted further tests, including blood analysis and an ultrasound which both confirmed I had cancer of the prostate. Then I was sent to the hospital for a CAT scan and other tests to see if it had spread elsewhere. The tests were completed in the latter part of October and on October 30th, at a conference with the doctor, I was given three options: radiation, implants, or radical surgery. The doctor recommended radical surgery considering my relatively good health at 68 years of age.

I went to the Mayo Clinic for a second opinion on November 6th and they concurred with the diagnosis from the local urologist and also recommended radical surgery. I selected the Mayo Clinic to perform the operation because they had my medical history from two previous back operations. The doctor said, "We'll operate tomorrow." I said, "I'd like to wait until after Christmas." He said, "We'll operate tomorrow." I said "I promise I'll report back January 5th." He said, "We'll operate tomorrow," and they did, and I'm glad. If I had been able to stall them, I might still be stalling at this late date.

I have a doctor friend who had a rectal exam and he was shocked to learn he not only had prostate cancer, but that it was also in his bones. He told the examining doctor he had been checked just two years previously and it was found he hadn't been checked for four years. Those two missed years made a whale of a difference.

There must be many thousands of men blissfully ignorant of a life-threatening condition they have right now that can be easily identified and routinely treated with great success. The question is, by failing to get regular checkups, who's kidding whom?

James Miller
St. Joseph, Missouri

We have written before about ultrasound of the prostate (Jan./Feb. '87). Another noninvasive technique that is beginning to be used in the fight against prostate cancer is the test for prostate specific antigen (PSA). This tumor marker is given off by tissue of prostatic origin, and, if elevated, it could point to prostate cancer. We are glad to know that physicians are now being encouraged to use the PSA blood test as a screening tool.

"What I really need is Burt control."

Help for Spinal Spurs

A friend, 59 years old, has spurs along her entire spine. Needless to say, she is in pain constantly. At one time her internist arranged a consultation of three orthopedic surgeons. One doctor opted for surgery, the other two didn't.

Years ago I seem to remember reading that spurs could be dissolved with the proper diet.

If there is anything new in this field, I'm sure you would be aware of it. Any small hope you can give would be appreciated.

Clara L. Miska
Horse Shoe, North Carolina

We consulted Robert Huler, M.D., a spinal surgeon at the Indiana University Medical Center in Indianapolis. He explains that bone spurs, or abnormal bone growths on the spine, usually occur as a response to degenerative spinal disease. Abnormal bone growth more rarely results from such medical conditions as Paget's disease or osteoarthritis. In extremely rare cases, bone spurs may result from dietary excesses of fluoride, vitamin A, or vitamin D.

Bone spurs can grow into or away from the spinal canal. When spurs protrude into the spinal canal, they often compress the spinal nerves, resulting in a disease known as spinal stenosis, or narrowing of the spinal canal. Spinal stenosis frequently causes radicular, or "nerve," pain. Radicular pain occurs along the course of the spinal nerve. Spinal stenosis in the neck or cervical region is felt in the arms. Low back or lumbar spinal stenosis may cause buttock, leg, or foot pain. Bone spurs that do not point into the spinal canal only rarely cause radicular pain. More commonly, if the condition is severe, patients may complain of localized back or neck pain.

There are several methods used to detect bone spurs within the spinal canal. X-rays may show the bone protrusion, but they cannot show the nerves or spinal cord. CAT scans (computerized axial tomography) and MRI scans (magnetic resonance imaging) are the "workhorse" radiographic tests that give a detailed three-dimensional picture of the spinal cord, nerves, and any bone spurs causing compression. Treatment for bone spurs may include rest, physical therapy, specialized braces, traction, and medication. Physical therapy is aimed at strengthening the back and abdominal muscles, both of which provide support for the spine. Anti-inflammatory medications help control the pain of inflamed spinal nerves. Dr. Huler explained that surgery is recommended only if conservative measures fail and if the patient's lifestyle is significantly limited.

Dr. Robert Campbell, of the Department of Neurological Surgery at Indiana University, is experienced in the treatment of spinal spurs. He explained that there are many methods for removing the spurs, but he prefers to use a carbon dioxide laser. It is precise and easy, and the use of a microscope makes it very safe.

There are other ways to remove spinal spurs. One of these involves the use of a device known as a spon-

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dylophyte impacter, which removes the spur while protecting the nearby nerves.

Dr. Campbell explained that bone spurs are often part of common degenerative processes, and that many people have calcifying changes in their spines by age 40. However, most of these people remain free of symptoms and will not feel the pain associated with nerve impingement.

The Pains of Proctitis

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I hope you can help me with a problem I have had for several years.

I have an anal stricture and chronic proctitis. To date I have not been able to find any help from my doctors here.

This is a very painful condition, and I thought you might know of a clinic or physician specializing in this type of condition.

I would greatly appreciate any help you might be able to give me.

Margaret Campbell
Tucson, Arizona

Proctologists and gastroenterologists specialize in problems of the digestive tract. The Department of Gastroenterology at the University of Arizona in Tucson should be of help to you with your problem. Their telephone number is (602) 626-6119.

Proctitis can occur for several reasons. Dr. Frederick R. Lane, a colorectal specialist, said that frequently the cause of proctitis is nonspecific, or unknown. Common causes of known etiology include radiation proctitis (caused by radiation treatment for cancer of the rectum, cervix, or prostate), as well as the more extensive inflammatory bowel diseases, such as ulcerative colitis or Crohn's disease. To a lesser degree, proctitis can be caused by sexually transmitted infectious diseases.

The symptoms of proctitis include rectal pain and soreness, rectal discharge, blood or pus coating the stools, and painful contractive spasms of the anal sphincter. These spasms, called tenesmus, could be the anal stricture to which you are referring, and may be a result of the proctitis.

The diagnosis of proctitis is usually obtained using proctoscopy or sigmoidoscopy, a procedure where a doctor uses a small scope to examine the mucous membranes of the rectum. If the membranes are inflamed, he may perform a tissue culture, smear, biopsy, blood test, or simple external examination to determine what agent is causing the inflammation and pain.

It is important to determine the exact cause so that the appropriate antibiotic therapy can be prescribed. Treatment with oral antibiotics is usually sufficient, but if the cause is unknown, or nonspecific, then topical treatment (applied to the surface of the infected mucous membranes) may be used. This topical treatment is usually in the form of either steroid enemas or enemas of one of the newer 5-aminosalicylic acid preparations. In any case, a cure or mitigating treatment can usually be found.

Examination by a doctor is also important, so that a more serious disease state can be ruled out. The association of proctitis and a stricture can be a sign of rectal cancer. The workup should include tests to rule out more extensive inflammatory bowel disease, because Dr. Lane stressed that about 10 percent of nonspecific cases can progress to ulcerative colitis. "About 20 percent of patients with proctitis will have multiple recurrences without progression of the disease," he said.

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Past Smokers Take Action

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read with interest in your April issue about the test for lung cancer being done at Grand Junction, Colorado. Until ten years ago, I was a heavy smoker for the prior 25 years. Would I benefit from such a test, and, if so, how do I get it done?

At present I do not have any problem with my lungs. Thank you very much for your help.

Charles Dennehy, Jr.
Lake Forest, Illinois

Anyone wishing to have this simple test done should write to Dr. Geno Saccomanno at St. Mary's Hospital, Box 1628, Grand Junction, Colorado 81501. You will be sent detailed instructions and the proper container for the sputum sample.

Dillard Jenkins

Dr. Geno Saccomanno (center) takes a sputum sample for a "lung pap smear" at St. Mary's in Grand Junction.

Dr. Saccomanno has found early lung cancers in uranium mine workers who were at high risk. He recommends the test be done yearly for heavy smokers and those with chronic lung disease. Emphysema patients as a group are at increased risk for lung cancer.

Health Plans

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In the February issue, page 98, the article "Unnecessary Surgery" caught my eye. What Dr. Louis Sullivan talked about was of interest to me because I have three arteries plugged 75 to 90 percent and was told by the doctor after catheterization that I should have bypass surgery before I have a heart attack which would damage the heart and cause death. Your article mentioned Pritikin, La Costa, and other fitness resorts. I would appreciate it if you could tell me where these places are located. I will be grateful for any help you can give me.

Mary Hogh
Detroit, Michigan

Since you live in Detroit, you could find a very good program at the Better Life Institute in the Amway Grand Hotel, 187 Monroe N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49503. It is operated by Dr. Steve Zifferblatt, a nutritionist who was formerly employed at the Pritikin Clinic in California. The Institute can be contacted at 616-776-6490.

The Pritikin Longevity Center is at 1910 Ocean Front Walk, Santa Monica, California 90405, (800) 421-9911.

The La Costa Resort and Spa is at 2100 Costa Del Mar Road, Carlsbad, California 92009, (800) 426-5483.

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have been following your medical comments in *The Saturday Evening Post* which I find most refreshing. I wonder if you could give me some advice.

I am attending a doctors' conference in Atlanta in May. While there, I am very interested in visiting medical and diet centers and health clinics. I have been unable to obtain any information on their whereabouts in this area. I run several medical centers in England that cover all aspects of health, but it is the weight loss center I am really interested in and I thank you for your kind attention in this matter.

Y. Raymond, M. D.
Newport, The Isle of Wight, England

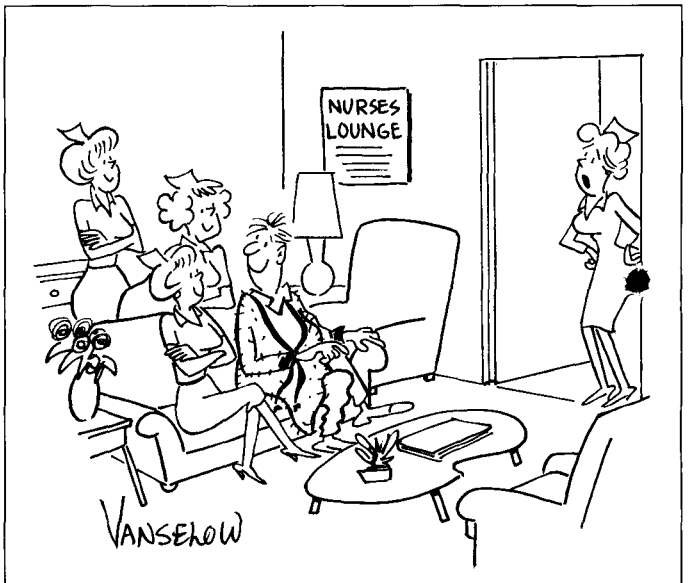
In the Atlanta area, you could contact the Emory Clinic Nutrition Service at Emory University Hospital, 1365 Clifton Road, Alanta, Georgia 30322. Their telephone number is (404) 248-3719. They have a weight loss program by physician referral only.

Lactose and Galactosemia

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

It was with great interest I read the article by Dr. Robert Marion and the follow-up by you in the February issue. Our son, now 35, has galactosemia. Our first son, born 13 years before him, died at ten days of age. At that time, the cause was really not known but when Gary (35) was born and was finally diagnosed as galactosemic, it was determined that this was also the cause of the other boy's death.

My question is whether the new, lactose-intolerant item they are advertising to put in milk is something



"Visiting hours are over, Mr. Binderup!"

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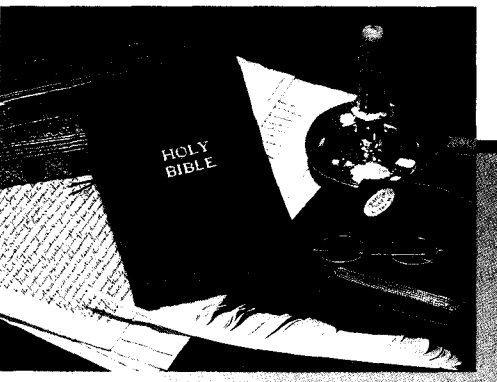
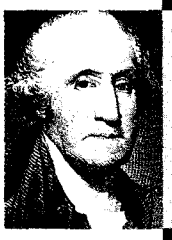
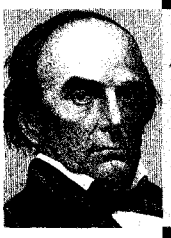




It is impossible to rightly govern the world without God and the Bible.
G. WASHINGTON



If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering.
D. WEBSTER

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W. WILBERFORCE

A thorough knowledge of the Bible is worth more than a college education.
T. ROOSEVELT

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Gary could use. I had been told that it shouldn't be used for galactosemics. Since our pediatrician died several years ago, I have had trouble finding a doctor who knows anything about galactosemia.

Gary has been on a milk- and milk product-free diet ever since the diagnosis and I wonder how others have fared as they grew older. Your articles are so informative.

Sylvia Duquette
West Springfield, Massachusetts

Your pediatrician was right then and still is. The galactosemia diet is for life. Galactosemic patients need to avoid all sources of galactose, and any kind of milk is a major source of this sugar. Milk with lactase substitutes should also be avoided. Yogurt is commonly tolerated by lactose intolerant people but it should be avoided by galactosemia patients. Galactosemics should be careful about foods containing "hidden" dairy products. These may include the following: meat sticks, spaghetti sauce, creamed vegetables, vegetable combinations, breads and crackers, and even some margarines.

When reading labels, the following items should be avoided for galactosemics: nonfat dry milk solids, casein, sodium caseinate, whey, whey solids, curds, and lactose.

Foods that are processed with lactate, lactic acid, lactalbumen, and stearoyl-2-lactylate do not contain galactose and are safe to use.

Galactosemia is caused by a missing enzyme, galactose-1-phosphate uridyl transferase, and therefore the affected person cannot utilize galactose in the diet. Galactose accumulates in various places in the body and causes many problems including mental retardation, growth stunting, and liver enlargement. Galactosemia can be fatal if not treated very early.

Lactase is the enzyme missing in people who cannot tolerate milk. Lactase may be added to dairy products so that these people can break lactose into galactose and glucose, but it does not eliminate the galactose from the milk or reduce its harmful effects for a person with galactosemia. (See "Letters to the Editor," page 8.)

Magnesium for Arrhythmias

With President Bush recently hospitalized for a heart arrhythmia, magnesium is brought to mind again. Many studies have shown that magnesium can be important in the treatment of arrhythmias. One of the most recent studies was conducted by Dr. Lloyd T. Iseri at the University of California at Irvine and printed in *The American Journal of Cardiology*. In this study, magnesium helped eight patients whose arrhythmias were uncontrollable by other methods.

Dr. Iseri noted that magnesium deficiency may not always be detectable in a patient's serum magnesium. Tests for intracellular magnesium are more reliable.

He also said, "Patients with cardiopulmonary disease, whether overtly symptomatic or asymptomatic (without symptoms), are highly susceptible to magnesium deficiency. Stress depletes magnesium. Alcoholism and diabetes also predispose a person to magnesium deficiency."

We lose magnesium from our wheat when our flour is milled. Magnesium is leached out of vegetables into the liquid in the canning process. Magnesium is found in nuts, chocolate, and fresh, dark green, leafy vegetables (chlorophyll contains magnesium).

When Dr. Iseri heard of the President's atrial fibrillation, he hoped that the attending physicians would check the President's thyroid immediately. He told us that hyperthyroidism decreases the body's magnesium. Decreased magnesium in the cells can cause arrhythmias.

Since there is a high familial incidence of Graves' disease (hyperthyroidism), the Bush children have a greater chance of getting it because both of their parents are affected. The chance of having two parents with Graves' disease is less than one in 10,000. It would seem prudent for those at risk for hyperthyroidism to be checked for hypomagnesemia, or low magnesium levels in the blood.

Magnesium for Chronic Fatigue Syndrome

There has been recent attention

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given to a possible relation between chronic fatigue syndrome (CFS) and low magnesium concentration in the red blood cells.

Researchers at the University of Southhampton in England noted that there might be a relationship between magnesium deficiency and CFS because the two disorders have many of the same symptoms. These include anorexia, nausea, learning disabilities, personality changes, weakness, tiredness, muscle pain and cramps, lethargy, and tremors.

A study published in *The Lancet* demonstrated that people with CFS had lower magnesium levels than people without CFS. Also, two groups of CFS patients were given either magnesium or a placebo. The group that was given magnesium showed significant improvement in energy levels and emotional reactions, and experienced decreases in pain compared to the placebo group.

Eighty percent of the magnesium group felt that they had benefited from the treatment compared with only 18 percent of the placebo group.

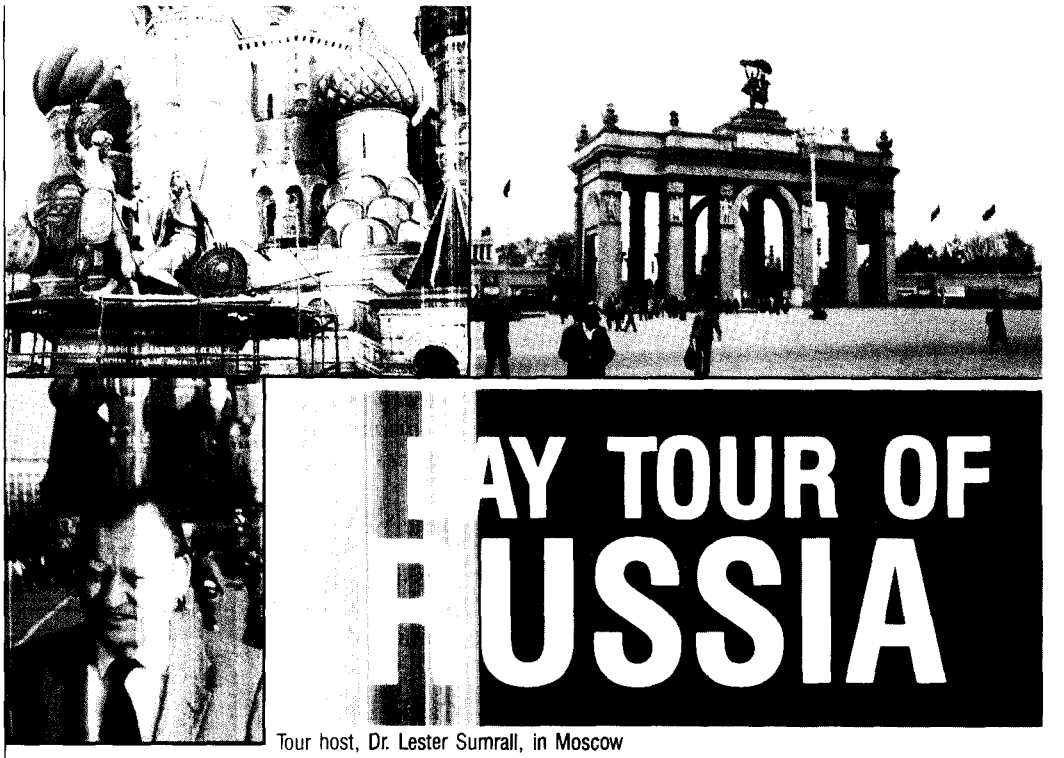
Benign Essential Tremor

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I know that many of your readers would appreciate any suggestion you might make to deal with the problem of "benign essential tremor." If ever a condition were misnamed . . . !

Surely someone has to come up with a vitamin or mineral or herbal supplement which would help with this annoying affliction.

Kim Allen
Chevy Chase, Maryland



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Where do you think you are?

(answers from page 86) *(Theme: U.S. Vice Presidents)*

1. Dallas, PA
2. Burr Ridge, IL
3. Ft. Calhoun, NB
4. Johnson Creek, WI
5. Colfax, CA
6. Adams, NY
7. Van Buren, IN
8. Fairbanks, AK
9. Johnson Village, CO

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Place to Live

continued from page 55

cial "open house" for the community or the typical visiting days—holidays or Sunday afternoons. During these times the staff wears its biggest smiles and the charm is turned up to full power. Instead, drop in unannounced sometime during a weekday. Tell the receptionist that you're there to look at the facility before making a decision as to where to house a patient. Then walk around the halls, keeping a sharp eye open for cleanliness of the facility, attitude of the staff, and the other standards you have set.

Don't be afraid to ask questions of the staff and current residents. Are you comfortable with their answers? If not, look elsewhere.

It's Your Decision.

Nursing homes are not "prisons for the elderly" as pictured by some skeptics. They can be havens of rest for those who have reached an age when they need extra measures of security and medical attention.

Decisions about nursing homes may not be the most pleasant you'll ever have to make. However, your job will be made much easier with proper planning and a positive attitude.

Do's and Don'ts about Nursing Homes:

- **Don't** promise your parents or grandparents that you will never send them to a nursing home.
- **Don't** ask your children to make the same promise.
- **Do** investigate nursing homes before your are forced to make a decision.
- **Do** ask if the nursing home accepts Medicaid patients.
- **Do** get proper legal counsel.
- **Do** prepare a living trust for estates.

—Ilene Hope

Summer Salads

continued from page 27

1 large yellow bell pepper, seeded, cored, and cut into 1/4-inch dice
2 tablespoons capers, drained
1 3/4 cups Cajun Dressing (recipe follows)
1 teaspoon chopped cilantro (fresh coriander)
4 slices lemon

Toss shrimp, bell pepper, and capers in bowl. Gently fold in 1 1/2 cups of dressing. Sprinkle with cilantro, and garnish with lemon slices. Serve remaining dressing on the side.

❧ ❧ ❧

Cajun Dressing
(Makes 1 3/4 cups)

2 eggs (or substitutes)
2 tablespoons cider vinegar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon minced garlic
1/2 teaspoon ground cumin
1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups olive oil

Place eggs, vinegar, mustard, garlic, cumin, cayenne, and salt in food processor. Process briefly. Then, with motor running, slowly pour oil through feed tube and process until thick and smooth. Transfer to a covered jar and refrigerate immediately. Store any leftover dressing in the refrigerator.

Hall of Fame

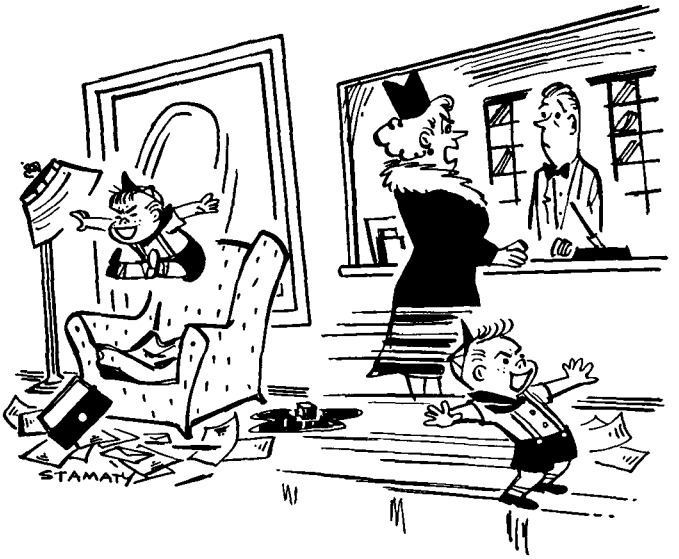
continued from page 93

do a cover. It varies a great deal. If I find after two or three days that the picture is not working out well, I start all over again. I hate a painting that looks labored and color that has grown dead through being worked over. Then, of course, full-length figures and a design very much detailed take much longer than just a head. You might do a head in a couple of sittings and spend two or three weeks on a design with two figures and a lot of accessories.

I start work about nine, first making out the market list and arranging the meals for the day. I work until about three or sometimes later, and often don't come in for lunch when I am in the middle of a picture.

After I leave the studio, I like to be out-of-doors, gardening, playing tennis with the children in summer, or going for walks in winter.

Two of the children have started along the thorny but exciting path of art. My son Walter is beginning illustration and my eldest daughter Ellen is a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. I criticize their work and they often pose for me, and at times it seems as if nearly everyone in the house is either painting or being painted.



The Perfect Squelch

The desk clerk was rushed, and the woman, who had just come into the hotel with two young boys, was obviously impatient. While she indicated her impatience by drumming her fingers on the counter, her sons romped noisily around the lobby, jumping onto chairs, pulling open drawers and sliding back and forth on the polished floors.

"Be careful of your clothes," she called when one of her sons lifted an inkwell and spilled some of its contents on a rug. Then, turning to the harried clerk, she announced loudly, "I can't keep my boys waiting any longer! I have a reservation!"

"Yes, madam," the clerk said, then paused as one of the boys sent a smoking stand clattering to the floor. "And will you need help getting those two savages back on it?"

—Frances Rodman

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Macaulay Culkin

continued from page 38

here we are."

The President stood next to Lamar Alexander, who was in his shirt sleeves, and he said, "I want to salute our secretary of education, Lamar Alexander, who's leading us on a new crusade for educational excellence, and in my view that includes education of the mind and a fit body."

Then the President saw General Colin Powell in the audience and he said, "I think of the fitness of those who serve under General Colin Powell and, believe me, here is a good example for our whole country. Those young people performed superbly abroad and they were fit and they kept fit. So Colin, thank you, sir." Everyone stood up and clapped a lot for General Powell.

President Bush told us that American children aren't fit enough and that half of them can't run a mile or do push-ups as well as they should and many have high cholesterol. He said, "Only one in three kids takes gym every day."

Their future health is in jeopardy. This is so serious that the President is counting on Arnold Schwarzenegger and his President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports to change things. You can tell he likes Arnold a lot because he kidded him about his movies. He told us about inviting Arnold and Maria to Camp David:

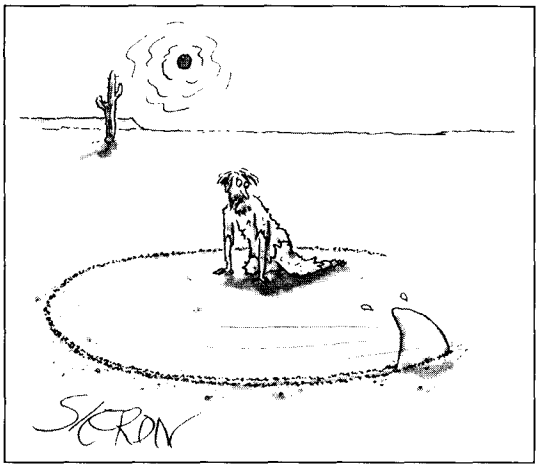
"A while back Arnold was up at Camp David with Barbara and me and we play a great game up there called 'walleyball.' It's volleyball inside a racquetball court and it is marvelous exercise. And our granddaughter's six-year-old friend, Abigail, looked through that little window, you know, that they have on the racquetball court, turned and ran into the gymnasium where the Marines were all working out up there and she said, 'Guess who's in there? Kindergarten Cops! He's wearing flowered shorts!! It's weird!!!' " The audience laughed a lot about Arnold.

"Arnold's doing a great job," the President said. "He's already taken his fitness message to the governors and superintendents of schools in 24 states."

The President said, "This year the focus will be on youth fitness. Fitness can be fun, so *stay away from the junk food, get off the couch, unplug the Nintendo, turn off the TV, and go out and get some exercise.* Which is exactly what we're going to do now.

"But before we go, let me recognize one girl who symbolizes the 10 million American children who *are* on the right track to health. The 10 millionth recipient of the President's Physical Fitness Award, Andrea Stafford—you won't believe this one but it is the truth—Andrea is from Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Come up here, Andrea!"

Then the President left the stage to throw basketballs and try some sports



at most of the stations on the White House South Lawn. He lifted heavy dumbbells with Arnold that I never thought he was going to get off the ground. He's very strong.

We had fun meeting Willard Scott, the NBC weatherman, who looks like he enjoys eating a lot. We got to interview him, too, and when we asked him what he does to keep fit, he laughed and said he likes to kiss pretty girls.

We went on the tour through the White House with Macaulay, Kieran, and their parents. The guide said seeing Macaulay reminded him that his kids wanted to watch *Home Alone* a million times.

The guide told us how the word "lobby" came into use. One of the presidents would walk from the White House to the Willard Hotel and sit in the lobby with congressmen—probably to talk about new laws they could pass. This became known as "lobbying."

The guide also told us that when he was learning to become a tour guide, his assignment was to practice his lecture with his supervisor standing out of sight behind a curtain. He was giving a lecture to an empty room, the China Room, on this particular morning when, to his embarrassment, the President happened to walk through the room on his way to work. He saw only this guide talking to himself, raised an eyebrow, politely said good morning and went away, shrugging his shoulders.

We signed the guest register in the east reception room and then we all went to Capitol Hill where we were met by Tom Foley, the speaker of the house, at the foot of the hill, and we walked up toward the Capitol where the band was playing. Thousands of kids were doing aerobics; Billy Kidd was skiing down a steep hill on make-believe snow; Kristi Yamaguchi was skating on real ice.

I could tell that Arnold really liked the dancing of "Four Boys and a Babe." He saw them perform at the White House Great American Youth Workout in the morning and again in the afternoon on Capitol Hill. He never took his eyes off them, and I thought he wished he could be dancing, too. Maybe he'll dance in his next movie. He takes ballet and has appeared in "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Nutcracker" with the New York City Ballet at Lincoln Center.

Mac was picked from 100 boys to play the lead in *Home Alone*. The director rewarded him with a Nintendo game every day for learning his lines. Macaulay is a wrestler, too, and he enjoyed the wrestling at the White House.

Mac later told the World Champion Roller Blader that he enjoys skateboarding a lot and would like to be able to go roller blading more.

On the bus back to the hotel, my sister, Adrianne, and I sat with Macaulay and the "Four Boys and a Babe." We played Riddly-Riddly-Riddly-Ree, I spy something you can't see, and the color is _____. Macaulay always picked hard things, like a girl's hairbow.

When we got back to the hotel after a very long day, kids were all around Mac asking him for his autograph, and he patiently wrote his name for them each time.

Editor's note: The author has passed her President's challenge tests, and plays on the Immaculate Heart basketball team in Indianapolis. She wants to tell all the kids who aren't on teams to mind Arnold and the President—find a sport that is fun. Work out, feel fit, and spread the word.

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Old Rugged Cross
Ray Price

Family Bible
George Jones

Jesus Loves Me
Tennessee Ernie Ford

Peace In The Valley
Floyd Cramer

Will The Circle Be Unbroken
The Carter Family

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Red Foley

Crying In The Chapel
Elvis Presley

I Saw The Light
Hank Williams, Sr.

Jesus Is Coming Soon
Oak Ridge Boys

Softly and Tenderly
Guy & Raina

A Beautiful Life
Statler Brothers

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Doris Ackers

Whispering Hope
The Browns

Someone To Care
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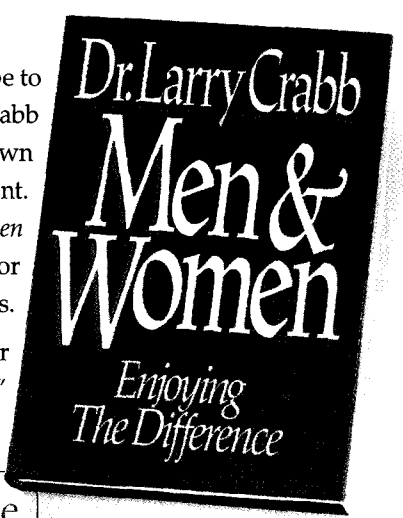

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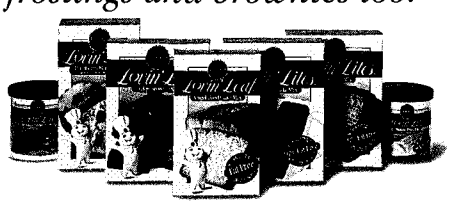

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